The Life of

Lieutenant General

Richard Heron Anderson

of the

Confederate States Army

by
C. Irvine Walker

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LT. GENERAL RICHARD HERON ANDERSON

DEDICATED TO

ANN CATHERINE SAUNDERS

THE LOYAL NIECE OF GENERAL ANDERSON

WHO INSPIRED THIS EFFORT TO
PRESERVE HIS WELL DESERVED FAME
AND TO

MY WIFE

WHO AIDED BY HER COUNSEL
AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

PREFACE

The duty assigned the Author by the family of General Anderson and by his comrades of Camp Dick Anderson, U. C. V., of preparing this Life of the heroic patriot and soldier, has proved to him one of intense personal gratification. He had had the privilege of some association with General Anderson, during his sojourn in Charleston, and thought he appreciated his worth and nobility, but after the study necessary for this work, he realizes that he had not the faintest conception of the grandeur of the man, or the vast importance his services had been to his Country. Markedly, at two critical periods, his skill as a General, saved the Army of Northern Virginia from crushing disaster and several times he contributed essentially to its success. If this work will win for him the fame his glorious achievements so richly deserve it will have accomplished its object, and the Author be amply rewarded.

The Author acknowledges his indebtedness for many of the facts herein, to various publications bearing upon the War's history, particularly "The War of the Rebellion Records." He having been most kindly assisted by, earnestly thanks for the advice and information generously given by many, prominently by Gen. Thos. T. Munford, Rev. Dr. J. H. McNeilly, Maj. Edward N. Thurston, Mrs. W. L. Saunders, Col. J. P. Nicholson and Judge and Mrs. J. T. Goolrick.

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CHAPTER I.

Ancestry, Family and Home.

We, of the South, dearly love family associations and warmly cherish their influences on the individual and upon the social life of a community. While we are ready to recognize the merits and award full credit to the self made man, yet deep down in our hearts we would honor him rather the more if he had a well known pedigree. All men who rise to distinction in life's struggle are "self made", their success being accomplished by their own personal sacrifice and efforts; neither blood nor inheritance can make a man great. Yet it does rather please us to know that the man, in addition to his self developed qualities, has a distinguished lineage. We well know that such pedigree does not ensure manly achievements, however much social eminence it may give. It is not proposed to defend this idiosyncracy, but as our readers are apt to be mostly in and of the South, possessing such bias, it will not be irrelevant to commence the Story of the Life of General Richard H. Anderson with a brief resumé of that of his forbears and of his contemporaneous family and other early surroundings.

But to correctly learn a man's real personality it is certainly advisable, if not absolutely necessary, to be acquainted with the circumstances and influences which contributed to the formation of his character. We are all, during our

entire lives, influenced by our surroundings. So there is an appropriateness, as well as the above referred to idiosyncracy, to warrant our yielding to our Southern peculiarities.

Genl. Anderson came of a line, many of whom were fighters and all men of eminent individuality. Their achievements were impressed upon him by the traditions, the relics and the mementoes of their heroic past, gathered and sacredly preserved at the old family homestead. So we naturally expect, as the tale of his life work is unfolded to find him not only a fighter, but a good fighter and brave and skillful General.

To those who read only for the interest of the story, or for the study of War Problems, this may not be very attractive. Let such then skip and pass on to the next Chapter. But to the student, or reader, who really desires to learn what influences made Genl. Anderson the man he was, this will not be amiss;—they will require this information. Environments go far towards the making of the man and knowing such, one can form a more correct appreciation of Genl. Anderson.

In the life of our country, two great revolutions have swept over it, each fraught to it, with decisive destinies. The first freed the Colonies from the rule of English royalty and established them as a Confederacy of State Sovereignties. The second consolidated this State Federation into a cohesive centralized Nation. While neither rose to the dazzling distinction of Washington, Lee, Lincoln, or Grant, yet the Richard Anderson, of each Revolution, was a distinguished figure of his times. The Richard Anderson of the First, and the Richard H. Anderson of the Second. The first a Captain of the 7th. Regiment of the Maryland Line, and the Second, his grandson, far more eminent, a Lieutenant General in the Confederate Army. The former transmitted to the latter, those traits and characteristics which won him the soubriquet of "Fighting Dick Anderson".

Both contended for the same lofty principles—freedom and the right of self-government.

The record of the Revolutionary Richard Anderson, shows that he also deserved the same soubriquet, of "Fighting Dick", as did his grandson. At the battle of Germantown, when the Company of which Richard Anderson was First Lieutenant, was charging Chew's House, the Captain shrunk behind a tree. The Colonel rode up and called "who commands this company?" Lieut. Anderson replied that *he* did, and led them in the charge through a heavy fire of Artillery and musketry. Ere he retreated from the field Col. Gunby, Lieut. Anderson and one other officer, alone remained of their Regiment, the rest having been either killed, wounded or captured. He was promoted for his gallantry to be Captain and subsequently brevetted, Major. Again he showed his coolness and gallantry at the Battle of Cowpens. There an order was given to seize the British Artillery, and Capt. Anderson made the first capture of a gun. He planted the end of his espantoon forward into the ground, and making a flying leap landed squarely upon the gun. The gunner was just in the act of firing when the gallant Captain ran his sword through him.

Capt. Anderson had been promoted Nov. 15th. 1777, and his commission bears the signature of John Jay, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. He wore this commission tied around his neck thereafter, so that if taken prisoner, he could prove his rank and his entitlement to treatment befitting such rank. On the parchment were blood stains from wounds received at the Battles of Camden and at Guilford. At the Battle of Monmouth Court House he fought with intrepidity under Col. John Gunby, of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, while the heroic friend of America, Lafayette, led the van.

At the disastrous Battle of Green Swamp or Camden, "Capt. Anderson was severely wounded, and owed his life

to his Colonel who passing by, had the wounded man placed behind him on his own horse and with this incumbrance, at the head of his Regiment, Col. Gunby led on his men to another charge. * * * Arriving at the swamp, which was difficult of passage, and believing he had received his death wound, Capt. Anderson entreated his commander not to endanger his own life by continuing to carry him on horseback, but Col. Gunby replied that they had lived or died together, and having reached the other side in safety, committed the exhausted Captain to the care of two officers."

The fighting blood in the Anderson family, was further enriched by the marriage of this valiant Revolutionary hero to Ann Wallace, a descendant of the famous Wallace of Scotland. Our "Fighting Dick" was true to this inherited gallantry and was a true scion of a race of fighting men.

The son of Col. Richard Anderson, Dr. William Wallace Anderson, moved to Statesburg, S. C. in 1810. He married Mary Jane Mackenzie, who was the adopted daughter of Thomas Hooper. The Hooper family, during Colonial and Revolutionary days owned and resided at the historic mansion, Hill Crest, in the High Hills of Santee, between Camden and Sumter. After his marriage Dr. Anderson occupied this beautiful place as his home, and thereafter it was known as the "Anderson place."

When the Confederate War broke out Dr. Anderson was far too aged to give his personal services to the cause, but he was devotedly loyal to it. He once said, "I will risk everything I am worth in support of my adopted State, through every trial and every danger." He sent his laborers to work on the fortifications around Charleston. In acknowledgment of this valued aid he was presented with a walking cane made from a piece of the Flag Staff at Fort Sumter, which was at the Fort when it was captured in April, 1861. And he gave to the cause of Southern Independence three Sons—and three such sons!

The children of this Dr. W. W. Anderson, of Hill Crest, were Mary Heron, (Gen.) Richard Heron, Edward Mackenzie, (Dr.) William Wallace, Mary Hooper, Franklin and John Benjamin. His second wife was Elizabeth Waties, a daughter of Judge Waties, from which union there was no issue.

Genl. R. H. Anderson married Sarah Gibson, daughter of Hon. John B. Gibson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. She died in Charleston, S. C., August 11th, 1872. Their children were Richard Gibson, who died in his early manhood and Sarah Galbraith, who married Wm. DeSaussure Blanding, who is now deceased. Mrs. Blanding and her three daughters are now (1917) residing in Lexington, Ky. The General's second wife was Martha Mellette, who survived him.

Edward Mackenzie Anderson was killed at his brother's side while serving on his Staff at the Battle of Williamsburg, Va., on the Peninsula. He was unmarried.

Dr. William Wallace Anderson, the General's brother, was a physician and eminent scientist. In 1849 he entered the United States Army as a Surgeon and served at various posts in Texas and New Mexico. "He had inherited his father's taste for natural history and scientific study and development. While on his western tour of duty he became deeply interested in making a collection of rare plants and birds. His finest specimens of birds were sent to the Smithsonian Institute. That these contributions were of unusual value is shown by letters received from Prof. Spencer T. Baird. * * * As a voluntary observer for many years, his meterological records were of great service to the Weather Bureau at Washington * * * He dwelt amongst the people of his own Southland, the exemplification of the highest qualities of Christian grace and manhood. Passing beyond the portals into the higher life in his eighty-seventh

year, of him it can be truly said 'He did justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God.'"

He was stationed at San Antonio, Tex., the post being commanded by Col. Robert E. Lee, at the time South Carolina seceded. He resigned, during the spring of 1861, and at once offered his services to the Southern Confederacy. He first served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in Virginia, then in Tennessee and Mississippi, and was Medical Director to Genl. Pemberton at Vicksburg. Oct. 16, 1863, he was assigned to duty as "Medical Inspector with superintendence of Vaccination of the Armies, Hospitals and Camps of Instruction of the Confederate States." Finding the territory too extended. Nov. 2nd. the War Department at his suggestion restricted his labors to the States of North and South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi. He continued in this position until the close of the War, ranking as Major, the highest grade given in the Medical Corps of the Confederacy.

He married Mary Virginia, daughter of Gen. Thomas Childs, of Massachusetts. Their children, Elizabeth Waties, now Mrs. Mark Reynolds, Ann Catherine, now Mrs. W. L. Saunders, William Wallace, Mary Virginia, now Mrs. W. B. Nelson, and Benjamin Mackenzie. Mr. W. L. Saunders, who married Ann Catherine, now owns and with his wife and family, resides at Hill Crest, the old Anderson homestead.

To Mrs. W. L. Saunders' love for and high admiration of her Uncle, Gen. R. H. Anderson, is due this effort to preserve his memory and perpetuate his fame. For years she has kept his memory green. Her indomitable persistence and loyal devotion has brought about this publication to revive his fame from a forgetfulness, which his modesty and retiring disposition allowed. General Anderson's aim in life was to do—not to write or speak of what he did; to accomplish great deeds, but never to seek the

worldly commendation or reward they so richly deserved; he believed that duty well done was its due reward. So excessive was he in this modesty that he was not just to himself. Fortunate it is for his fame, that he had a loving niece, who appreciating his grandeur, has devoted her efforts to placing him on that lofty pinnacle, his brilliant achievements warrant. Fortunate that this niece had not only the desire, but the ability to do this, and to enthuse others to aid her and thus accomplish her noble aims.

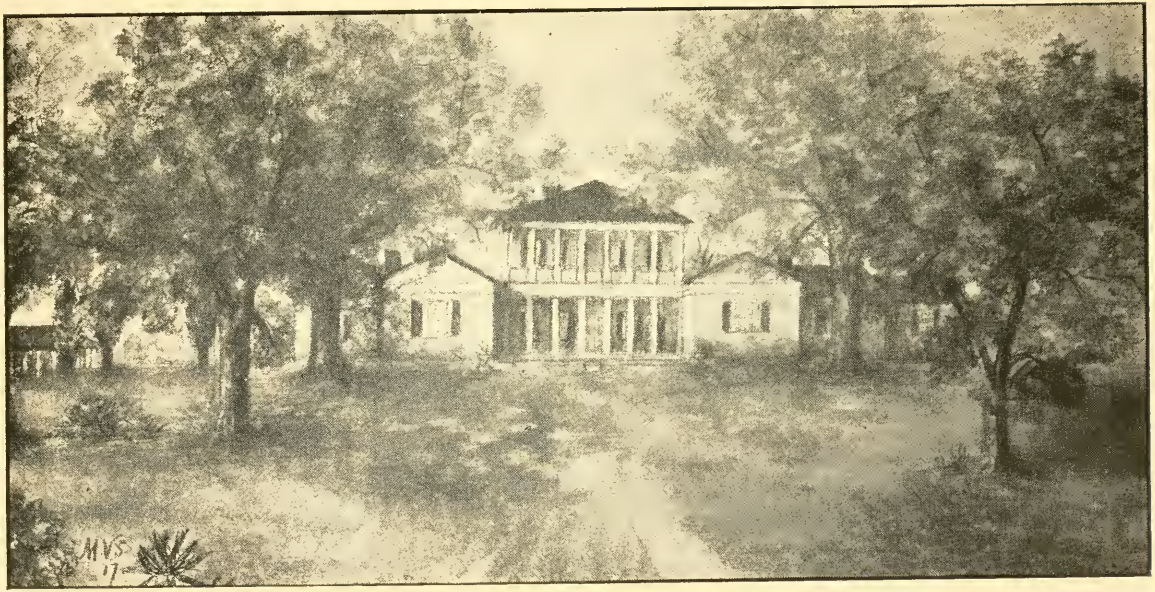
Mary Hooper Anderson, the sister of the General, married Col. Frederick Lynn Childs, a most distinguished Ordnance Officer of the Confederacy. His services were invaluable. In the manufacture of the munitions of war, he accomplished as much, if not more, than any other man in the Confederacy. For over two years he was stationed at Charleston, S. C., in command of the Arsenal, at which were twenty-five workshops and a foundry. He directed also eight or ten establishments in other places in the State. Like his brother-in-law, General Anderson, he was modest, retiring and devoted, first and all the time, to his duty.

Writing to his wife he said, "Colonel Gorgas has answered my letters as usual, 'of more service where I am than I could be in the field,' hopes that the War Department will not be unmindful of my services." He wanted service in the field, and naturally chafed when his juniors in the old Army were made Generals. He again writes "yet I must plod on as a Captain, and console myself with being useful. I would rather try to win promotion in the field. To think of our children reading the history of this revolution without seeing my name mentioned in it. However, I shall work a little longer; there is one more thing I want to see done for the defence of old Charleston Harbor, and that is to have furnaces made at Forts Sumter and Moultrie for firing molten iron into the Federal vessels when they come next fall." This was a most original idea, and

were it not evolved from the brain of an experienced engineer it might be called chimerical. How many seemingly more impracticable inventions have we lived to see accomplished and in every day use. It was not wilder then than a Cannon throwing a bolt of a ton's weight and many miles, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, and the marvellous production of electric machinery.

Hill Crest, the Anderson Homestead, in the "High Hills of Santee," Sumter County, South Carolina, is on the old historic highway from Charlotte to Charleston. Along this road, in the piping days of peace, passed the products of the up-country—wagons filled with corn, cotton and provisions, great rolling hogsheads of tobacco, droves of hogs, sheep, cattle, all moving to the markets of Charleston, the emporium of the State. By its tortuous lengths, in War times, with colors flying, marched the British troops of Lord Cornwallis, and again, the American patriots under General Greene; bloody Tarleton leading his Scarlet Legions, and Marion and Sumter sweeping by with their ragged, but glorious Partisans.

To the side of the road, just opposite a lovely valley of General Sumter's historic estate, rises a majestic knoll, gently sloping to its oak crowned crest, on which stands a grand old mansion. Many of the very trees on the lawn are vested with traditionary lore. The old house is in a good state of preservation, replete with associations, relics, legends of days of yore,—Colonial, Revolutionary, Indian, War of 1812, Mexican War and Confederate. Its doors are always wide open with gracious hospitality. Its ample proportions and spacious rooms mellowed by the lights and shadows of chivalric history, impart to it an atmosphere of dignity and of romance. During the Revolution, it was at one time occupied by Lord Cornwallis, as British Headquarters, and afterwards by Generals Greene and Sumter of the American Army. On one of the doors of the Hall is



From Sketch by Miss M. Virginia Saunders

ANDERSON HOMESTEAD, HILL CREST, SUMTER COUNTY, S. C.

the mark from the blow made with the butt end of a musket of a British soldier, and near it the letters *C. A.* carved by a soldier of General Greene's Army, showing that the Continental Army subsequently occupied the Mansion. Each child of the family has sipped from General Washington's spoon; has handled most carefully the wax candle, almost black with age, taken from the stores of Lord Cornwallis after his surrender at Yorktown; has reverently turned the precious leaves of General Childs' Bible (which was lost during the siege of Fort Erie in 1814, and found at Fort Niagara in 1816); and gazed with deep admiration at the elaborately embroidered priest's robe, the gift of Nuns in Mexico, for General Child's kind protection, given them during the American occupation. The swords, and sashes and epaulets of generations of warriors bear witness to the bravery of the men of the family, prominent, always amongst those who have made American history, gave us and preserved for us the freedom of our Country. All an inspiration to patriotic duty! Is it any wonder, that nursed amongst such an inheritance, surrounded by such inspiriting influences and inspired by such thrilling memories, that our General Anderson proved an ardent patriot, a pure man and a gallant soldier?

CHAPTER II.

His Career Up to 1861.

Richard H. Anderson was born at Hill Crest, Sumter County, South Carolina, October 7, 1821, in the noted "High Hills of Santee." In his boyhood days he led the life of the country lad of the more opulent planting class, not having the necessity for manual labor. When not engaged in his books and in the training of his intellectual faculties, he was riding, hunting, shooting or engaged in other out door sports. His gentle, unselfish nature endeared him to his companions. The younger boys, with high admiration, looked up to "Old Dick" as he was familiarly called by them. One of them, who in mature manhood rose to distinction in this State, recalled his firing his first shot at a bird, the gun resting on "Old Dick's" shoulder. Soubriquets generally fit characteristics and the affectionate "Old Dick" showed that in youth his companions recognized that entire reliability and geniality, which marked him through life.

In his seventeenth year, July 1, 1838, he entered the United States Military Academy, having secured his appointment through Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, and graduated on the completion of his course, July 1, 1842. His career in the Academy was evidently a good all round one, meeting generally all requirements. It would be safe to guess, however, that he gave the larger share of his attention

to the study of military science and practice of tactics. He was a good horseman; all Southern boys of his standing were trained to that in their earliest years; so in his Army life he was frequently assigned to duty at the Army Schools of Cavalry practice. Somewhat like Longstreet, his class mate, whom he however stood ahead of, his standing on the merit roll gave no promise of the distinguished position he achieved when War brought out what was in the man. College Class standing is no standard by which to measure ability to win success in the contests of life.

Several of his class, like himself, rose to distinction. Among them during the War, on the Federal side, were Generals Rosencranz, Pope and Sykes, and on the Confederate side were Generals Longstreet, D. H. Hill, A. P. Stewart, Van Dorn, McLaws and G. W. Smith. In the next class, that of 1843, was the most distinguished General of the United States Army and President of our Country, Ulysses S. Grant. Anderson was in the Academy three years with him. Two classes ahead of Anderson's, produced Generals Halleck, Sherman and Thomas. During his career at West Point, Cadet Anderson was thus associated with a number of men whose names have been written high on the roll of fame. Of the class graduating just when Cadet Anderson matriculated, were Generals Beauregard and McDowell, each of whom commanded one of the hostile Armies, which met at Manassas. In that class also were Generals Bragg and Hardee. In the great struggle of 1861-5, contemporaries at West Point were opposed to each other. Bragg fought Rosencranz from Murfreesboro to Chickamauga, and Beauregard won over his classmate McDowell at Bull Run.

An author once wrote, that when writing of Army Campaigns, he always found it best in order to thoroughly comprehend them, to first study the characters of the commanding officers. This being necessary in reviewing, how much

more so was it in directing. What a rare chance the old Army Officers, in fighting out the great War between the States, had in knowing each other, from association at West Point and in the Army. They could thus judge what each others visible movements meant, and what their antagonists were apt to do under known circumstances. General Sherman rejoiced when he heard of General Joseph E. Johnston's removal from the command of the Confederate Army opposing him, and of General Jno. B. Hood's being placed in command. The career of General Hood with that Army fully justified General Sherman's rejoicings. Sherman must have relied at least to given measure, upon his judgment of the characteristics of his opposing Commanders, to have been the very best strategist, on the Union side, during the War. As a strategist, and it is said with all deference to the magnificent military accomplishments of General Grant, he was his superior. Compare the campaign of Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, with Grant's from the Rapidan to Petersburg. Both used flanking movements. Sherman's Army only slightly outnumbered Johnston's but Grant's was double Lee's. Sherman's losses up to Atlanta were not heavy. Grant sacrificed 65,000 men, more than Lee's whole Army, before he reached his goal. The results were about the same. Sherman accomplished with little, Grant with tremendous loss. Grant's inhuman method was to wear out his opponent by attrition. In butchering his own men he killed some of the enemy. His men could be replaced, Lee's could not be. This was a dead sure way of winning, and the only plan which ever met success, but it was neither strategy nor generalship. O, the pity! that Sherman had not continued his career as the great strategist, instead of seizing the torch of the incendiary and making war upon the defenceless women and children of Georgia and the Carolinas. But like Grant's policy, it too was effective. Inhuman and revolting as were

Sherman's torch and Grant's attrition, together they ended the war.

On graduation R. H. Anderson was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant First Dragoons. He served at the Cavalry School for Practice, at Carlisle, Penn., in 1842. During the years 1843 to 1845 he was on frontier service. The Christian White Brother had not yet dispossessed the native Indian of all his lands. Constant contest was inevitable whilst this "benevolent assimilation" was progressing. The stronger party fought for conquest, the weaker in defence of their homes. So the Army had to be used, but its use was no reflection individually upon the Officers or men. In about two hundred years after the first white man had planted his foot on Virginia's shores, a large portion of the country's immense territory had been forcibly wrested from its original owners and within three hundred years, we had it all. Lieutenant Anderson simply performed his duty to his Flag and to the government it represented. All responsibility for this crime rests upon the shoulders of the entire people, not of any political party or the Army, for all joined hands in driving the poor Indian from his home.

Lieutenant Anderson took part in the occupation of Texas by forces of the United States. He had then been promoted to be Second Lieutenant, in the Second Dragoons, his company being commanded by Captain W. J. Hardee, who subsequently rose to the rank of Lieutenant General in the Confederate Army. In a measure, we treated the Spanish Mexican race as we had done the Indian. They could not stand against the civilization of the Anglo Saxon. The American citizens peacefully entered that part of Mexico, which is now Texas, and there settled. When they became strong enough, they overthrew the Mexican domination and made Texas a free Republic. As soon as the politicians—or as they are all now dead—statesmen, at Washington could agree, Texas was admitted into the Union—quietly

assimilated. Of course the Mexicans resented this and resorted to the usual human method of settling disputes—fighting. It showed a most patriotic and noble spirit, but little discretion. The United States was the big boy, and all he had to do was to spank the little fellow and take all the marbles out of his pockets. The struggle brought out many noble qualities on both sides—and some which had best be buried. As the victors had the writing of the history, none but the good, on our side, appears. Of that good, there was ample in gallantry and skill to make us proud of those splendid armies which planted the Stars and Stripes upon the Hall of the Montezumas.

During the Mexican War, Lieutenant Anderson was always at the front with his Company. He took part in the Siege of Vera Cruz, skirmish of La Hoya, Battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, skirmish at San Augustine, Battle of Molino del Rey, and in the operations resulting in the capture of the City of Mexico. His gallantry in the affair at San Augustine was so conspicuous that the United States Government conferred upon him the Brevet of First Lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct in an affair with the enemy at San Augustine."

In recognition of his loyal and devoted services throughout the Mexican War, the State of South Carolina presented Captain Anderson with a very handsome sword. This was decided upon at the Annual Session of the Legislature of 1857, when the following resolutions were passed by the Senate and House of Representatives. They were offered by Senator Moses, in the Senate.

"Whereas: The State of South Carolina recognizes with pride and gratification the military services of her son, Captain Richard H. Anderson, of the United States Army, in the late War with Mexico, as displayed in all the conflicts with the enemy, commencing at Vera Cruz, and terminating with the capture of the City of Mexico.

"And whereas: It is the high and grateful privilege and duty of a State to manifest, by a proper expression, its appreciation of her heroic and patriotic sons,—

"Be it therefore, Resolved: : That the Governor be requested to procure a sword, with proper and suitable devices, and present the same in the name of the State, to Captain Richard H. Anderson, as an expression of its appreciation of his gallant and meritorious services."

The sword was inscribed: "South Carolina to Captain Richard Heron Anderson, a memorial of gallant conduct in service at Vera Cruz, Cherubusco, Molina del Rey, Mexico." The hilt of the sword is surmounted with a head of Calhoun, and at the top of the scabbard a shield of gold, bearing the Coat of Arms of South Carolina.

The receipt of the Sword was acknowledged in the following letter:

Camp Floyd, Utah Territory,
April 28, 1859.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter enclosing a copy of the resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Assembly of South Carolina, which conferred upon me the high distinction of its commendation and rewarded my military service by the gift of a sword.

It is with unalloyed pleasure and deep gratification that I receive this token of remembrance and approbation from my native State, and it is with just pride that I welcome so unlooked for and flattering a recognition.

It also affords me great happiness to remember that this high honor has been bestowed upon me for service in a campaign to the successful and glorious termination of which the heroic Palmetto Regiment so gallantly contributed. Twenty-one years ago I left my home to enter the Military Academy of the United States. Since that time I have revisited my native State only at long intervals, but

my affection for it has not been diminished by my absence.

I have been led, by my services to our common country, into almost every quarter of her wide and magnificent domain; but I have no where found a land to prefer to our beloved State, nor have I ceased throughout all my wanderings to entertain the hope that at some future day I may find a home and a resting place upon its soil.

The feelings and reflections which your letter excites are all additional incentives to me to prove myself not unworthy of the commendation and regard so generously bestowed; to cherish attachment to the Government and institutions of my country; to preserve a high admiration for the noble patriotism of the great statesman whom you name; to be guided by his wisdom and to emulate the stainless purity of his private life.

The good wishes with which you present it, enhances the value of my country's gift, and increases the pleasure of acceptance.

Will you be so good as to communicate to the General Assembly my most grateful acknowledgements, to which I feel that I have given very imperfect expression. For your continued happiness and prosperity allow me to offer you my best wishes, and believe me, with great regard and respect your most obedient servant,

R. H. Anderson.

To his Excellency,
R. F. W. Alston,
Governor of South Carolina.

After the Mexican War he was promoted July 13, 1848, to be First Lieutenant, Second Dragoons. In 1849-50 he was again at the Cavalry School for practice, Carlisle, Penn. During this assignment the gallant Lieutenant evidently did not confine his activities entirely to instruction in Cavalry Tactics. He became far more ardent in wor-

shipping Venus than Mars. Sarah, the fair daughter of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, Hon. John B. Gibson, claimed his allegiance, and in 1850 he led his bride to the altar. Mrs. Anderson was a most fascinating and brilliant woman, highly educated, accomplished, and with great personal beauty. She was a sweet congstress and delightful conversationalist. She possessed a keen sense of humor, with the sparkle of wit to her intercourse. She was much sought after and largely admired.

From 1852 to 1856 he was on the frontier. In 1856 with his company aided in quelling the disturbances in Kansas. On March 3, 1855, he had been promoted to be Captain, Second Dragoons. He took part in the Utah Expedition, 1858-9.

Without approval of the religion of the Mormons one's sympathies must be deeply moved for their sufferings. Living principally in the Northwestern States, their religious beliefs and practices were not in accord with the sentiments of the people with whom they lived. To escape the persecutions which were visited upon them, they emigrated to the far west, far beyond the limits of civilization. There they established their commonwealth and by wonderful industry prospered and built up a strong and successful government. They had moved to avoid giving offence to people of their home States. The settlement of our country, moving steadily westward, overtook the Mormons. They shared the fate of the original inhabitants of Utah—whom the Mormons had driven out and had to bow their heads to the United States. As they were the same blood as their conquerors, they were not driven out, but were compelled to gradually yield such of their habits as were deemed unrighteous, and they were finally absorbed into the general civilization of our country. Naturally they did not yield without a struggle, and the military forces of the country had to be sent against them. Captain Anderson

most properly did his part as a soldier, well, as he discharged every duty throughout a long life.

Captain Anderson was posted at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, from 1859 to 1861. When South Carolina seceded he resigned his commission in the United States Army, and offered his sword to his native State, South Carolina.

CHAPTER III.

The Great War of Secession.

Any consideration of the causes which led to the War of Secession must be purely and entirely academic. The passions of the era have been allayed. A candid investigation of the causes which induced or of the conduct of either party to the contest, cannot affect either, or change the results. We can now judge calmly the influences which then either helped or hurt. We shall most certainly endeavor to present the facts truthfully and draw the inferences correctly. The character and action of history makers are public property and must bear the scrutiny of free criticism.

It is sincerely hoped that all who read these pages will be like the wise men of one of the Rev. Mr. Wigglesworth's "Reflections." "Convince a wise man of his error and he will thank you; convince a fool and he will insult you," and remember that "the memory of an old man is a picture gallery of perished forms—a map of the world, not as it is, but as it was long ago." The Author is an old man, and the "picture gallery" of his memory is replete with events as they happened in his early manhood, and not as the World now pictures them.

Furthermore, when the Author says the North and South did so and so he intends merely to state what he believes to be facts as he saw or knew them, and gives no opinion

either as to their morality or their legality. Even when he believes grievous wrong was done to the one side or to the other, he will endeavor to so fairly state the absolute facts, free from prejudice, as not to give even an indication of his feelings. The Author has many of the faults of humanity, and realizes that he does not always do as he should or as he wishes to do, and if any acrimonious criticism should unintentionally creep in, he begs forgiveness.

The great American War with all its horrors has passed. Let all its bitterness be buried so deep that it never can be resurrected to mar the amity which now reigns between its survivors. There was much to be proud of, much of nobility, gallantry and patriotism. Let these be forever preserved and cherished. Let them stand through all time, a tribute to American heroism.

The Spring of 1861 ushered in that terrible War, shaking the continent to its foundations, and in its wake followed untold misery and suffering, especially and most unfortunately to the South. Death, wounds, disease, upon the North and upon the South alike, but to the South alone the appalling privations to her soldiers and to her people, the barbarous destruction of their property and the overturning of their whole social fabric. But overpowering as was its holocaust of griefs and of horrors, there brightly shone through its mists an heroic manhood, placing the valor, sacrifice and devotion of the American Soldier—Union and Confederate—in the very highest niche of fame. All achieved by the gallant volunteer; by the men who voluntarily took up arms, the Union Soldier to sustain what he sincerely believed to be right and the Confederate in defence of his home and his fireside.

How completely does this Volunteer service of both the Union and the Confederate Armies refute the theories now presented by many distinguished officers of the Army, as to the unreliability of a volunteer force. It was the Volunteer

who won the independence of our country, the volunteer who defended it in the war of 1812, the Volunteer who met his fellow Volunteer at Manassas, fought for four long years and surrendered to Volunteers at Appomattox. Perhaps the opinions of such officers have been formed because of circumstances which had not previously existed, but do now. Altered national conditions may require other kinds of Armies and the officer of the present day probably is right in his convictions as to our existing necessities, but never let him lessen the splendid deeds of the volunteer in the past.

Old Jubal Early duly honored the "Volunteer" when he wrote "The men whose names form the honor roll for the Armies of the Confederacy" (and this applies with equal truth to the Soldiers of the Union) "are those who voluntarily entered the service at the beginning of the War or as soon as they were able to bear arms and served faithfully to the end or until killed or disabled; and I would advise the unmarried among my fair country-women to choose their husbands from among the survivors of this class and not from the skulkers. By following this advice they will not be the mothers of cowards and their posterity will have no cause to blush for the conduct of their progenitors."

The United States of 1861, legally a Confederation of Sovereign States, founded by the forefathers of the North and of the South, by this tremendous upheaval, was revolutionized into a strong centralized Nation. The heavy arm of power, crushed secession, re-united the States and made a new Nation. Will this give greater happiness to its people? A free government is established to secure the happiness of the whole or a vast majority of its people. If it does not give this, then it utterly fails to accomplish its mission. The centralized Nation, which was formed from the old Federal Republic, is certainly progressive and highly prosperous. But has this brought happiness to the great

majority? The enormous concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, means untold misery, yea, absolute slavery to the masses. Ever by the side of great riches is found abject poverty, actual misery. Within a stone's throw of the palaces of Broadway, lie the slums of depraved humanity.

The War of Secession has been officially designated "The War of the Rebellion." There is no disgrace in being a Rebel. If there was, how overwhelmingly disgraced must have been the Father of his Country, George Washington! He was actually and legally a Rebel. But the Confederate leader, Jefferson Davis, our glorious Robert E. Lee, and the million soldiers of the Armies of the Confederacy were not Rebels. Their States had legally and constitutionally withdrawn from the Union. They fought for the maintenance of the very principles written in the Constitution of the United States by the pen of a Southern Statesman, and ever defended by the Swords of heroes of the North and of the South. These governmental principles were assailed, but the South preserved them when they were violated and when their country was invaded, they, standing by these principles, maintained them while protecting their homes and their firesides. Who then were truly the Rebels? Who aimed and endeavored to overthrow existing conditions? The Republican Party of 1860—a sectional political organization! They objected to the original time-honored constitution and sought to change the established laws and principles of the United States. For this reason this Party, striving to alter the then existing principles of our Government, *were the Rebels!"* The arch Rebel was not Jefferson Davis, but the radical leader of a radical political party, Abraham Lincoln. Therefore if we accept the term of "War of the Rebellion" as correct, let us never forget who were the true Rebels.

Man was in 1861 and is today, and we fear will ever be,

the same old fighting animal, which recorded history shows him ever to have been. Polished, refined externally and perhaps esthetically by civilization, broadened and doubtless far more cultured and enlightened, but deep down in his nature, the same old fighter. He may not fight in the same manner, the machine gun has displaced the war club, but fight he does in War, and also alas! in times of Peace. In Peace as well as in War life is a constant struggle and contest. Wars will hardly cease, we fear, until the devices for killing our fellow man are so perfected that death surely awaits the warrior. Then armies would only be a band of suicides. The real peace advocates, it is much feared, are the inventors of the Maxim stripe, not the preachers of our Lord's commands. Sad, sad, that it is so!

The terrible development during the past fifty years of death dealing devices and those to protect against them, make it far more costly now to undertake man killing war, than in 1861. The Confederate Treasury would have been bankrupted in furnishing money to fire a single shot from a modern sixteen inch gun. Unfortunately these prohibitive costs did not obtain in 1861. If they had, the Federals would have not been willing or indeed able to expend the vast sums required to conquer the South, and the South could not have bought the munitions wherewith to defend their homes. The entire cost of all the Minnie balls fired by friend and foe during the four years of War would hardly have cost as much as the cartridges fired by modern machine guns in one day's battle between the Allies and the Germans. But, to be candid, the Southern people were so intensely angry at the wrongs heaped upon them, that they did not stop a moment to consider the cost. When coercion was threatened, a great War passion swept the entire South, carrying everything in a great wave of popular emotion. They wanted to fight whether they had arms or not. In fact, Confederate Regiments actually went into

battle unarmed, trusting to arming themselves from disabled friends or foes.

After the War enthusiasm had been worked up, similar conditions existed in the North, but rather milder, because the people were divided in opinions as to coercion, while the South was practically a unit for resistance. Every Southern man was in the service of the Confederacy.

History distinctly shows that most great Wars, sentimentally gilded as they may be, have been waged by the aggressor, either to gain territorial expansion, uphold some dynasty, or in the great majority of instances, directly for financial advantage, by extending trade or plundering the conquered. "The love of money is the root of all evil," and of most Wars. The real causes of great national movements cannot be judged by the sentiment floating upon the surface, but by logically studying and interpreting the motives and interests of the governing powers. Sentiment rules mankind, stirs us to action but alas! often misleads us. Planted deep in the human breast is the exalted sentiment of lofty patriotism, "My Country—right or wrong—but always my Country!" Leaders use sentiment to arouse their followers. They seldom, if ever proclaim their true reasons for War, but by patriotic and exciting appeals, enthuse their people to do what they, the said Leaders wish them to do, or if true patriots, think they ought to do for the country's good.

The thirteen original and independent Sovereignties, so recognized in the Treaty of Peace, were formed into a confederation of these sovereignties, united for their common defence, and the happiness of their people. The form of government then established was suited to the period,—the days of the Stage Coach. It was the only Union which all these States could agree upon, and the only one which would have brought them all together to form the United States. Then communication between the various States, and even

between many parts of the same State, was infrequent and difficult. Then it was at least sixteen days journey, with good horses, from Washington to the Southernmost State, Georgia. It was the only practical form of republican government for our country, under conditions then existing, leaving, as it did, to each State, the duty of protecting and caring for its own people. Communities and individuals were scattered over too wide a space to be governed from one central point. Nineteenth century progress changed all these conditions most entirely. The building of railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, with the increased settlement and population, brought the people of each commonwealth and of the various States into closer touch and fostered a community of interests between their people, enlarging the activities of all. The building of railroads really sounded the death knell to State Sovereignty.

This wonderful development affected the Northern and Southern States far differently. The progress of the North was far more rapid and more widely disseminated than that of the South. The South remained, mostly, agricultural in its pursuits, while the North expanded her manufactures and commerce. In the North this absolutely required intercommunication to advance the character of the business on which it was prospering. As an example of how the agricultural and State Sovereignty States of the South, obstructed such inter-communication, the great State of North Carolina, before the War, required the gauge of all her railroads to be different from that of railroads of adjoining States.

The agricultural isolation of the people of the South did not require the facilities for intercourse, so necessary to the Northern trade. The Northern States needed the centralization of our Government to secure easier inter-communication. The South was content as it was. Contentment is the foundation of true happiness. Progress springs from

discontent, want of satisfaction in things as they are. Progress, with its hosts of material advantages, does not necessarily bring happiness. The marvellous expansion of the Northern States in wealth and population required, for the advancement of its progress, the strengthening of the Central or General Government, and the consequent curtailment, if not practical obliteration, of the Sovereignty of the various States. The people of the Southern States had little necessity for change, and clung to the conception of the general government, once held by all the original thirteen States, and zealously maintained a strong conviction of the legality and propriety of State Sovereignty. The Southern babe sucked this principle from its mother's breast.

Such constitutionally revolutionary and basic change in the character of the government of the United States, needed perhaps to conform it to conditions existing in 1861, may have been for its betterment; it certainly was for that of the North, but doubtful, at that period, for that of the South. Even were it beneficial to the South, it would not have justified the Northern part of the Country in enforcing its views upon the South, unless it adopted the Puritanic standard of man's duty to his fellow man, i. e., to make him think as he did. We can thus see that a change in the essentials, if not in the outward form of government, was necessary to the commercial and manufacturing North, and not to the agricultural South.

More important and far reaching influences were at work to aid the Northern people to gain what they so sorely needed. An immense tide of immigration had set towards our country, which brought millions of foreigners to our shores. America had become the "El Dorado" for the oppressed multitudes of Europe. These immigrants settled in the Northern and in the, then new, Northwestern States, on the lands deeded to the United States, largely by the State of Virginia, for the benefit of the country at large. They

eventually formed new States which were admitted and became a part of the Union. The people of these new States most naturally regarded the United States government far differently from the people of the original thirteen States. These original States had made the Union. They were the creators thereof and instinctively their respective people regarded their State as superior to the United States—the creator being supreme to the created. The new States were however created by the United States, so their people, alike naturally felt that the power which had created their State organization was the Supreme. To Virginians, Virginia was superior. To Ohioans, the United States, from which they had received their Statehood, was superior. Was it then to be wondered at that the people of the Northwest from sentiment, and those of the Central and Northeastern States from interest, differed with the people of the Southern States on the doctrine of State Sovereignty, which was the practical issue involved in the struggle.

Then, the millions of foreigners, most of whom could not even speak our language, who had settled these States of the Northwest, came here, without any conception of the spirit or institutions of our free Republic. Those who had any political ideas were imbued with the influences of the monarchical governments, under which they had been born, then largely despotic and most certainly at absolute variance with and antagonistic to the principles of our government, debasing to those ideals of liberty, on which all free governments must rest. The masses, not the educated few is here referred to, the Johann Burmesters not Carl Schurzs. These foreign immigrants and their descendants influenced the course of events, not only directly by their votes when they became citizens, but not less effectively, yet insensibly by their ideas and opinions modifying those of the older settlers, whose ancestors had established the new and pecu-

liar system of government, under which these foreign people had freely chosen to live.

The immensity of this foreign power is well shown by the fact, taken from the military records of the War, that these, then newer Northwestern States, furnished during the War to the Union Armies, whose people were principally foreign immigrants or their descendants, over nine hundred thousand soldiers, more than one-third of the total strength of the Federal Armies. Adding to these the foreigners and their descendants who had settled or been born in the Eastern and Central States and those who reached the country during the War, and if such joined the Army, fought only for their pay, far more than half of the Union Army was composed of immigrants and their descendants, who had settled or been born in our country, after the formation of our Government and had not inherited, nor alas! could they have generally imbibed, the genuine spirit of our political institutions.

In the South there had been practically no immigration. The newer Southern States had been settled by emigrants from the older Southern States, those of the original thirteen, and hence by the descendants of those who had established the United States, and had formed its Constitution. Hence the Southern States were not influenced by the opinions of immigrants as were the Western States.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is not surprising that previous to 1861 the trend of feeling North was towards centralization and against State Sovereignty, and in the South towards the original conception of our form of Government, of which State Sovereignty was the cardinal principle; one as jealously guarded for many years, by Massachusetts and Rhode Island as by Virginia and South Carolina.

Disputes and honest differences between the Sections arose in the life of our country, as was to be expected, but they were always settled amicably or by compromise. But,

at last and most sadly, angry passions were aroused. The birth and growth of the Abolition Party, with all its attending bitterness, raised the passions of the people and then friendly settlement of differences became extremely difficult, if not entirely impossible.

These agitators threatened and destroyed the property of the people of the South, invested in Slaves, regardless of the obligations of the Constitution of the Country, which protected them. Not being able to justify their rebellious creed by the laws of the land, they satisfied their consciences by proclaiming a "higher law" than that which gave them the enjoyment of their own rights, liberties and happiness.

The natural development of the Country would have peacefully produced in due time, the same general results as were only hastened by the War. The Southern people loyally loved the Union, and their leaders were far-sighted and patriotic Statesmen. Had its people not been antagonized, they would have gladly joined hands with all the States, having a love for their Country, to have made such changes in the organic law, as were rendered necessary by the marvellous progress made in all material and industrial pursuits. They would have been only too glad to fairly and honestly reorganize and accept the conditions naturally arising from the passing of the Stage Coach days, and the advent of the Railroad era and been willing to adapt the laws to meet the changed conditions. But the agitation and unlawful aggression of the Abolition Party, created issues, which annihilated all hopes of reasonable accommodation and prevented any friendly solution of the grave problems facing them.

A very level headed financier, a South Carolinian by birth, but one who had moved to New York and there gained a large fortune; a man who had never mixed in political life, but had mingled intimately with men of af-

fairs, one of much sagacity, and a close student of current events, gave the following concise account of events which led up to the War. It is so plausible, that it must carry conviction to others as it has done to the Author. He said "that at the close of the War of 1812 the United States found itself in a condition of absolute dependence upon foreign nations for the munitions used to defend themselves and the absolute necessities of life. The very powder they fired at the British they had to buy from France and Spain, and the very clothes their people wore had been woven in England. So a Tariff was established to foster the manufacture of war munitions, and the necessary articles of life. At that time New England had a large shipping interest. Her ships reached all the main ports of the world, the Tariff killed this industry, and the money invested therein was transferred to the manufacture of articles protected by the Tariff. The margin of profit was large, and by adroit political management the scope of the Tariff was broadened, until the manufacturing interest of that section found they had a perfect bonanza. Then came the settlement of the West, which was at first purely agricultural and therefore economically in sympathy with the South, also entirely agricultural. A coalition of these two sections against the manufacturing section was feared and giving so large a majority in Congress, its treasured bonanza would be taken from its beneficiaries. These Western States were almost entirely settled by immigrants from countries where slavery was unknown, and by settlers from the East. So their sympathies could be aroused by a fight against Slavery in the South and thus a political union of these two sections prevented. Therefore the slavery agitation was started and encouraged—not for any love for the Slave; but to secure to New England and the Manufacturing States of the North a continuation of the benefits of the Tariff which was building up for them a magnificent prosperity. And as has been

said, the passions excited by this Abolition Party made impossible peaceful and friendly settlement of difficulties and thus made the War a necessary result."

This Abolition Party grew and became popular, strong, and finally aggressive. Eventually it amalgamated with those whose interests would be benefitted by centralization, the remnants of the old Whig party and other elements of dissatisfied political parties and the Republican Party was born. A party committed to the doctrines of the Abolitionist and to those of centralization. So the fire was "laid" and it was ready for the match to be applied.

Thus was introduced on the political arena the Slavery Question.

The institution of Negro Slavery—Oh! the pity that a most humane condition of peasantry had been given a name abhorrent to every freeman—existed practically in the South only. It was not established by its people, certainly not those living in 1861. They had not brought the African savage to their shores, but when placed amongst them, had used their labor, as that of a peasantry in the development of the land, paying for the same, not in money, but in care, food, clothing and comfortable support. At the same time the white man christianized, enlightened and humanized these ignorant savages from the wilds of Africa. The Negro was as well paid as any laborer, for such the world over, only earns his keep, which the Negro abundantly received, and they were infinitely better cared for than the working class of any nation in the world. Slavery, which meant ownership, forced the owner even were he cruel or careless to exercise a closer oversight of their necessities than the landlord of hired workers. The year 1861 found the institution established, and the Southern people had been and were obliged to make the best of a condition they had inherited, not created. No higher tribute could have been paid to the good treatment the negroes had received

at the hands of the Southern Whites and to the elevating influence upon the race, than when, within an hundred years of the time, when the great majority of them had been brought, ignorant, brutal savages from Africa, the Southern people had so improved them, that the Republican Party, at that time embracing the most eminent and astute Statesmen of the Country, thought them worthy of becoming Voters and citizens of our intelligent and progressive country! The Southern people had raised them infinitely higher in an hundred years than they had elevated themselves in the thousands of years they had roamed their native wilds!

The South objected to the interference of the alien abolitionist in her domestic affairs. Whether morally correct or locally legal, their actions were an invasion of those rights which were guaranteed by the Laws of the land.

The bitter abuse from the Abolitionists excited the people of the North and of the South. They raised a whirlwind, which Lincoln, from the Presidential Chair fanned into an overwhelming cyclone.

Lincoln and his party inculcated the idea that supreme sovereignty rested in Washington, and that the withdrawal of any State was the destruction of the United States. So when the clarion was sounded, the men of the North rushed to arms, certainly with high patriotic impulse "to perpetuate the Union." They were thoroughly sincere in their conviction, for without such they never could have performed the thousands of deeds of heroic greatness, which will and forever should blazen the Country's shield of honor.

So much for the sentimental and apparent influences which however only prepared the way, directed public opinions into such channels, so that when the leaders were ready to sound the cry, "To arms! To arms!" the people rallied around the flag. The Northern leaders, thinkers and moneyed interests controlling as they usually do, and par-

ticularly in democratic Nations, had other deeper and for them more practical reasons to bring on the War. They flaunted the flag, but hugged the dollar. They appealed to the patriotism of the people, not because of any sentiment for the preservation of the Union, but that they might continue to rake in the shekels, to be gained by a continuance of the discriminations of a sectional and unjust Tariff. Stripped absolutely bare and free of the trappings of patriotic sentiment, which often cloaks and screens human action, the true reason why the North waged war against the Southern States, to force them back into the Union was that the North needed the Southern trade, and wanted it, as it was then, hemmed in by the Chinese Wall of the Tariff. This Tariff enabled their Merchants and Manufacturers to run their hands deep into the pockets of the Southern people and they were charmed with the jingle of the coin they abstracted therefrom. Many instances could be given where American manufactured articles were sold in the free Markets of England, at half the price at which they were sold to the Tariff bound citizen of our own country. If it paid to sell to an Englishman a sewing machine at $50.00, which was offered to a fellow countryman at $100.00, what must have been the profit derived from the Tariff?

Many sincere Northern patriots will raise their hands in holy horror at the statement of absolute facts. They are excusable, as they were blinded by the duplicity of their leaders then and the manufacturers of partisan history since.

Abraham Lincoln, as the leader of the Republican Party, was directly and personally responsible for the War. When he was elected his people did not expect or desire war. He and those co-operating with him, sounded the War Cry, only after having fired the sentiment. At the outbreak of the War there were three classes in the North who were opposed to the policy of coercion and for differing reasons.

These constituted really a majority of the people of the North.

1st. There was the party of radical abolitionists led by Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who had declared the Constitution and the Union under it "a covenant with death and a league with Hell." These, admitting the right of secession, welcomed it as a release from a union with slave holders, a union they hated.

2nd. There was the Democratic Party of the North, of whom President Buchanan was a representative and he announced the views of his party friends, when he said that the Federal Government had no right to coerce the seceding States, whatever might be thought as to the right of secession.

3rd. There was a considerable element even of the party which elected Mr. Lincoln, including most of his Cabinet, who opposed coercion as sure to bring on War, and they believed that a policy of concession would ultimately bring the Southern States back into the Union. The Northern Papers of the period show general opposition to the policy of coercion, and this opposition was further voiced in great mass meetings held in Northern Cities. Many, probably a majority of the people of the North were clearly opposed to coercion.

President Lincoln undoubtedly sincerely believed that coercion was necessary, and the best for his country. Under his guidance, and by his inspiration, the comparatively loose bonds which united the States in the early life of our Country, were so strengthened and tightened as to make it a great cohesive Nation. The constitutionality of this was very questionable. But it must be recognized, that the Country in its splendid development had outgrown the original Federal Union. Unfortunately the South was slow in recognizing this. Lincoln's genius grasped the situation

and over riding all legal or constitutional obstacles, gave a new birth to the Nation and established it on a footing stimulating to its future growth and to its world wide influence. The old policies, however legal, were overthrown and on the ruins of the old Federal Union arose that new United States, which we all, North, South, East and West cherish and are proud of. It required the genius of a great man to accomplish this.

Yet, while the actions of President Lincoln and the Republican (liberal) Party brought on the War, the disunion in the ranks of the Democratic (conservative) Party made possible the election of President Lincoln and the control of the Government by his Party. So they are in a large measure responsible for the sad results of their disagreements.

It has always been felt in the South that after the inauguration of President Lincoln, he and his admirers were not as open and candid with the various State Commissioners, sent to him to endeavor to settle matters amicably, as such Commissioners expected them to be. Take for example the treatment of the Virginia Commissioners.

"When the tension was greatest she (Virginia) sent three Commissioners to Washington to learn definitely the President's policy. The Commissioners only reached Washington on April 12th. and had the interview on the 13th., the day of the surrender of Fort Sumter. They urged forbearance and the giving up of the Southern forts. In answer Mr. Lincoln read a paper, which, while ambiguous and evasive, professed peaceful intentions. He objected to such a course in that all goods would be imported through Southern ports and so dry up the sources of his revenue, *but he expressly disclaimed all purpose of war.* Mr. Seward and the Attorney-General Bates gave also to the Commissioners the *same assurances of peace.* The following day the Commissioners returned to Richmond, *and the very train on which they travelled bore Mr. Lincoln's proclama-*

tion calling for seventy-five thousand men to subdue the Confederate States."

Lincoln's subsequent greatness, for he was undoubtedly a great man, together with the success of his cause, covered the bald falsehoods of himself and his advisers with the polite term of "diplomacy." When Sumter had fallen Lincoln cried, "The Flag has been fired on! Save the nation!" The firing on the flag waving over Sumter was no new insult. It had previously been fired on when the Star of the West attempted to enter Charleston Harbor, carrying help to Fort Sumter, Jan. 9, 1861. It had been pulled down disrespectfully from nearly every Federal Fort or Arsenal in the South; the government supplies in these Arsenals had been seized, yet neither the people nor the government resented these indignities, all equally as great as the firing on the Flag waving over Fort Sumter. Did its position on that Fort render it any more sacred? Was it more sacred because it waved on South Carolina's soil? Lincoln, when he came into power, in his first inaugural address does not refer to these acts even as insults. But when Lincoln forced the Confederates to fire on Fort Sumter, his policy had been matured, and he was ready to launch War and used the incident to arouse his people, and to create a sentiment in favor of coercion and War. *If he had not done this there would have been no war.* The awful responsibility then rests squarely upon his shoulders. He illegally and in violation of his oath to support the constitution assumed powers which rested solely in Congress.

"The evident purpose of the President and his Secretary of State was to delay action by the South by fair promises, and at the same time to appear as sympathizing with the Northern anti-coercion sentiments, until they were ready to force the Confederates to bombard Fort Sumter. Then they could say "The Flag has been fired on by the Rebels. Rally to the defence of the Union." At once with the increasing

fury of a mob, large masses of the Northern people took up the cry "Save the Union," and charged that the South had begun the war on the Union; while in fact the South was only defending herself against an attack which was on the way to be delivered." (The Union Fleet at that moment had reached the mouth of Charleston Harbor and only bad weather prevented an attempt to enter.) "The leaders, who cared nothing for the flag, succeeded in inspiring in the North a Star Spangled Banner state of mind, which prevails to this day; so that as to the War, its history and purposes they see everything by the starlight rather than by the clear light of day. And Northern historians of the War have generally concealed or perverted the facts to the utter misrepresentation of the South, her acts and motives. * * * That the real aim and purposes of the leaders of the party that elected Mr. Lincoln was coercion and war upon the South is evident from the fact that while Mr. Seward was temporizing with the Southern Commissioners, seven of the radical Northern Governors, called War Governors, came to Mr. Lincoln breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and demanded that he should use the forces of the United States to subdue the rebellion, making no concession to the 'slave power.'" These were Governors of States whose citizens were directly concerned in retaining the South as a market for their Tariff protected manufacturers and merchants and were among the leaders who saw the necessity, from a financial point of view, of "preserving the Union" and holding large customers in their monopolistic grasp.

To justify the attack on the South, the reason given in 1861 was "To save the Nation." In response to this and patriotically to save their country the Soldiers of the Federal Armies rallied around the Flag. They were never aware that they were fighting to free the slave. The assertion is boldly ventured, that not a single man who wore

the blue, joined the Army for a crusade to free the Slave. Since the War those Veterans and the World have been told by manufacturers of partisan history that they did not fight to save the Nation, but to free the slave. The freeing of the slaves was one of the results of the War, but never one of its objects.

May we calmly consider this, illumined by fact and not by the glare of passion or sentiment.

As to saving the Nation—the Southern States by secession did not dissolve the Union, threaten the existence of the United States Government, nor interfere with the peace and happiness of the peoples of these States which remained a part of the old Union. Hence there was no reason to call the Nation to arms to "save" what was in no danger. The eleven States which withdrew, left the other States in a Union unimpaired and so far as its government was concerned, undisturbed. Horace Greeley wrote, "And if the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." He, a power, controlling and directing one of the most influential journals of the Country, and a leader in the Republican party, evidently did not think that the life and existence of the Union was imperilled with dissolution by Secession, or needed an armed force to preserve. It was not so threatened and therefore there was no reason for coercion to save it.

As to the freeing of the Slaves, as a reason for coercion,—will be considered under three leading heads.

(a) The Slave holding States, by withdrawing from the Union, relieved the conscientious Abolitionist of the heinous sin (?) of living under the same government with the impious slave holder. So these could not possibly have wished to have these States brought back into the Union, forcibly or otherwise!

(b) At the Commencement of the War, there was no in-

tention, at least none avowed, in fact the contrary distinctly proclaimed, on the part of Lincoln, his government, or his people, to free the Slaves. When, by his proclamation of Sept. 22, 1862, Lincoln did illegally attempt to free not all the Slaves but those in certain States, which States he regarded as disloyal, he did not claim it as an act of philanthropic humanity, but excused the act as a "military necessity." He did not offer freedom to the Slaves of the great Federad Hero, Genl. Ulysses S. Grant, but conferred this apparent boon upon the slaves of Genl. Robert E. Lee. If this act, which has drawn praises from all mankind, was as gracious as it is now represented, why was not the freedom given to *all* the Slaves? The freeing of the Slaves, for the reasons given by Mr. Lincoln, and it is fair to presume that Abraham Lincoln knew what he was doing, was a monstrous act of inhumanity—which should have drawn upon Mr. Lincoln censure, not praise. For military purposes, it could only mean that he expected that the peaceful negroes, who were by their labor, supporting not only the women and children at home, but the soldiers in the Armies of the Confederacy, would be stirred to deeds of violence against those dear women and children, which would draw their natural protectors from the front and thus weaken the forces of the Confederacy, as well as reduce their supplies of food. As a military act it could only have been expected to have excited the negroes to riot, violence and anarchy! Fortunately with all his wisdom he did not know the character of the Negroes. They remained loyal and trustworthy to the very end.

So the freeing of the slaves was not a reason for coercion.

(c) Moreover, Slavery was doomed in the South, as it had been in the North, not because of any wrongfulness, but because it was fast becoming industrially unremunerative. Slavery at one time, existed in practically all of the original thirteen States. As it became unprofitable, each State,

in turn, freed the non-paying slave. The limits of their profitable employment was moving Southwards. In 1861 slave labor could not be profitably employed as far South as North Carolina, and was barely profitable in South Carolina. If the War had been postponed, say for twenty-five years, then there would have been but few localities in the Cotton States, where slave labor could have been worked profitably. In 1860, the value of an able bodied negro man, in his prime, was from $1,500 to $2,000. So it can be readily seen that it would be exceedingly difficult to employ his labor, to produce even a moderate interest on this amount, after deducting the cost of his support, the risks of his life and the ultimate loss of it, at the end of his working days. When the day did arrive when the Negro could not be worked profitably the South would have had to face the same problem, as did the Northern States. In the South, owing to the vast numbers of the race therein, the settlement of the problem would have required far greater wisdom. It is of course entirely problematic what such settlement would have been, but it is sure, being administered by a people familiar with the race, that it would have been far more just to both races, than that forced upon the South after the War, by aliens, entirely unacquainted with the conditions, they attempted to settle. And unfortunately, animated rather by enmity to the white, than love for the Negroes. So it will be seen that Lincoln but anticipated the calmer and far better action of time and circumstances. The South would have been forced, by industrial conditions, not bayonets, within a reasonable period, to have freed its slaves. Lincoln was hardly justified in bringing on a cruel and devastating War, merely to accelerate by a very few years, the natural progress of events.

We therefore see that the Union was not imperilled by secession, and that the freeing of the Slaves was not a reason for the War. The emancipation of the Slaves, held by

a large part of the people was not a sufficient reason, nor was it then so considered, to inflict upon the Country a bloody War, by the larger part, to force the minority to accept the moral and economic standards of the majority. In this and in all democratic countries, while the majority usually rules, yet the rights of the minority should always be respected and protected, not crushed.

The assigned reasons for the North waging War upon the South having been shown not to be the correct ones, we are forced to look elsewhere for the true cause. It is, as before stated, to be found buried under the patriotic sentiment of "Saving the Nation" to have been really and truly an attempt to "Save the Dollar." The leaders well know, that it was the Eagle on the Coin, not that on the Shield, which was to be saved and fought for. The colossal manufacturing interests and the commerce co-relative and dependent thereon, embracing the money power of the North and partaicularly of the Eastern and Central States, had for years been enjoying a golden harvest under the Tariff Laws. The Tariff had expanded from its original object, the protection of the few necessary articles, principally clothing and War Munitions, which the great free trader, John C. Calhoun, approved, to fostering all conceivable manufactures. It became a source of immense revenue, not to the people at large, but to the favored few, the manufacturers. This broadening of the Law to benefit the individual had been accomplished by political manipulation, after the Northern States—tariff united—had secured a working majority in Congress. This most distinctly showed that the manufacturing North desired a monopoly of the markets of the whole United States, and they were smart enough to obtain it. So, when a large part of the agricultural section, whose people were their customers, not competitors, withdrew from the grasp of such monopoly by the secession of the Southern States, their pockets—not their patriotism,

were touched. Persuasion, policy and politics had failed to keep these States in the Union, as their customers, so War became necessary. This,—not the sentimental or assigned reasons,—was what brought on the War. **The Northern States could not afford to lose the Tariff protected markets of the South. The Southern people were too good customers.** If this, the real underlying reason of the Leaders, had been plainly presented to the people, the vast majority would have repudiated it with scorn. So the Leaders, Lincoln at the head, with great astuteness, nursed and matured the sentiment, that the Union was imperiled and drew millions, actuated by the loftiest, but we think mistaken, patriotism into the hosts marshalled to conquer the South.

And what a stupendous financial mistake they made!

The results of the War freed, not so much the Slave, as the White Race of the South. It eased them of a tremendous industrial burden. The new vigor, which the hard circumstances existing in the South during and immediately after the War, implanted in the hearts and thereby the arms of the men of the South, has strengthened and made her a far greater manufacturing and commercial power than she ever had been or could have been with the incubus of slavery bearing upon her industries. And the South has now only started well on this new career. She now competes successfully with the North in many of her domestic and measurably in her foreign markets. Instead of the South being held in the North's monopolistic grasp only as a buyer, she has become her competitor as a seller and is daily becoming more so. The Southern States are no longer a market for the exclusive benefit of the Merchants and Manufacturers of their Northern sister States, but are as surely establishing their industrial independence as they failed to maintain their political freedom. If Abraham Lincoln had added to his other qualities as a great leader of men, prophetic foresight, he never would have stirred up

War against the South, which in spite of her tremendous losses, has already partly and will eventually win her industrial liberty. The people of the States he bloodily forced back into the Union, within the lifetime of many survivors of that War, have, with now partial commercial independence, regained their political influence and share in guiding the destinies of the Nation, which they recognize, not as of old, as a Confederacy of Sovereign States, but a centralized and consolidated Nation, which they love and venerate—their Country,—and are ever ready to shed blood and treasure on its support and defence.

As financial advantage has been shown to have been the true reason for the War, it might be interesting to roughly calculate what the War cost the North, to bring their erring (?) Sisters back into the Union. It can then be seen how dearly they must have prized their association. Was not over seventeen billion dollars a rather high price to pay to preserve the Southern Market?

The actual money expended by the Federal and State Governments is said to have been	$10,000,000,000
The money value to the Country of 360,000 Northern Soldiers who were killed or died at the low estimate of $10,000 per man was	3,600,000,000
The value of the labor of 2,324,516 men who were in the Federal Armies for a period of 3 years at an average of $500 per annum per man	3,486,774,000
The total amount of the cost of the War to the North then was the stupendous sum of	$17,086,774,000

The North could hardly have lost this large amount by the diminution of the profits of its trade, in dealing with a people who had been relieved from the monopolistic grasp of its Tariff, by the withdrawal of the agricultural South!

In the absence of official or even reliable figures, the loss to the South, exclusive of the value of its slave property on a similar basis, is estimated at ten billion dollars.

Over twenty-seven billion dollars wasted, absolutely wasted and by the action of Abraham Lincoln, his coadjutors and the Abolition Party.

When the War issue was made, practically all of the Officers of the United States Army and Navy of Southern birth and principles, resigned their commissions and tendered their swords to the seceding States. Captain Richard H. Anderson, was then stationed at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and resigned February 15, 1861, and offered his services to Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, that being his native State. They were accepted, and thus he began that glorious record of gallantry and skill which carried him to the next highest grade of General officers in the Confederate Army and gave him rank as the Senior officer whom South Carolina offered to the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

Note.—On page 30 the author says:

"The million soldiers of the Armies of the Confederacy." With the utmost deference and only after exhaustive research and much study, he is forced to believe that the usually accepted number of men in the Confederate Army, 642,000, is far below the true number. The correct number he thinks was about one million men. The results of

the War destroyed all Confederate and most State records, so few official figures are in existence, but only the most reliable estimates have been accepted by him as to Confederate numbers.

Those who lived in those days well remember that practically every able bodied man, in most of the States of the South, was under Arms. The number of men of military age in the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia was 1,536,-543. These states, except Georgia and South Carolina, furnished to the Federal Army 274,311 men,—this left in these States, material for the Confederate Army of 1,262,-202 men. Add to this the soldiers furnished by Maryland and the Indian Territories, claimed as 28,000, which gives a grand available total of 1,290,202 men. There were certain sections in the Confederacy, the mountains and swamps and Southern territory occupied by the enemy, where conscription was not available to procure recruits, and then there were others holding Confederate, State and Civil Offices, and some exempted to manage the slave population, etc., etc. These could hardly have been over 290,200 men, which would leave for the Army about 1,000,000 men.

The various States of the Confederacy claim officially and semi-officially, each to have furnished a certain number of soldiers. The total of all such amounts to 1,043,000 soldiers. This substantiates the Author's estimate.

Further, from the Report of the Confederate Conscript Department, see War of the Rebellion Records, Series 4, Vol. 3, page 95, it is learned that the six States of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North and South Carolina and Virginia, up to the close of the year 1863, had enrolled 566,456 men. If then the Confederate Army was composed of 642,-000 men, as usually claimed, the other seven States with Maryland and Indian Territories, and the enlistments made

in 1864 and 1865 would only have furnished 75,544 men. This is unbelievable. Tennessee alone furnished a greater number.

If, to this official number of enrollments is added, say 15 per cent. for recruits in 1864-1865, and the number of Confederate Troops claimed to have been furnished by the States not included in this official Conscript Report, the total will be 1,190,424 men,—exceeding the one million men claimed by the Author, as constituting the Confederate Army.

If with a Confederate Military population, exclusive of those who enlisted in the Union Army, of 1,267,202, the Confederate States put into its Armies only 642,000 men, it becomes a serious reflection upon the patriotism of their men. It is well known that the Confederacy "robbed the cradle and the grave" to find soldiers for its Armies, so this smaller amount is an obvious error. If it were correct, it would have left at home about one-half the military population, which would seem an absurdity to the Soldiers on furlough, who found at home few, but women and children. The Union Army had in it first and last, nearly 2,800,000 men, to whom were opposed 1,000,000 Confederates. The odds were great enough to make everlastingly glorious the gallantry of the Confederates, who held them at bay for four long years.

The details, by States, from which the foregoing figures are deduced, are shown in the following table:

STATES.	Military Population, 1861-'5.	Troops enlisted in Union Army and those who paid commutation therein.	Available Military Population for the Confederate Army.	Number of Troops furnished as claimed by respective States.	Enlistments to Jan., 1864. (Official.) See War Reb. Records, Series 4, v. 3, p. 95.
Alabama	110,517	2,576	107,941	122,000	90,857
Arkansas	68,070	8,289	59,781	67,000	.....
Florida	16,386	1,290	15,096	16,000	.....
Georgia	124,226	.....	124,226	120,000	106,157
Kentucky	193,092	79,025	114,067	30,000	.....
Louisiana	75,066	5,224	69,842	65,000	.....
Mississippi	74,319	545	73,774	67,000	66,982
Missouri	223,335	109,111	114,224	50,000	.....
North Carolina...	132,220	3,156	129,064	122,000	88,457
South Carolina...	61,175	.....	61,175	63,000	60,127
Tennessee	173,628	31,092	142,536	113,000	.....
Texas	28,387	1,965	26,422	20,000	.....
Va. and W. Va..	256,122	32,068	224,054	150,000	153,876
Maryland	.....	50,316	.....	23,000	.....
Indian Nation....	.....	3,530	.....	5,000	.....
	1,536,543	328,187	1,262,202	1,043,000	566,456

CHAPTER IV.

What the United States Owes to the Confederacy.

"O, all-preparing Providence divine,
In thy large book what secrets are enrolled—
What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,
To prop the course which thou intendest to hold?
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold?
It is thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends."

The shot which dropped on Fort Sumter from the Confederate gun on the morning of April 11, 1861, awoke the people of the United States, and its echoes will go rumbling down all future ages. It changed the destinies of our country. It struck off the swaddling clothes from the infant United States and made it, nationally, a man. It made a Nation of an agglomeration of State atomies. How little did the Confederates realize its import.

"There's a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The Confederates had purposes, "rough-hewed" perhaps, but Providence shaped them otherwise. God knows best what is for our good. May the eventualities of the War tend for the good of our country.

The United States owes the Confederacy a huge debt.

This debt was the natural evolvement from the act of secession and the consequent War of coercion. In the development of Nations, events produce results and such results are often not such as were intended. The Confederate States were moved by a patriotic spirit, in defence of their State and popular rights, to withdraw from the Union. Such was their intention. The result to the United States was to change its government from a federal republic of sovereign States into a strong centralized Nation—one far better fitted for development and particularly as a World Power. The Confederates, of course, did not fight for this, but the measures necessary to make the coercive War successful, brought about this result.

This Nation is now engaged in a worldwide war. Is it possible that the old federal republic would have been able to do this? It may have repulsed invasion, but it never would have been able and most likely not willing to offensively participate in such a struggle. Had the governmental methods of 1861 been continued, the Country never would have had the ability to take part in a grand upholding of the highest right of man—freedom. The secession of the Southern States, and the resultant war, by their natural evolution, brought about a revolution which has made this Nation what it is today. If the old Federal system, destroyed by the withdrawal of the Southern States, had continued in existence, our National weakness would have been scoffed at by the great Powers of the World, and this Country could never have become a World Power, with a great destiny in shaping the fortunes of all mankind. The world is today engaged in a terrific struggle for free government,—the right of the people to govern themselves. The very principle for which the Confederates so gallantly fought, but alas, had not the strength to defend. The principle lives, though the Confederacy is dead! This struggle comes of the worldwide advance of progressive ideas,

government by the people, for the people, inaugurated by our eternal Declaration of Independence. The United States is the leading Democracy of the World, and her proper place is beside the other great free Nations, struggling against the socalled "God given rights of royalty to rule." How could she have taken this stand without national power? That National power was the legitimate consequence of the struggle to crush the Confederacy, the secession of whose States brought all this to pass. Therefore the conclusion is just and correct, that the secession of the Southern States was the actuating cause, unintentional though it was, of the present virility and grandeur and power of the United States. How did this give this wonderful material strength? By the development of our illimitable resources, possible only under the changed character of our government and so changed by the War. Never could the political theories of 1861 have made such results possible. All great advances in civilization, culture and even religion, have been made in bloodshed. We, of the South, have paid a heavy penalty, but it is hoped that our children may enjoy the blessings of the vigor, self-reliance and self-support which our sufferings have brought to our Country.

So the South has the consolation of knowing that however unintentional, their action in seceding, made possible the United States of today, and that is the debt the Country owes to the Secessionists.

CHAPTER V.

His Service in South Carolina and Florida.

Immediately after resigning from the United States Army, Capt. Richard H. Anderson had offered his services to his native State. Recognizing his splendid services in the old Army, he was appointed Colonel, and placed in command of the First South Carolina Regular Infantry Regiment, a position of high honor and trust. He commanded it during the attack on Fort Sumter, April 12 and 13, 1861, supporting the Artillery at Fort Moultrie and in the various Batteries on Sullivans Island. After the fall of the Fort, Genl, R. G. M. Dunovant, in command of the South Carolina Troops, in his report says: "Colonel Anderson's Regiment of Regulars also deserve special notice for the good order, spirit and energy which have universally characterized the command." This "good order, spirit and energy" of the newly formed Regiment doubtless sprung largely from the efficiency of its commander, and was the result of his influence, impressed upon his officers and men.

As one traces the distinguished career of General Anderson, it will be found that these same soldierly qualities were ever found in the ranks of every command he held. The man stamped them upon all whom he led. He was never spectacular, but his solid worth so influenced his followers as to make them thoroughly dependable soldiers. One of these, who was with him on many a desperate battlefield, later

said, "When General Anderson was near, every one felt better and braver." He inspired confidence by his mere presence, so well was it known what that presence meant.

Colonel Anderson was promoted to be Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, ranking from May 31, 1861. He succeeded General Beauregard in command of the defences and forces in the State of South Carolina. His valiant career in the Confederate Army was begun by commanding a South Carolina Regiment, and then the whole of his beloved home State. He was not, however, left for long in this field of usefulness, but August 21, 1861, was ordered to proceed to Pensacola, Florida. He was given a most responsible command in the little Army then assembled under General Bragg, for the defence of that point.

Fort Pickens, at the point of Santa Rosa Island, guarding the entrance to Pensacola Bay, had not been captured by the Confederates or the Floridians, when that State seceded, but was held by the Federal garrison, which had been reinforced by Wilson's New York Regiment of Zuaves, and probably other troops, who were encamped on the Island outside of the Fort.

During the ensuing Fall an expedition was planned against the enemy on Santa Rosa Island, in retaliation for an attack the Federals had made, destroying the Confederate Gunboat Judah as she lay moored to a wharf at the Navy Yard, which attack was the first engagement in Florida.

The force for the attack on Santa Rosa Island was about 1,000 men, under the command of General Anderson. It was divided into three columns, one led by Col. John K. Jackson, who commanded in the city of Pensacola, another by Col. Jos. R. Chalmers, and the other by Col. Patton Anderson.

The following extracts are from General Anderson's Report of the Expedition:

"All preparations having been completed, the boats departed from Pensacola at a little after 12 o'clock (Oct. 8, 1861), crossed the bay and effected a landing at the point which had been indicated by instructions. To effectually accomplish the object of the expedition Colonel Chalmers was directed to advance rapidly along the north beach, Colonel Anderson along the south beach, and Colonel Jackson, following a few hundred yards in rear of Colonel Chalmers, was to push his command to the middle of the island, and deploy it as soon as he should hear firing from either of the other battalions or should perceive from any other indications that the enemy's camp was approached or assailed by the other columns. Colonels Anderson and Chalmers had been further directed to restrain their men from firing, to capture guards and sentinels and to place their commands, if possible, between Fort Pickens and the camp of the enemy. Lieutenant Hallonquist followed in rear of Colonel Jackson's battalion, with orders to do whatever damage he could to batteries, buildings and camps from which the enemy might be driven. After a march of three or four miles, rendered toilsome and fatiguing by the nature of the ground, the head of Colonel Chalmer's column came suddenly upon a sentinel who fired ineffectually at our troops and was himself instantly shot down. The alarm having been thus given and it becoming impossible to conceal our advance further from the enemy, I ordered Colonel Jackson to push his way through the thickets to the middle of the island and advance as rapidly as possible. The guards and outposts of the Zuaves were now rapidly driven in or shot down and the progress of a few hundred yards, quickly accomplished by Colonel Jackson, brought him upon the camp of the enemy in advance of either of the other battalions. Without a moment's delay he charged it with the bayonet, but met no resistance. The camp was almost entirely deserted, and our troops

speedily applied the torch to the tents, storehouses and sheds of Wilson's Zuaves. In the meantime Colonels Chalmers and Anderson, advancing along the shores of the Island, encountered pickets and outposts, with which they had some sharp skirmishing, but quickly beat them off and joined in the work of destroying the Camp. This having been most thoroughly executed, the troops were reassembled, with a view to proceeding against and destroying the batteries which lay between the camp and Fort Pickens; but daylight appearing and there being no longer a possibility of a surprise of the batteries, I directed the signal for retiring to be sounded, and the troops to be put in march for the boats. At about half way between the Zuave Camp and the point of embarkation of our troops we encountered two companies of United States regulars, which had passed us under cover of darkness and posted themselves behind a dense thicket to intercept our retiring column and a very sharp but short skirmish ensued. The enemy was speedily driven off and our troops resumed their march. The re-embarkation was successfully accomplished, and the order given to the Steamers to steer for Pensacola, when it was discovered that a hawser had become entangled in the propeller of the Neaffie and that she could not move." This caused some delay but was finally rectified, and the steamers and barges all sailed for Pensacola. "The enemy, taking advantage of these circumstances, appeared among the sand hills along the beach and opened fire upon the masses of our troops densely crowded upon our transports, but without doing much execution, and we were soon out of reach of their rifles."

General Bragg said of this expedition, that it was a most daring and successful feat of arms. "Landing from the steamers and flats on the enemy's shore, within sight of his fleet, marching some three or four miles in the darkness of the night, over an unknown and almost impassible ground,

under his guns, killing his pickets, storming his intrenched camp of 600 or 700 men, driving the enemy off in utter confusion and dismay, and burning every vestige of clothing, equipage and provisions, leaving them individually in a state of destitution, and this under the close range of his stronghold, Fort Pickens, without his discovering our object or firing a gun, was an achievement worthy of the gallant men who executed it." The leaders in this expedition all subsequently rose to distinguished rank in the Confederate Army. Genl. R. H. Anderson became Lieutenant-General and commanded a Corps in the Army of Northern Virginia. The officers who commanded each of the three battalions into which General Anderson had divided his force won promotion, Col. Patton Anderson rose to be a Major-General, and Cols. Jos. R. Chalmers and Jno. K. Jackson each won the spurs of a Brigadier-General.

The remainder of the year 1861 and until February, 1862, General Anderson was at Pensacola. But with the spring of 1862 the advance of McClellan into Virginia to capture the Capital, called for the gathering of a powerful Confederate Army of defence in Virginia, and he was transferred to that field of operations and to a command in the Army of Northern Virginia. With that Army he served until the Flag of the Confederacy was furled at Appomattox, with distinguished ability and gallantry, ever mindful, as England's greatest laureate said, that "the path of duty firmly trod is ever the way to true glory."

CHAPTER VI.

The Peninsular Campaign, Including the Battle of Williamsburg.

General Anderson was ordered February 15, 1862, to report to Major General Longstreet, who then commanded the Second Division, for duty with a South Carolina Brigade. The Brigade which he was placed in command of, was composed of the First South Carolina Regiment, Col. Thos. J. Glover, Fourth South Carolina Regiment (which was subsequently, April 26, 1861, reorganized as the Fourth South Carolina Battalion under Major C. S. Mattison), Fifth South Carolina Regiment, Col. John R. R. Giles, Sixth South Carolina Regiment, Col. John Bratton, Palmetto Sharp Shooters, Col. Micah Jenkins, and Louisiana Foot Rifles, Capt. McG. Goodwyn. This magnificent Brigade of gallant Carolinians, during its career, won enduring fame, first under General Anderson and then under the gallant leadership of the distinguished Generals, Micah Jenkins and John Bratton; a triumvirate of the noblest souls whom Carolina gave to the Confederacy.

At the inauguration of the Peninsular Campaign, the Brigade was moved from the Rappahannock to the support of Magruder's lines near Yorktown. These lines were admirably placed on the divide between the Warwick and Poquoson Rivers. On this line the first battle of the War

in Virginia had been fought at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. On McClellan's advance, the Confederates retreated to the lines around Yorktown. The strong water batteries at Yorktown and at Gloucester Point closed the York River and the Confederate Ram, Virginia, stood guard at the mouth of the James River, so the enemy's fleets could not ascend either river on the Confederate flanks.

Lincoln had determined to force the Southern States back into the Union. From the very moderate arrangements he first made, he evidently did not believe that he had a very hard task before him. He must have been considerably shocked at Bull Run to find that the 75,000 troops he had called to arms could not accomplish the desired results and he was forced to make another call. Then the magnitude of the work he had undertaken seemed to have partially dawned upon him, and his second call was for half a million men.

When Virginia seceded, the Confederate Capital was moved to Richmond, for political rather than military reasons. But it was there—the Capital of the new born Confederacy—only about one hundred miles from Washington, the Capital of the old Union. Politically this might have been eminently wise on the part of the Confederate statesmen, but from a military standpoint, it is exceedingly doubtful, if good judgment would have warranted placing our capital on the outflank of the Confederacy. Strategically a capital may not be of prime importance in a war, but with the conditions existing in the Confederacy, the Capital was the heart and from it flowed the life blood which animated the entire political body of the country. The value of its capital to the Confederacy became very great, and evidently the enemy appreciated this. Hence the many stubborn, valiant and persistent efforts were made for its capture. As the War progressed it became more and more important. It is very doubtful, if, had Richmond been cap-

tured within a year after the battle of Bull Run, that its loss would have been that irretrievable blow it was in 1865. In the years 1861 and 1862 the South had recuperative powers, but in 1865, exhausted, it had none. Because the Federals appreciated the great value of the possession of Richmond, they put forth far greater efforts to accomplish this, than in any other field. Thus Virginia, between Washington and Richmond, especially, became the theatre of the greatest struggles of the War and in which both sides put their best generals, gave them larger Armies, and equipped those armies more efficiently than any other.

Richmond could be approached by four routes. From Ohio, through Western Virginia, via Staunton into the eastern part of Virginia, in which Richmond was situated; or by the way of the Shenandoah Valley, and thence over the Blue Ridge; or by the route of the Peninsula between the York and James Rivers; or directly south from Washington, along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. All of these routes were tried at various times, and hundreds of thousands of Federals were sacrificed to reach Richmond, and hosts of Confederates laid down their lives in its defence. The route via Western Virginia was easily closed, and no, even approximately, successful movement ever reached Richmond or its vicinity by that way. The Federals, at times, marched the length of the Shenandoah Valley, but beyond the barbarous destruction and devastation which destroyed the granary of the Army and thus brought disaster, accomplished nothing towards reaching Richmond. The defeat at Bull Run shut the Federals off from the route across the plains of Virginia. Now the Federals were about trying another route, via the Peninsula.

After the most disastrous repulse of the Federals "on to Richmond" at Bull Run, McClellan, who had superceded McDowell, planned the attack on the capital of the Confederacy by the route over the Peninsula between the York

and James Rivers. By April 4, 1862, he had concentrated three Army Corps between Fortress Monroe and Newport News at the extreme Southern point of the Peninsula.

Magruder, with his comparatively insignificant force of 11,000 men, bravely held in check the Federal advance for ten days, thus giving Genl. Jos. E. Johnston time to assemble a force to contest his advances and effectively bar his way to Richmond. On the 16th April, McClellan made a vigorous assault, near the centre of the Confederate lines, but was handsomely repulsed, with severe loss, by Anderson's and Cobb's Brigades.

Genl. Joseph E. Johnston had, April 17, 1862, taken command of the Department of the Peninsula and Norfolk. In his official report of an inspection made soon after, he says he was convinced that the position (at Yorktown) was defective for many good reasons. He determined to hold his position as long as it could be wisely done. Circumstances indicated that the enemy was nearly ready on May 3rd, so he directed the troops to move towards Williamsburg. On this retirement the first decided effort to check the Federal advance was made, from the line of intrenchment near Williamsburg, on the right of which line was a redoubt known as Fort Magruder. The stand of the Confederates resulted in the battle of Williamsburg. To General Anderson and the troops under his command and acting by his orders, was assigned the leading and most conspicuous part. He won the highest commendation from Longstreet, who was in general command, he saying: "Brig. Genl. R. H. Anderson was placed in command at the right, and his disposition of his forces and manner of leading them into action displayed great ability and signal gallantry and coolness."

Late in the afternoon of May 4, 1862, in a heavy rain storm, General Anderson, with his own Brigade and Pryor's, Macon's Battery and two guns each under Cap-

tains Garrett and McCarthy, of the Richmond Howitzers, relieved McLaw's Division, which had previously held the position. Anderson occupied Fort Magruder and advanced his pickets to cover the junction of the Yorktown and Hampton roads. The rain was so heavy that it delayed all movements. At daylight on May 5th he occupied the redoubts on the right of Fort Magruder and two of those on his left. In the immediate front the timber had been felled and to the South of the felled timber was a forest. After some skirmishing the enemy made a very heavy attack with artillery and a considerable display of his infantry. General Anderson had been ordered to seize the first opportunity to attack the most assailable position of the enemy. To this end arranged the forces, which had reported to him for duty, placing Wilcox's Brigade on the right of his Brigade, reinforced by such parts of Pryor's Brigade as were not needed in the trenches and ordered up the Brigades of A. P. Hill and Pickett to strengthen his right. Subsequently Colson's Brigade and the Batteries of Dearing, Stribling and Pelham came up. Longstreet says: "The attacking columns were well arranged and gallantly led by General Anderson and most ably seconded by the gallant Brigadiers and other officers."

General D. H. Hill, with one of his Brigades, Early's, came upon the field and was placed upon the left, and afterwards the balance of his Division was brought up. Early's Brigade was not actually engaged until afternoon, then it made an unsuccessful and very disastrous assault upon the enemy.

The battle on the right front was waxing strong and Anderson was gaining ground gradually. He gathered his forces near the Federal Batteries, which were annoying them considerably, and made a concentrated attack, capturing four of Webber's guns and forty horses. Colson's Brigade now came up and reinforced Anderson and the

enemy also received some additional troops. Anderson had established his advance skirmishers covering Webber's advanced guns. The fresh force of Federals drove back this line, when Anderson having been reinforced, recovered the ground. The Federals put in the last of their available troops, but could not force Anderson back, he firmly held his ground, but was not strong enough to attempt further aggression.

In his report General Anderson says: "Captain Stribbling's Fauquier Artillery and Captain Dearing's Williamsburg Artillery came up, and took post on our left, where they rendered great service against the assaults of the enemy on Fort Magruder. On the right the enemy was steadily driven from the woods to the fallen timber, in which he endeavored to make a stand, but the spirit of our men was fully aroused. Step by step, and hour by hour they continued to advance and to compel the enemy to give ground. All his cannon, except one piece, were silenced or captured" (of course he refers to that part of the battle which he directed) "and victory seemed almost within our grasp, when night came on and put an end to the conflict."

General Anderson reported his position safe to hold until time came for the withdrawal and the continuation of the retreat. At dark they were withdrawn and took up the march. The pursuit was not active, in fact hardly annoying. The object of the battle was to gain time to haul our trains to places of safety. General Johnson says of the battle: "Had the enemy beaten us on the 5th, as he claims to have done, the Army would have lost most of its baggage and artillery. * * * Had not the action of the 5th been at least discouraging to the enemy, we would have been pursued on the road and turned by the way of West Point."

This battle accomplished all or more even than was expected. A large part of the glory of the day rests upon

General Anderson, for his skillful handling of the troops under his command, who bore the brunt of the fight, and to the brave officers and men who so gallantly stood by him. The men individually had many exciting and wonderful personal experiences and escapes. One of the latter is told by Capt. J. L. Coker, of Corporal John Kelly, Company E, Sixth South Carolina Regiment. Kelly was exchanging shots with the sharpshooters of the enemy, when he accidentally exposed himself. A ball struck him full in the breast, and his comrades near him, seeing how his jacket was cut through, thought they had lost one of the brave boys. But in his jacket pocket he had a Bible presented to him before the War by the Rev. Thomas Law, his Sunday School teacher. The ball entered the Bible, but like many a man, could not find its way through the whole volume. The Good Book saved his life and forever after has been cherished by him and his children as their most sacred possession.

The battle of Williamsburg was the first occasion upon which General Anderson exercised an extensive command in battle. His leadership, for he led his forces, evidenced great personal gallantry, and his consummate skill rendered his leadership brilliantly successful. Great credit is due to the brave South Carolinians of his Brigade, who when General Anderson was given the larger command, were commanded by Colonel Micah Jenkins. Not only did they valiantly hold their part of the line with grim determination, but at a most critical moment turned the tide of battle. Longstreet says, "Occasional efforts were made by the enemy to regain his lost positions, when a well turned fire from Colonel Jenkins, with his artillery and sharpshooters, staggered the advancing forces, and our troops" (those on the right under Anderson) "soon drove them back."

In closing his report of the battle, General Anderson says, "The fearless bearing, and the unceasing assistance

rendered by them requires from me a particular notice of the members of my staff. Captain T. S. Mills, Assistant Adjutant General, Captain Edward J. Means, Acting Aide de Camp, and Mr. E. M. Anderson, volunteer Aide de Camp. The last of these was my brother. He has given his life to his country's cause." In his official report the General could not with propriety say more as to his brother's making the highest human sacrifice—his life. He could not tell of his grief when his brother fell by his side. He could not depict what it cost him to turn from the dear lifeless form and resume his imperative duties. Nor could he say how terribly heart rending it was to wipe away his tears and draw his sword. He had to bury the love and affection of a life time in his present attention to his high duties. However noble, however much beloved, however gallant may that dear brother have been he could not have had a more sublime epitaph than the General's words, "he has given his life to his country's cause." However, in a personal letter to his father the General poured out his heart. He described in detail the wound, a minnie ball entering the right temple, passing entirely through his head, giving instant death, and the circumstances. He also says, "A most heavy affliction has fallen upon you and me and all other members of the family in the death of McKenzie. The suddenness with which this calamity has befallen us, renders it appalling. The instantaneous transmission from life and health and excited animation to death of one so near to me fills me with inexpressible grief and wretchedness. I loved my brother with my whole heart, and during the last thirty days, in which he has been constantly at my side—his unconcealed satisfaction of being with me—his deep interest in all that was going on—his eager and cheerful performance of all his duties and his constant anxiety that all should go well with our country's cause—increased my attachment —if indeed anything could have done so." The General

visited the remains of his brother, which had been carried to the home of Dr. Garrick. "It was here that I, for the first time, fully realized the dreadful fact. The hand of death was laid upon the face of him whose countenance had only a little while before delighted me by its animation, its courage, its intelligence and its strong affection. It was the most agonizing moment of my life."

The night of the battle the troops were withdrawn and continued the ordered retirement towards Richmond. The men had to endure untold suffering on these night marches, in the mud, with every discomfort. What one company endured during these trying days—of the battle and on the march, is most graphically and vividly told by Capt. J. L. Coker in his sketch of his company which has been published and thus their fair fame preserved. "Company E, Sixth South Carolina Volunteers, was again put on the picket line, the enemy being very near to us, indeed we could hear their words and every sound they made, in the darkness. The survivors will recall General (then Colonel) Bratton's explanation, made at our Reunion in 1886, as to why he selected Company E for such duties for four successive nights. The explanation was exceedingly complimentary and gratifying, coming from so observant and careful a commander, but the service was none the less difficult." Captain Coker was as modest as General Anderson and does not publish that this was because of the great confidence Colonel Bratton had in Captain Coker and his splendid company. "That night the men could hardly be kept awake. It was necessary to go from one to the other constantly to see that they did not go to sleep while standing on post, so overcome were they with the strain of four days and nights of continuous rear guard and picket and battle service. Lieutenant Cannon was assigned one end of the line of pickets, while I (Captain Coker) took the other part of the line, both spending the night in passing from man to man, to keep them awake. The other officers

were left to keep the reserve on the alert. About daylight we carefully withdrew, the Cavalry relieving us and sometime during the day we overtook our regiment, which had preceded us. The men were so exhausted by their long continued vigils that they could not keep awake, and some of them, while marching along by the roadside, lost themselves in sleep and fell flat upon the ground. When they reached their bivouac we enjoyed an undisturbed repose on the leaves and clean pine straw."

This recalls a rather amusing incident of the same character occurring in the Western Army. During the manouvres preliminary to the battle of Chickamauga, Manigault's Brigade were making one of many all-night marches. They were not in immediate contact with the enemy, so any one could take a nap—when they could. The mounted officers had rather the advantage of the foot soldiers, as most of them had learned to sleep on horseback. The General, followed by his Staff, was riding at the head of the Brigade, and as the day dawned, the Staff, all successively awoke, but the General continued his snooze. Presently the road ran through a lane, bordered on either side by a worm fence, in the corner of which were tempting patches of green grass. The General's horse was thoroughly awake, and seeing the grass was led from the straight road and halted to nibble the luscious meal. The General having stopped, his Staff stopped, and the whole Brigade ceased marching, and in a jiffy every man dropped by the roadside, and some had even begun to snore. The General awoke. He realized his ridiculous position and went for his Staff for allowing him to stop and not awakening him. His Adjutant General defended himself by retorting that it would have been unbecoming in him to dictate to his Commander as to what he should do. The men were sadly disappointed when they were so soon aroused from their needed rest, and with heavy hearts and weary feet moved at the command "Forward, March."

CHAPTER VII.

Battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks.

After the Battle of Williamsburg the Confederate Army slowly fell back to the Chickahominy, where they formed a strong line on its north side, facing northeast and protecting all the roads to Richmond, by which McClellan could reach that city. A new line was later taken up, its right resting on Drewry's Bluff on the James and extending to a point on the Chickahominy, opposite Mechanicsville. Meanwhile McDowell, with an army of 40,000 men, was moving down from Fredericksburg to co-operate with McClellan. On May 27th Johnston having information of this advance of McDowell's, determined to strike McClellan before these reinforcements could reach him. But Stonewall Jackson's brilliant victory at Winchester forced McDowell to fall back, and the proposed attack on McClellan was postponed. However on the evening of May 30th Johnston planned another aggressive movement, which led to the battle of Seven Pines. His plan of attack was excellent, but was not entirely successful, because some of his subordinates did not strictly follow his orders. Without considering or describing the general plan of the battle or what the other commands did or failed to do, we will confine ourselves to the part taken by General Anderson and the troops under his command.

As at the battle of Williamsburg, but not charged with

quite so responsible duties, or so large a command, General Anderson, in the engagement at Seven Pines, May 31 and June 1, 1862, commanded other Brigades, together with his own. They fought on the right wing, which was under the general direction of General Longstreet. General Anderson with his own and Kemper's Brigade was put in by the front, on the Williamsburg Road. A portion of Anderson's Brigade, the Sixth South Carolina Regiment, and Palmetto Sharpshotters, both under Colonel Micah Jenkins, was sent to the right along the Railroad at the Nine Mile Road, to get in rear of the enemy, while General Anderson, with the remainder of his command, advanced on the immediate left of the redoubt, into the woods, where the Federals had retired. The enemy permitted General Anderson's troops to get within a short distance of them before opening fire. Anderson's infantry replied furiously, some artillery opened with an enfilading fire and the enemy was soon in full retreat. They were hotly pursued. Anderson reinforced by a part of G. B. Anderson's Brigade of Hill's Division, sweeping the left of the road drove brigade after brigade of the enemy before them. They captured here, two guns, several camps, with their commissary and quartermaster's supplies, and finally after dark halted more than a mile beyond the Federal main line of works at Seven Pines.

The success of that part of the Confederate attack, in which Anderson and his troops had played so very conspicuous a part, seemed to have doomed the left wing of McClellan's Army, which was south of the Chickahominy. However, Sumner's Corps, in the late afternoon, most opportunely for the enemy, arrived, having crossed the river. It was thrown upon the victorious Confederates, checked their advance, and in some parts of the field drove them back. This reinforcing Corps of the enemy was met by the troops under General G. W. Smith, who attacked them

with Hampton's, Pettigrew's and Hatton's Brigades. They fought with determined courage, General Hatton having been killed. General Pettigrew was wounded and taken prisoner, and General Hampton was wounded. The gallantry of these splendid brigades was unfortunately wasted, as they failed to accomplish the success their valiant conduct warranted. At seven o'clock General Johnston ordered his troops on the field to sleep on the lines they were then occupying.

At half past seven, General Jos. E. Johnston was struck by a minnie ball, and just afterward, badly wounded by a fragment of a shell, the Commanding General had to be borne from the field so severely wounded that, to the great loss of his country, he was incapacitated from duty for a very considerable time. General G. W. Smith, the next ranking officer, assumed temporary command, but was soon relieved. That incomparable hero who was destined to lead the Army of Northern Virginia, on many a bloody, and ofttimes victorious field, General Robert E. Lee, was assigned to the command of the Army.

The early morning of June 1st developed some activity in front and on parts of the line commanded by General Whiting, but this did not involve Anderson's command. General Lee arrived on the field about noon. He was in a most trying and delicate position in taking command of the Army while in battle, and having comparatively little familiarity with the qualities of its officers or its various commands, he had fallen heir to Johnston's plans, only knowing what they were most superficially. He needed time to study the situation and devise those plans which eventually drove McClellan's army back to Washington. So, after reviewing the situation, he withdrew the Army to their defences nearer Richmond, from which they had advanced to the battle. Thus ended Seven Pines, without conclusive victory or defeat to the Confederates, but with some gain

in the capture of six pieces of Artillery, and several thousand rifles—but at the heavy cost of about 4,800 men.

It was in his fights in this battle that General Anderson gained the soubriquet of "Fighting Dick" Anderson. During the advance of his command he was told that the enemy was to be seen in his front. "Press them!" he orders. They were next pointed out on his right, "Press them!" he ordered. They appeared on his left, "Press them!" cried Anderson, and his gallant men responding, did bravely "Press them" and drove them from the field.

General Longstreet in his report says; "The severest part of the work was done by Major General D. H. Hill's Division, but the attack of the two brigades under General R. H. Anderson, one commanded by General Kemper and the other" (Anderson's own brigade) "by Colonel Micah Jenkins, was made with such spirit and regularity as to have driven back a most determined foe—this decided the day in our favor." Very complimentary to General Anderson! The two brigades under his command, one of these his own South Carolina Brigade, was handled with such skill and led with such gallantry that they "decided the day in our favor."

It is not often that a Brigadier General can or does by his ability and the character of his troops, decide the fate of a great battle. Brigadier General Richard Heron Anderson did this at Seven Pines!

His distinguished services at Seven Pines, after equally good work at Williamsburg, won for him the recognition and the high approval of his superior Officers. For his conduct in the latter battle, General Longstreet commended his "great ability and signal gallantry and coolness." Now, after Seven Pines, General Joseph E. Johnston calls the especial attention of the government at Richmond to General Anderson, who had so well exercised command above his official grade. His promotion to be Major General, which followed very soon, was the reward not of any per-

sonal partiality or political influence, but of his substantial merit, conspicuously displayed, while performing the duties of a Major General upon both of these battlefields on which he fought in Virginia, and in which commenced his honored career in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Among the South Carolinians of Anderson's Brigade was one who rivalled his chief in bravery, Colonel, afterwards Brigadier General John Bratton, commanding the Sixth, South Carolina Regiment. It has been said of him, that he had the luck of being wounded whenever he went into a fight. An exaggeration, of course, but his many wounds gave some color to the story. All this, however, was not a matter of luck or fate, but because his undaunted gallantry led him to constant personal exposure. He was always in the thickest of the fight, like that officer of whom it was said that if you wanted to find him in a battle, go to the front.

At Seven Pines he was wounded and Major J. L. Coker tells very amusingly of the Colonel's luck when so disabled. He says, "While forming a new line in the field" (on the advance of Anderson as narrated above) "and among the tents of a Pennsylvania Regiment my attention was called by Sam Nettles to a pair of boots showing themselves from under a pile of knapsacks; the suspicious boots were taken hold of and pulled out and were found to be on the feet of a Yankee Captain (Captain John D. McFarland, 102nd Pennsylvania Regiment). On demand he quickly gave me his sword and his pistol was found under the cover, where he was lying, as he hoped, concealed. I sent him to the rear in charge of Jack Gandy, who had just then been wounded. Gandy fell in with the wounded Colonel Bratton, who could not walk without help, and the three went off together. Somehow or other they took the wrong direction, the Pennsylvania Captain vainly trying to convince them of their error and Colonel Bratton, with Gandy and another wounded Confederate (Boyce Simmonton, Com-

pany G, Sixth South Carolina Regiment), with the prisoner, persisted they were right, walked straight towards the railroad and into the Yankee lines." The doughty Colonel was surely in bad fortune, not only to be wounded, but to find himself captured.

From General Bratton's address to the Sixth South Carolina Regiment on the battlefield of Seven Pines, August 6, 1885, the following is extracted, bearing upon General Anderson and then upon the gallantry of that splendid Regiment of South Carolinians, of which General Bratton was then Colonel.

"Just then General Anderson rode up and conducting him a few paces to the front, I pointed out the situation; the abattis or 'slashings' on slightly declining ground were much wider and more formidable than the first, with a thick growth of scrubby trees, on the other edge, screening completely what might be there. By this time not an enemy was in sight, not a gun was being fired in my front. General Anderson quietly said, 'Move your regiment across the abattis and take position on that crest beyond,' pointing towards it, and added, "unless you jump the game on the way." Feeling sure that it would be jumped on the other edge of the slashing I asked, what then? He answered, "Press them." I told him that embarrassment as to my flank and rear had prevented me from crossing the abattis pretty much with them, at least in due pursuit, and asked if I should succeed again, will you look to flank and rear? His answer was, "Press them." We at once entered the abattis, the Fifth Regiment, Colonel Giles, moving with us on our right. I did not see where the (Palmetto) Sharpshooters (Col. Jenkins) went. When about half way across, a grand volley was poured upon us from the thicket beyond, and although nobody cried "Lie down," the entire regiment squatted involuntary in the brush. As the crash of the volley died away I shouted "Forward!" but none seemed to

hear it save our color bearer, and before it could be repeated the noise and rattle of the regular battle fire opened upon us and drowned human utterances. He advanced on and over the obstructions, as he could not move under even the highest without lowering his colors, alone, with a stride unnaturally steady, considering the character of his footing. None who saw it can ever forget the splendid picture presented by our glorious and handsome boy, John Rabb, on this occasion. Never were colors borne with a loftier devotion to duty or a quieter disdain of danger. He advanced thus alone, nearly half way to the enemy, and it looked as though our colors would be handed over to them, when our entire regiment seemed simultaneously to take in the situation and made a desperate rush to overtake him.

Our line poured like a wave over and under the obstructions, and coming up with the colors, continued the impetuous advance until we swept over them. What magnificent gallantry! Write high on the roll of fame, the name of John Rabb!

Another story of Seven Pines. An old Virginia couple were at home when they heard of the Battle of Seven Pines. The good old Mother was mourning over her Son John who was in the battle. The grey haired Father asked her why she bemoaned for John only, when she had another boy, Henry, in the same fight. "Oh!" she said, "I know Henry, and there were Seven Pines on that battlefield and I am sure Henry got behind one of them Pines and would not be hurt."

Protecting oneself in danger recalls another story, but not of the same battle or army. After a hot battle, a private was reported to the Colonel for not behaving properly in the fight. The Colonel had him up at headquarters and gave him a very serious talk and told him that he did not wish any man in his Regiment to be Court Martialed for failing in his duty in the face of enemy. So he would give

the said private another chance and in the next battle he would watch him and if he behaved all right, the past would be forgiven, otherwise he would have to have him punished. Six days after, the Regiment was engaged in another Battle and as it advanced to the charge, the Colonel remembered his promise and went down to the man's company to see how he was behaving. He was found in ranks, going steadily forward with the line, his rifle on his right shoulder and with his left hand holding before his face, endeavoring to protect himself with it, a big frying pan. The poor fellow was a few minutes thereafter killed, and the Colonel severely wounded, so there was no Court Martial. But the incident showed the highest moral courage of the soldier. He was so scared that he tried to protect himself with the only available object, the mess frying pan, which he carried, yet he maintained his position in the charging line, amidst a storm of bullets, moving across an open field, until his death knell came from one of those minnie balls he was so gallantly facing.

It is a pleasure to renew one of the thousands of instances of gracious liberality and true Christian spirit which actuated many of those who were so bitterly contesting. It is an additional gratification, as this was extended by a Federal General, Phil Kearney, to our own brave Colonel Bratton. As stated before, the Colonel had been wounded and had fallen into the hands of the enemy. While thus situated he received the following letter:

"Camp near Fair Oaks, Va.
"June 10, 1862.

"Dear Sir,—

"The fortunes of this unnatural war have made you a prisoner, and it was in the hands of one of my regiments (Fourth Maine, Colonel Walker), that you fell. I take the liberty, in courtesy and good feeling, of putting myself or friends at the North at your disposal.

"I forward by a special messenger your sword, belt and watch together with a letter from the Surgeon, Dr. Gesner, who attended you, who is an acquaintance of your family at the South.

"If, Sir, you will permit me the favor, I also place at your call a credit with my bankers, Riggs & Co., Washington, $200, which may serve you until your own arrangements are made.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. Kearney,

Brig. Genl. Comdg. 3d Division, Third Corps.

"Colonel Bratton, Sixth South Carolina Regiment."

SWORD PRESENTED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA TO CAPT. RICHARD H. ANDERSON

CHAPTER VIII.

Battle of (First) Cold Harbor or Gaines Mill.

While the battle of Seven Pines was being fought and subsequent thereto, Stonewall Jackson was conducting his brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. But the absence of his Corps and the personal influence and judgment of the redoubtable hero was felt by General Lee. As Jackson had completed his work in the Valley, General Lee determined to call him and his men back to the Army defending Richmond, which, since the battle of Seven Pines had been quietly lying between Richmond and McClellan's hosts. By the 25th of June, Jackson's forces had reached Ashland and were within easy reach of Lee and his army. Lee marked the commencement of his career, in command of a grand army by "a stroke brilliant in its boldness." This was, after a month's quiet, to make an active assault on the enemy, who were or should have been the aggressive actors. This resulted first in the battle of Cold Harbor and ended with driving McClellan to his new base at Harrison's Landing.

On the early morn of June 27, 1862, the advance on Mechanicsville showed that the enemy had retired during the night. The continued advance of the Confederates, at 1 o'clock, developed the Federals strongly posted on the high ground behind Powhite Creek. Longstreet rested his men until the balance of the Army came up. When all was ready,

the battle was opened by A. P. Hill, Longstreet being in rear and in reserve, awaiting orders. About 5 o'clock a message reached him from General Lee, asking him to make a diversion against the enemy. The Brigades of Anderson, Pickett and Kemper under command of Anderson, were sent to threaten the enemy's left from the forest edge, to fire, but not to cross the open ground. These Brigades engaged steadily, and portions thereof in their ardour essayed to cross the field, but were recalled and the order repeated to fire, but not to assault. Meanwhile along other parts of the line of battle, efforts were being made to find a weak spot which could be forced. This general assault had not met the result which General Lee hoped for.

A little before sunset Captain A. P. Mason of General Lee's Staff, dashed up to Longstreet bearing a message from General Lee that "all other efforts had failed and unless he could do something the day was lost." This seemed to have struck the right man, who had Lieutenants who could do what they dared, and he at once made the efforts, which saved the day. Anderson and Pickett were ordered to make a determined assault, Kemper being held in reserve. Just as these Brigades advanced, General Whiting of Jackson's Corps, came up with a rush bringing his Division composed of Law's and Hood's Brigades. He told General Longstreet that he had lost sight of General Jackson in the forest and asked him to put his command into battle. He was ordered to move to the left of Anderson and Pickett. As the attacking forces reached the crest of the hill, they came into the full blaze of battle, but gallantly dashed through the open and down the slope of the run and up the hill, driving the enemy before them.

Longstreet in his report says: "Our gallant officers and men moved forward in the face of three lines of infantry fire, supported by batteries from both sides of the Chickahominy, the troops moving steadily on under this terrible

fire, drove the enemy from his positions one after another, took his batteries and finally drove him into the swamps of the Chickahominy." In the same report he also says: "There was more individual gallantry displayed upon this field than any I have ever seen. Conspicuous among the gallant officers and men were Brigadier General R. H. Anderson, and Colonel Micah Jenkins.

Whiting's Division drifted off to its left, but a part of Hood's, under his indomnitable leadership, came up on Anderson's left, closing the interval, keeping up with Anderson's advance, with Whiting following in close eschelon. Anderson's, Pickett's and Hood's Brigades captured the enemy's stronghold and moved in pursuit of the broken Federal lines, coming within easy musket range and almost in possession of the enemy's massed reserve artillery. Just then a dash of a heavy cavalry force required a formation to resist it, delaying the advance and giving the enemy time to move off his guns. Now, an advance on all parts of the Confederate line caused the break of the enemy along their entire front and a prompt retirement from the field. It was fortunate for them that night so soon threw its sheltering arm on the field and saved them from rout.

Many of the Confederate commanders claimed credit for having made the first break in the enemy's lines, "but the solid ranks of prisoners delivered to the provost guard and the several batteries captured and turned in to the Ordnance Department, show this breach to have been made by the columns of Anderson, Pickett and Hood's two regiments."

Captain James A. Hoyt, Company C, Palmetto Sharpshooters, gives in the Greenville Mountaineer, April 26, 1899, a most graphic account of Anderson's Brigade in this battle. From it the following is condensed:

"In going forward with the assault, Anderson's Brigade was on the extreme right of the Confederate line and dashed down the slope into the ravine, above which was the enemy's

batteries and lines of infantry with temporary entrenchments. Anderson pressed up the steep ascent across the ravine and met with bitter resistance, although under a constant fire, while the battle was raging on his left, where Hood's and Pickett's Brigades were engaging the Federals. We pressed to the front in pursuit of the broken lines which were being forced towards the main body of McClellan's Army.

General Anderson, with the gallant Sixth, the Second Rifles and the Fourth Battalion moved straight forward for several hundred yards, and after we reached the open on the crest of the hill and he had directed Colonel Micah Jenkins of the Palmetto Sharpshooters to take his own command and the Fifth South Carolina under Colonel Jackson and move towards the Chickahominy, in order to protect the right flank of Lee's Army. Colonel Stockton with the Fifteenth Michigan and Eighty-third Pennsylvania had been completely cut off by our movement and came from the wood. In a few minutes the head of the column was visible to the Palmetto Sharpshooters, a hundred yards down the hill. Their flags were furled and too indistinct to know whether they were friend or foe. Colonel Jenkins demanded to know what troops they were, to which no response was made. Jenkins' troops had been faced to their right. Their column was not more than fifty yards in our front marching by the flank, while our men were at the ready and as the head of the column came in front of our Color Company, the officer in command broke the silence by saying, "Halt! Front!" to which Jenkins replied "Fire!" and our volley made deadly work in their ranks. They quickly returned the fire, when Jenkins ordered the charge, and in a few minutes the incident was over and the enemy was ours. The Fifth South Carolina and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania had a similar experience, resulting the same way."

"The history of Company C, Sixth South Carolina Volunteer Infantry," a command then in General Anderson's Brigade, is so full of accounts illustrating the life and deeds of the subordinate officers and privates that it will add interest to this story and show the character of the men whom General Anderson had the good fortune to lead, and also something of those whom they had to combat, that quotation is made.

"At this battle we found some of the enemy wearing breast plates; these were of steel, strapped on securely to protect the body from small arms. An Irishman of Captain Cantey's Company took one of these from a dead officer and offered it to General Jenkins, who declined it, but suggested to the soldier to use it for his own protection. This advice was taken, and at the next battle a bullet struck the breast plate, glanced and wounded the man's arm. Without this protection Cantey's Irishman would probably have been killed. However, these heavy and clumsy affairs were soon discarded by the Federal troops and we did not see them later. At this battle every Yankee soldier seemed to have plenty of whiskey, the fumes of it filled the air, and their canteens were redolent of its odors."

A fright was innocently and ridiculously perpetrated by Lieutenant Cannon of the Company, which he tells as follows:

"Colonel Steedman and Ed. Sumner had asked me to get them a canteen apiece if I came across any. As we passed the post at a run" (forward of course), "I snatched three from a limb, hung two around my neck and called to Ed. Sumner (he being near the right of our company), threw the canteen to him. As he saw this harmless missile coming directly to him and believing my calling a warning to save himself, the canteen and strap whirling in the air was converted into a death dealing shell, with proper range and fuse nearly burnt out ready to burst. He executed

some manoeuvers in the way of dodging that would have put to shame the acrobat of a first class circus. All of us who witnessed it enjoyed the little diversion. Afterwards he told me he was worse frightened than he was at any time during the war."

Showing that Generals were not immune from surprises. Lieutenant Cannon further tells:

"General Wilcox" (whose brigade had just come up) seeing me on an elevated position behind a large tree, dismounted and asked me, "Can I get a view of the enemy from your position?" I told him he could. He scarcely had time to get in position when a shot from the enemy struck the tree. General Wilcox appeared to be suddenly satisfied as he tumbled from his position to a safer place below. I asked him if he got a good view? He replied 'too good for me,' and then ordered the line to charge."

The following shows what straits our surgeons were often reduced to: "Lieutenant Cannon had been wounded, and making his way as best he could to the rear, met a comrade and a doctor. He soon had a litter and I was carried back to the house we had driven the pickets from in the morning. Here our surgeon, Dr. Foster, took a slat from an old rotten garden fence, broke it across his knee, and splintered my leg."

The number of Federal prisoners and the several captured batteries which Longstreet turned over to the proper army official shows the breach in the line to have been first made by the attack of Anderson's and Pickett's Brigades and the two Regiments of Hood's Brigade. They had nobly responded to General Lee's request "to do something" and prevented the day from being lost. Again Anderson and his South Carolina Brigade, with their gallantry and untiring devotion "had decided the day in our favor."

But they had no monopoly of bravery, neither did Kerhaw's or Gregg's, but South Carolina chivalry was per-

sonified by the coolness and desperate bravery of Maj. John C. Haskell. He was a Division Commissary, and had no business on the fighting line. But he was gallantly assisting Gen'l. D. R. Jones, on whose Staff he served. He carried a message from General Jones to General Longstreet, and at his orders remained with him on his Staff temporarily. General Longstreet says, "Upon his first field, his conduct would have done credit to any distinguished veteran." General Whiting in his report says, "Though not on my Staff, I would not do right were I not to mention here the chivalrous daring of young Major Haskell, of South Carolina. His personal bearing in a most deadly fire, his example and his directions contributed not a little to the enthusiasm of the charge of the Third Brigade" (E. M. Law's), "I regret to say that the brave young officer received a terrible wound from a shell (losing his arm), but walked from the field as heroically as he had gone into the fire." South Carolina should ever be proud of this and of all her glorious sons.

Maj. Ed. N. Thurston, the close friend, and later, a trusted Staff Officer of General Anderson, tells of him the following most interesting incident, showing General Anderson's personal bravery, and his confidence in the gallantry of the South Carolinians of his Brigade: "At Gaines' Mill he won new laurels; late that afternoon his Division Commander approached him and said, 'My part of this work has not been accomplished and I have nobody to do it with but you,' referring to the hard duty already described as performed by the brigade. The reply was, "Well, General, what is it you want done?' and the answer, "The enemy must come off that hill before night!' and his cheerful response, 'If any brigade in the army can do it, mine can,' and it was so handsomely done that General Lee, who was an eyewitness, congratulated him the next morning."

Lee appealed to Longstreet, "All other efforts had failed,

and unless he could do something the day was lost." Longstreet called on the trustworthy Anderson to "do something" and Anderson did it magnificently. It was the turning point of the battle which ended in the complete defeat of McClellan's hosts! All brought about by Anderson and his noble men.

Lee followed up his victory and pressed back McClellan. A comparatively small battle was fought at Savage Station, one of the Seven Days Battles around Richmond! Anderson, however, was not engaged therein, so it need not be referred to in this history of his life. The general manoeuvers of the Army are here only related when necessary to clearly eliminate those movements in which Anderson and his command took active part. This does not pretend to be the story of the Army of Northern Virginia, but of General Anderson. Some battles and many affairs of that Army will be found omitted here for that reason. But not many eminent battles, because Anderson was in nearly all of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Battles of Frayser's Farm and Malvern Hill.

At daybreak on June 29, 1862, Lee took up the further pursuit of McClellan's forces. General Longstreet, including General Anderson's command, crossed the Chickahominy at New Bridge, opposite to which they had bivouacked the preceding night, and was ordered to march southward on the Darbytown road to the long bridge, until he should strike the right flank of the retreating enemy. At about 4 P. M. the enemy's rear guard made a stand at Savage Station and were vigorously assaulted by Magruder's advancing troops. The Charles City cross roads, the intersection of several important highways, as well as many country roads was a most vulnerable point in McClellan's line of retreat, so Lee bent every energy to there strike the blow. But the pursuing Confederates met all kinds of obstacles, preventing their rapid movement, so the day passed without decisive results for them. The morning of June 30th found McClellan's entire army and trains safely across the White Oak Swamp and his troops in line of battle to meet the pursuers. General Lee had planned a general engagement but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglay," and the only Confederates actively engaged were of Longstreet's column, composed of his own Division, commanded by Gen'l. R. H. Anderson and Gen'l. A. P. Hill's Division; the former in front and the latter in reserve. Gen-

eral Huger's Division was on his left and those of Magruder and Holmes on his right. They were to co-operate, but failed to do so.

General Lee and President Davis were both at General Longstreet's headquarters. A Federal battery opened fire on the same, and a shell therefrom exploded so near as to wound a courier and kill several horses. Rather a narrow escape for the chief of the struggling young Confederacy and for the Commander of the Army defending its capital.

Just as this took place, about 4 P. M., artillery was heard in General Huger's direction, which was erroneously taken by Longstreet as the agreed signal for the general attack. General Anderson, commanding Longstreet's Division, was ordered to make the advance and assault. In front of Jenkins, commanding Anderson's Brigade, was a battery, which he was ordered to silence with his sharpshooters. This did not satisfy the impulsive Jenkins so he led his Brigade forward, charged, drove back the enemy's supporting infantry and captured the battery. The whole Division now became engaged. The attack was successful for a time, but heavy reinforcements coming up, Anderson's right was pushed back and his left checked and hard pressed. Gen'l. A. P. Hill's Division was ordered up and restored the line to the first aggressive position Anderson had gained. McCall's Federal Division had been driven back and General McCall captured in the first attack, and when A. P. Hill came up, the ground was held against three other Federal Divisions, gaining ground forward and holding it to the end of the struggle. The battle lasted until well into the night, the Federals leaving the field under the cover of darkness, to take their places on Malvern's Hill, the final stand of McClellan before reaching his new base on the James River. In his report of this battle, General Longstreet mentions as distinguished for gallantry and skill, among a very

few others, Gen'l. R. H. Anderson and Col. Micah Jenkins. Good for South Carolinians!

At Malvern Hill, Longstreet's Division was held in reserve and took no active part in that bloody and unfortunate affair. We need not, therefore, in detail dwell upon that battle. There the enemy was in a magnificent defensive position, and all the devoted gallantry of our troops failed to make the desired impression on his lines. If the Confederates had held this position, they could have remained there to this day. But McClellan seemed to have lost confidence in the ability of his troops to further withstand the heroic attacks of the Confederates and gave up the position during the night. He left his dead unburied, his wounded to the care of the Confederates and quantities of valuable stores for their benefit. He retreated to a strong position at Harrison's landing, under the protection of his gunbeats. His army was later transported to Washington.

Thus ended McClellan's effort to capture Richmond by the Peninsular route, and it was never tried again. It may be idle to speculate on what might have been. A review of the conditions of the Confederate and Federal forces, as known now, clearly indicate that the Confederacy was in a most critical position, after the wounding of Johnston, at Seven Pines. Not only because of the positions of the assaulting and defending forces, but the change of commanders, at this acute moment, checked their movements for some days, and thus any fruits of victory at Seven Pines were lost. Lee had come to the supreme command unprepared, and he had to grasp the situation and mature his plans before commencing active hostilities. It is probable, if McClellan had been a man of more aggressive character and with greater self-reliance, that he would have captured Richmond, rather than have fallen back to Mechanicsville. This is said because "on the morning of June 28th he had 105,000 men, more than two-thirds of whom had not

been engaged the day before and that between him and Richmond was only a force under Magruder and Huger, about one-fourth the size of his, while two-thirds of Lee's army was still north of the unbridged and unfordable Chickahominy (for McClellan had destroyed all bridges after crossing the river and swamps), and further from Richmond than his own. Here was an opportunity for a bold Captain to have captured the Confederate Capital by a prompt and vigorous assault and accomplish the object of his grand campaign. But McClellan was not such a leader and he knew it." How history would have been changed, if McClellan had seized his opportunity! McClellan, not Grant, would have been the great Federal hero, and the struggle of the Confederates would probably have ended long before it did. Not that the material loss of Richmond would have been so disastrous, but the moral effect of its loss and more particularly the defeat of the Army defending it, would have been a blow from which the Confederacy could hardly have recovered. Or might it have aroused the Confederates as their fortunate failure at Bull Run awoke the Federals? At that time the Confederates had recuperative powers, which later were exhausted.

CHAPTER X.

North Virginia Campaign of 1862 and Battle of Manassas.

After the battles around Richmond the Army rested quietly for several weeks, recuperating from the wearying, strenuous, but glorious efforts made to save the Capital. They had not only done this, but in doing it, had driven back in utter defeat the splendid Army of McClellan.

General Lee published the results of this campaign and its successful ending to his Army in a General Order, in which he said:

"The immediate fruits of our success are the relief of Richmond from a state of siege; the rout of the great army that so long menaced its safety; many thousand prisoners, including officers of high rank; the capture or destruction of stores to the value of millions; the acquisition of thousands of arms and forty pieces of artillery. The service rendered to the country in this short but eventful period can scarcely be estimated, and the general commanding cannot adequately express his admiration of the courage, endurance and soldierly conduct of the officers and men engaged. These brilliant results have cost us the loss of many brave men, but while we mourn the loss of our gallant dead, let us not forget that they died nobly in defence of their country's freedom and have linked their memory with an event that will live forever in the hearts of a grate-

ful people. Soldiers, your country will thank you for the heroic conduct you have displayed, conduct worthy of men engaged in a cause so just and sacred and deserving a nation's gratitude and praise."

Oh! that these glorious warriors had gained what Lee thought they so richly deserved. It was true, as he said, that they "deserved" a nation's gratitude. But have they received what they so richly deserved? Had they, General Anderson and thousands of his compatriots would never have found that "a nation's gratitude" was not worth the price of a loaf of bread.

As to the immortal Lee it was said, "In leading them to conquer their foes, he had conquered their lasting admiration and devotion, and henceforward, whether in victory or defeat, their confidence in Lee continued unchanged, as it will continue among their descendants and their people to the last syllable of recorded time."

Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, from whom the quotation is made, was a better prophet than Lee. Lee's fame has outlived the gratitude of his people, for the loyal devotion of his men.

General Anderson received his well merited promotion July 14, 1862, and was assigned as Major General, to the Division previously commanded by General Huger. At that time the Division was composed of the Virginia Brigades of Mahone and Armistead and the Georgia Brigade of Wright and six Batteries of Artillery. Subsequently there was added the Brigades of Wilcox (Alabama), Featherstone (Mississippi), and Pryor (Alabama, Florida and Virginia). Two of the batteries were, however, detached. After Sharpsburg, Armistead's Brigade was transferred to Pickett's Division and General Perry placed in command of Pryor's Brigade, which was reorganized as a Florida Brigade, composed of the Second, Fifth and Eighth

Florida Regiments. Anderson's Division was a part of that incomparable body of heroes, Longstreet's Corps.

When General Anderson received his promotion, it was quite natural that he should have a new uniform. The outward man must comport with the rising fortunes of the General. In fact, after the exposures, the old uniform he had worn during the Peninsular Campaign and in the Seven Days Battles around Richmond, must have needed renewal. The following bill, found among his papers, bears a touch of nature. Never mind how great a man may be, he has the ordinary human wants. It also gives an evidence of the advance of prices early in 1862, caused by a depreciation of a currency,

> "Representing nothing on God's earth now,
> And naught in the water below it,
> We know it had hardly a value in gold,
> Yet as gold her soldiers received it—
> It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
> And each patriot soldier believed it."

"Richmond, 24 July, 1862.

Gen'l. R. H. Anderson,

Bought of Bun, Poindexter & Co.

1 full dress uniform coat	$ 98
1 pair grey uniform pants	30
Double row gold lace on pants	10
	$138

Recd. payment,

By D. Bullington."

While McClellan's army rested quietly at Harrison's Landing, the Federals were assembling about Washington another army, named "The Army of Virginia," to invade the South, numbering near fifty thousand men for field service. General Pope was assigned to the command, and

when he advanced, he moved along the Orange and Alexander Railroad in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville. As the capture of these points would interrupt General Lee's communications with Southwestern Virginia, from whence he drew many supplies, he took steps to check it. He sent Stonewall Jackson with a force to meet Pope, and he checked him about Culpeper. This raised such lively apprehensions in the mind of General Halleck, that he ordered McClellan to move from Harrison's Landing and concentrate his army near Washington.

In this movement, Anderson's Division took no part, as it was with that part of the army left near Richmond.

The retirement of McClellan released the balance of Lee's army and General Lee joined Jackson and advanced into Northern Virginia.

This movement was in perfect accord with two prominent qualities of General Lee's character—natural and inborn—First, he seemed always anxious to take the initiative and not to leave it to his adversary. Second, he was always looking for a fight. He evidently believed War meant fighting—fighting whenever and wherever there was a reasonable chance of gaining an advantage. Never did he mercilessly sacrifice his men. Never did he fight except to acquire some material gain. As such opportunities were frequent, he fought often. General Morris Schaff in his most charming and liberal "Sunset of the Confederacy," referring to this character of Lee's, says, with great justice, "No, no eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprung, had more natural courage; and I will guarantee that every field he was on, if you ask them about him, will speak of the unquailing battle spirit of his mien. Be not deceived; Lee, notwithstanding his poise, was naturally the most belligerent bull dog man at the head of an Army in the War."

Anderson's Division was encamped at Drewry's Bluff, when on August 15th it was ordered to move to Louisa

Court House and there await orders. It marched to Richmond and then was entrained in the usual palace cars of the Confederacy, worn out, leaky, cold, bumpy freight cars, on the old Central Railroad. When the United States was forwarding the National Guard to the Mexican border during the summer of 1916, a storm of censure was poured forth, because said paternal Government had not furnished Pullmans for one of the New Hampshire Regiments. What would these soldiers think of the accommodation a Confederate Regiment received when being transported? The men thought it a privilege, indeed a luxury, to be able to ride inside of an ordinary freight car, rather than on the top. Even the wounded had to be carried from the battlefield to the City Hospitals, stretched on the bare floor of such cars.

The Division was sent forward by Brigades, as rapidly as possible, the trains starting as early in the day as possible, to run about sixty miles and generally managed to arrive at their destination about nightfall, and when unloaded, the troops formed line, stacked arms, and the men were soon fast asleep, soldier fashion, on the ground.

August 19th the Division moved forward following General Jackson, in the direction of Culpeper Court House, being the reserve of the army. It crossed the Rapidan at Racoon Ford the next day and camped that night about five miles from Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock. Featherstone's Brigade had a brisk little skirmish with a force which dashed across at this Ford, endeavoring to delay the movement of the Army up the river. It amounted to nothing, and the march was resumed the next day, and about 1 o'clock at night, the Division bivouacked near Stevensburg. August 25th, the balance of Longstreet's Corps pushed on towards Thoroughfare Gap, leaving Anderson's Division as a reserve on the banks of the Rappahannock. August 28th the Division moved on towards

the Gap, which was found occupied by the enemy. General Anderson sent General Wilcox with his own, Featherstone's and Pryor's Brigade to clear another opening in the mountain range, Hopewell Gap, three miles from Thoroughfare Gap. They reached the Gap about 10 P. M., but found the enemy had retired. And they rejoined the Division next morning. The Division on August 29th advanced and passed three miles beyond Gainesville, having been sent to the support of General Hood, who had driven the enemy some distance. On the morning of August 30th, the day of the second battle of Manassas, the Division was placed on the left of Longstreet and to the right of Jackson's line, which was along an embankment of the unfinished Manassas Railroad. Featherstone and Pryor, connecting with Jackson, Wilcox in reserve, Mahone, Armistead and Wright to the right of Hood, Law's Brigade of Hood's Division being in front of Pryor. A continuous fire of infantry and artillery was exchanged with the enemy until about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the Federal masses were hurled against Jackson. Their first line advanced up to the railroad embankment, behind which Jackson's troops were placed, and there they remained for some time, like the Confederates at Franklin, unable to go on or to retire. A second and other lines of the enemy advanced, but they were exposed to a heavy enfilade fire from Capt. W. H. Chapman's Dixie Battery, which caused their front to hesitate, and then break in confusion to their rear. As they retired they came under the fire of the guns of Reilly's and Macbeth's batteries and the thirty-six guns of Col. Stephen D. Lee. Then the front line broke from its temporary security, retreated and was followed by Jackson with the rebel yell bursting from the lungs of his brave men.

Since the war there have been many demands for the rebel yell, and the old veterans have tried to give it. But to hear it with all its vim and spirit the conditions must be

right, just as it was with Jackson's men, the Confederates must be pursuing the fleeing Yankee foe. The Confederate Soldier can't give the genuine, thrilling, Yankee scaring, rebel yell, but when the enemy is running and he is going after him.

Hood's Division by heroic charges drove the enemy for about a mile, and then became exhausted. Gen. N. G. Evans rushed to their support, but the enemy held their ground, until Anderson's Division came and drove everything before it. It soon became a rout—not so bad as that of Bull Run, on the same field—but bad enough. General Pryor said, "The fighting ceased and after that it was a mere chase." General Wilcox said, "His Brigade after the 'chase' bivouacked half an hour after dark at the most advanced point reached by our infantry." General Featherstone captured everything on his route and only darkness stopped the pursuit. Wright's Brigade was in the hottest of the fight. Mahone's Brigade moved forward over ground strewed with dead and wounded Federal Zuaves, pushing victoriously on, but about sunset struck a force of the enemy, which checked their advance and wounded General Mahone.

Governor W. E. Cameron, then Adjutant of the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, tells of the morning of the battle, that he saw, "General Anderson, mounted on a fine black mare and decked off with a white waistcoat and gloves, as if going to a ball, just in front of the Twelfth Virginia Regiment. Col. Walter Taylor, of Lee's Staff, dashed up to him, made some brief communication, and rode away. General Anderson turned and said with a smile, Gentlemen, General Jackson says that by the blessing of God his necessities have been relieved. So we will go to the right and help Longstreet.' They then moved to the position where Hood had fought, from which our final advance on the enemy was made."

During the advance to Second Manassas an incident occurred exhibiting the religious fervor of the men and the undaunted devotion of the pastor. While resting near the Rappahannock when a battle seemed imminent, Rev. Mr. McDowell, Chaplain of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, was holding service with his Regiment, the enemy discovered the assembly and opened fire on them with shells. But Brother McDowell would not cut short his usual prayer by a single syllable. It was really praying under difficulties all thought, but the Chaplain was equal to the occasion.

The Second Battle of Manassas ended another Federal journey "On to Richmond." Pope's Army returned to the defences around Washington and at Alexandria. Bull Run or Manassas, as was Cold Harbor, seemed a fateful and doomed field to the Federals. Twice they on each field met most disastrous defeat. Attended in 1861 by a fearful rout and in 1862 a like defeat only saved from being as bad a rout as the first by the fortunate arrival of Franklin and Sumner's Corps at Centreville, around whom Pope's routed forces rallied.

The next morning, August 31st, Lee promptly took active measures to pursue the defeated enemy. He sent for General Jackson, and, upon receiving Lee's orders to cross Bull Run at Dudleys and march by Little River turnpike towards Fairfax, he said, Good! and away he went without another word or even smile. There was, perhaps excepting Forrest, no more picturesque figure in the Confederate Armies than Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and no man who knew him more intimately or was better able to describe him, than General Longstreet. Therefore, the following quotation from Longstreet's "From Manassas to Appomattox" will be interesting and appropriate: "Though a suggestion of a smile always hung about his features, it was commonly said that it never fully developed, with a single exception, during his military career, though some claim there were

occasions on which it ripened, and those very near him say that he always smiled at the mention of the names of the Federal leaders whom he was accustomed to encounter over in the Valley behind the Blue Ridge. Standing, he was a graceful figure, five feet ten inches in height, with brown wavy hair, full beard and regular features. At first glance his general expression repelled the idea of his severe piety, the full beard concealing the lower features, which, had they been revealed, would have marked the character of the man who claimed 'his first duty to God and his next to Jackson and General Lee * * *' He had a habit of raising his right hand, riding or sitting, which some of his followers were wont to construe into invocation for divine aid, but they do not claim to know whether the prayers were for the slain or for the success on other fields. The fact is, he received a shot in that hand at the first Bull Run, which left the hand under partial paralysis and the circulation through it imperfect. To relieve the pressure and assist the circulation he sometimes raised his arm."

While this natural explanation of the well known habit of General Jackson is doubtless correct, it is much to be feared, that if it had been raised from spiritual devotion, General Longstreet would hardly have been able to explain the thought and workings of Jackson's mind when moved by such emotions. The making of this statement will be pardoned, when we read the following story the General tells upon himself:

After the war a faithful old family servant, who had been his personal attendant, called upon him. He seemed very much concerned about his old maussa, and asked him, "Harse Jim, do you belong to any church?" "Oh, yes," Longstreet said, "I try to be a good Christian." He laughed loud and long and said, "Something must have scared you mighty bad, to change you so from what you was when I had to care for you."

To protect his retreating columns Pope had placed two of his Corps at Ox Hill (Chantilly) who were advancing to seek him, Jackson, just as he arrived on the field. A very hot engagement took place, during which the balance of Lee's Army came up. During the night, the enemy continued their retreat to the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington pursued by Stuart's Cavalry.

CHAPTER XI.

Maryland Campaign, Including Battle of Sharpsburg.

With his natural inborn fighting character, General Lee could hardly conduct a strictly defensive campaign, such as Gen. Joseph E. Johnston could and did, with masterly strategy. He could never have waited quietly in one position, for the Enemy to attack him. His were, even at the siege of Petersburg, offensive defensives—striking the Enemy to prevent him from striking. General Lee's strategy in moving into Maryland in 1862 and the next year into Pennsylvania, has drawn upon him some adverse criticism from military critics. If Lee had had a thoroughly equipped Army it would have been different. But the wisdom is certainly open to question, from the unimpassioned critic, of his marching into a hostile country an Army whose men were not well shod, many barefooted, badly clad, and wanting in the necessary wagons to transport even the scant supplies the poor Confederacy could provide.

Whether wise or unwise there is one thing perfectly sure, that with the human character he possessed, General Lee fully, entirely, and without the slightest doubt, believed it was not only practicable, not only judicious, but the very best for the Cause he was so nobly defending and for the Country he so ardently loved. His confidence in its wisdom disarms the criticism of his followers, his admirers, his worshipers and convinces them that he was absolutely

right. The author enrolls himself in this class and therefore has not a word of censure, but everything of praise.

So after the splendid victory at Manassas, Lee moved forward to invade the Enemy's country and advanced into Maryland. Enthusiasm struck the Army and with one accord his troops as they advanced, sung "Maryland, My Maryland." Her exiled son, Randall, was a silver-tongued, patriotic poet, and his stirring lines went right to the hearts of the Southern people. His closing lines were,

> "Maryland, My Maryland,
> She is not dead, nor deaf nor dumb;
> Huzza, she spurns the Northern scum;
> She breathes;—She burns;—She'll come;—She'll come.—
> Maryland, My Maryland."

But alas, she did not come. The gray coated warriors of the South were received with hardly a cheer. "The despot's heel" was too firmly "on her shore."

On the 2d September, 1862, Anderson's Division, with Longstreet's Corps, of which it then formed a part, marched from Manassas' bloody field, via Dranesville and Leesburg into Maryland, crossing the Potomac River at White's Ford. They moved to Hagerstown, Md., reaching there Sept. 11th. It was hoped that this movement would have forced the evacuation of Harper's Ferry; but failing to do so, it became necessary to capture it. Jackson was ordered to recross the Potomac and attack from the Virginia side, while McLaws, with his own and Anderson's Division, was to attack from Maryland. Anderson's Division crossed South Mountain through the Brownsville Pass, into Pleasant Valley (far from pleasant at that time). This Valley is between South Mountain and Elk Ridge, the southern part of which latter was Maryland Heights. They moved southward down the Valley, towards Harper's Ferry.

During the manoeuvres for the capture of Harper's Ferry, Anderson's Division did not act together as a unit,

but the Brigades were separately posted and were each engaged when occasion offered. Only a part of Mahone's Brigrade had for them a serious fight, that of the affair at Crampton's Gap. Wilcox's Brigade moved down South Mountain to a point overlooking Weverton and Pryor's Brigade occupied the town. Armistead moved directly down the Valley.

The fight at Crampton's Gap on 14th September was very spirited. Two Regiments of Mahone's Brigade, under Colonel Parham took part. Col. Thos. T. Munford had joined, with two Regiments of Cavalry and a battery of Artillery, and being the ranking officer commanded the entire force—and commanded it well. He placed Parham's Regiments behind a stone fence at the base of the eastern face of the Mountain. A Regiment of Cavalry was dismounted and placed on either flank, and a Battery on the high ground in the rear. This little force was attacked by more than a Division of the Enemy, and made a bold, but fruitless effort to hold their position. The Enemy was too strong and drove them back and up the mountain to the Gap. Colonel Munford in his report says, "It affords me great pleasure to commend Colonel Parham, as a gallant and efficient officer; he did everything in his power to hold his position and his little command fought splendidly." They must have fought "splendidly" and with almost desperation, for nearly the entire two Regiments were lost, either flilled, wounded or captured.

When the Survivors reached the Gap they found reinforcements under General Cobb, but with these the Gap could not be held, so all retired down the mountain into Pleasant Valley. In the engagement, General Cobb says that including the forces at the Gap and those at the base of the mountain, the whole number of troops engaged on our side did not exceed 2,200, whilst the force of the Enemy was variously estimated from ten to twenty thousand.

The remnants of Cobb's, Mahone's and Semmes, together with the Brigades of Wilcox, Kershaw and Barksdale formed a defensive line across Pleasant Valley, all under the command of Gen. R. H. Anderson. The Federals crossed the mountain and formed line in front of the Confederate line, but while organizing for the attack, the firing at Harper's Ferry ceased, indicating that the garrison there had capitulated. This would have relieved a large number of Confederates who were besieging the town and allow them to come to Anderson's support . This would have given the Confederates a strength the Federals could not match, so they made no attack.

While there was no serious fighting save at Crampton's Gap, yet all the Brigades of Anderson's Division did well their part and the General himself was counsellor and friend to General McLaws, under whom he served. General McLaws in his report says: "My special thanks are due to General Anderson, whose Division was under my command, for his advice and assistance."

What these and all the other devoted troops suffered in the severe marchest of this most arduous campaign is vividly portrayed by Pollard in his "Southern History of the War," from which the following extract is made: "The route of the extraordinary marches of our troops presented for long and weary miles, the touching pictures of the trials of War. Broken down soldiers (not all stragglers), lined the road. At night time they might be found asleep in every conceivable attitude of discomfort—on fence rails and in fence corners—some half bent, others almost erect, in ditches and on steep hill sides, some without blanket or overcoat. Daybreak found them drenched with dew, but strong in purpose; with half rations of bread and meat, ragged and barefooted, they go cheerfully forward. No nobler spectacle was ever presented in history. These beardless youths and gray-haired men, who thus spent their

nights like the beasts of the field, were the best men of the land—of all classes, trades and professions. The spectacle was such as to inspire the prayer that ascended from the Sanctuaries of the South—that God might reward the devotion of these men to principle and justice by crowning their labors and sacrifices with that blessing which always bringeth peace."

General Lee was concentrating his Army at Sharpsburg to make fight on the high hills overlooking Antietam Creek. After the fall of Harper's Ferry, McLaws, with his own and Anderson's Division, moved to that point, going up the Virginia side of the Potomac from Harper's Ferry, Sept. 15, 1862. The troops were sadly fatigued and a halt was made at Hall town. McLaws received pressing orders to hasten as the battle of Sharpsburg had opened. He moved at 3 P. M., halting after dark within two miles of Sheperdstown. Again he was pressed to move forward and marched at 12 o'clock that night and in the morning of 17th Sept. the head of his column reached the vicinity of General Lee's headquarters. About 11 o'clock, General Lee sent Anderson's Division to the support of Gen. D. H. Hill, who was holding the center. D. H. Hill's line was along the Hagerstown road and bent at right angles along "Bloody Lane." General Anderson, as ordered, joined his left to the right of Hill's line, forming line southwardly towards the Piper House. The enemy brought up batteries which enfiladed Hill's line down Bloody Lane, causing great confusion. They followed by a heavy attack on Hill and Anderson, driving both back to the defensive fences along the Hagerstown road and to the shelter of the numerous houses of the Piper Farm. Here they stood defiant the remainder of the day, the enemy not renewing the attack. Armistead's Brigade had been sent previously to support McLaws, whose men had been scattered in the fight through the wood. The

line McLaws finally formed was maintained, with the assistance of Ransom's and Armistead's Brigades.

In this attack, General Anderson and his next senior General Wright, were both wounded and the command of the Division fell to General Pryor. General Anderson was severely wounded in the thigh, but retained his command until the emergency had passed and then fell fainting from loss of blood. Gen. Geo. T. Anderson in his report says: "Parts of Wilcox's, Featherstone's and Pryor's Brigades (all of Anderson's Division), participated with mine and I am proud to say, all officers and men behaved admirably." When the shades of night settled, it closed over one of the bloodiest battlefields of the War—one disastrous to the grand Army of Lee's, checking his advance into the Enemy's country and compelling him to fall back into Virginia.

General Forrest's most successful strategy was compressed into one principle. "To get there firstest with the mostest men." Lee could not hope to face McClellan with a superior force, but if he had had all his men, he would have got there with enough men to withstand McClellan. Those troops, Jackson and McLaws, who hurried from Harper's Ferry, came almost too late. The concentration at Sharpsburg required much rapid marching, which would have involved severe fatigue on all men, but did so particularly on the ragged, barefooted heroes who trudged after Lee. Many fell by the wayside and there were many stragglers. For example Mahone's Brigade went into Battle with only seventy men. The condition of the men as to shoes alone was most pitiably shown by General Lee's Report to the Secretary of War after the campaign, when he reported that he had in four Divisions and two Batteries, 6,466 barefooted men. Of these Anderson's Division reported 2,003, or more than half of its effective force. Was it any wonder that the men straggled?

It has been said that "an Army fought on its belly." Lee's veterans proved that this, for them, was a fallacy. They were all, like the Courier, who was caught up a persimmon tree, eating green persimmons. When told they were not eatable as they were too acid, replied that he was drawing in his belly to match the rations. Rations were awfully scarce and Lee's men had to "draw in their bellies to suit the rations." Often the men thought themselves in clover, when they received corn as a ration. Not ground, not luscious green corn, but hard horse corn, issued one ear to the man. This brought forth from Ben, a mess cook, the remark, "Please Gord, dey feed buckra same as hors."

The Correspondent of the London Times wrote, soon after this campaign: "In the shelter of the dense wood about Culpeper, in wonderful spirits, with physique ineffably improved since the bloody day at Sharpsburg, are clustered the tatterdemalion regiments of the South. It is a strange thing to look at these men, so ragged, slovenly, sleeveless, without a superfluous ounce of flesh upon their bones, with wild matted hair, in mendicant's rags, and to think when the battle flag goes to the front how they can and do fight. There are triumphs of daring which these poor, ragged men have attempted successfully in this war which have never been attempted by their Sybarite opponents. Again and again they have stormed batteries, formidably defended, at the point of the bayonet; nothing of this kind has ever been attempted by the Federals. * * * One or two regiments of these tattered men will stand firm, though attacked by overwhelming numbers of the Enemy, and will constantly, under such circumstances, successfully hold their ground."

As ever General Anderson went through this entire campaign with his accustomed bravery and skill. General Longstreet in his Report says, "I shall only mention those most prominently distinguished. There are Gen. R. H. Ander-

son, on the plains of Manassas, at Harper's Ferry and at Sharpsburg, where he was wounded severely." He also names of the Brigade Commanders of Anderson's Division, General Wilcox, General Mahone (wounded at Manassas), General Pryor and Colonel Posey (commanding Featherstone's Brigade).

Thus ended the invasion of Maryland, and Lee's tattered but valiant hosts, returned to the confines of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER XII.

Battle of Fredericksburg.

At Sharpsburg General McClellan gave General Lee a gentle hint that his company, north of the Potomac, was not desired. So Lee with his well-known gentlemanly courtesy, politely returned to his side of the river and gave his tired men a good opportunity to rest and recuperate, which they sorely needed. The army was camped in the lower Shenandoah Valley, from Winchester to Harper's Ferry. The enemy also took a rest and peace reigned for a season between the mighty contending armies. However McClellan was maturing his plans for another "On to Richmond" campaign, by another route. Oct. 25, 1862, he crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and moved southwesterly. Lee moved Longstreet's Corps up the Valley and left Jackson's Corps to attack the flank of the advancing Enemy. The Federal march then bore to the Eastward, so Longstreet crossed the mountains and marched to Culpeper Court House. About this time General McClellan was relieved and General Burnside assigned to the Command of the Federal Army in Virginia.

Burnside decided to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and move in that direction on Richmond. Longstreet's Corps was moved to confront the enemy at Fredericksburg and Jackson's Corps was brought over from the Valley and joined Lee. Lee formed his line, which he had

time to partially protect by intrenchments, on the commanding positions on the heights, which were parallel with the river and overlooked the low lands near the river, on which stood the city of Fredericksburg. Jackson's Corps was on the right and Longstreet's on the left, his left resting on the Rappahannock River near the Dam. Anderson's Division was on his extreme left, Wilcox's Brigade being on the river and then to the right, successively, Wright's, Mahone's, Perry's, Featherstone's Brigades, the right of the Division resting on Hazel Run.

General Sumner, commanding the Right Grand Division of Burnside's Army, reached a point opposite Fredericksburg. He notified the Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg, that from the City, shots had been fired at his troops, that the Mills of the City were furnishing provisions and supplies and the railroad moving supplies for the Enemy. That this condition should terminate and demanded a surrender of the City, fixing a limit of time when he would, if his terms were not complied with, commence shelling the city and from which the sick and wounded soldiers and the citizens should be removed.

The Officer charged with the delivery of this summons to surrender handed it to General Longstreet. He referred it to the Mayor and asked him to say that the city would not be used for the purposes complained of, but that neither the town nor the South side of the river could be occupied by the Union Army except by force of arms. The Mayor communicated this in substance. Thereupon General Sumner advised the Mayor that his batteries would not open upon the town at the hour designated.

General Longstreet says in "From Manassas to Appomattox," "As the inference from the correspondence was that the shelling was only postponed, the people were advised to move with their valuables to some place of safety as soon as possible. Without complaint, those who could,

packed their precious effects and moved beyond the reach of the threatened storm, but many preferred to remain and encounter the dangers rather than to leave their homes and valuables. The fortitude with which they bore their trials quickened the minds of the soldiers who were there to defend them."

Barksdale's Brigade was on picket duty in the town, along the river front. With them were the Third Georgia Regiment of Wright's Brigade and the Eighth Florida of Perry's Brigade, both of Anderson's Division. The enemy attempted to lay a pontoon bridge across the river at the city. As soon as the mist arose, disclosing the workmen on the proposed bridge, the Skirmishers opened fire, which was speedily replied to by the Federals. This fire was not heeded by the Skirmishers, who concentrated their fire on the bridge builders, whom they finally drove off. Another effort to lay the bridge and then a third, all receiving the same repulse. Then all the enemy's guns, within a mile of the town, turned their concentrated fire upon the buildings of the city, "tearing, crushing, bursting their walls with angry desperation."

The Enemy finding they could not lay the bridges in the face of the galling picket line, filled some pontoons with soldiers and pushed them across the river, and effected a landing and these were soon reinforced. The Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiments became established and in spite of the very warm welcome given them by Barksdale and his command, they remained occupying their position so bravely won. They were ordered to secure the streets of the town at all hazards and attempted to do so. But they were checked and until heavily reinforced could not move forward. Eventually, however, the whole eastern part of the town was occupied. At a late hour of the night the Confederates retired from the town. The two Regiments of Anderson's Division did some good

work in the fight, and they had the fate to be the only portion of this Division which did any fighting in the bloody battle of Fredericksburg. The extreme left of the line was not attacked and as the other parts held their own, repulsing every attack made on them, there was no necessity to call for Anderson's assistance. The brunt of the battle was borne by Jackson's Corps on the right and by the right of Longstreet's line on Marye's Heights.

It was a sad plight which befell the many who desired to remain in the City, and these, when the bombardment took place, had to leave their homes. This is well described by Capt. D. Augustus Dickert in his History of Kershaw's Brigade: "The City was almost deserted, General Lee advising the citizens to leave their homes as soon as it became apparent that a battle would be fought here. Still a few, loath to leave their all to the ravages of an enemy, decided to remain and trust to fate. But soon after the firing along the river began, we saw groups of women and children and a few old men, in the glim twilight of the morning, rushing along the road out of the City, as fast as their feeble limbs and tender feet could carry them, hunting a safe retreat in the backwoods, until the cloud of war broke or passed over. Some were carrying babes in their arms, others dragging little children along by the hand, with a few articles of bedding or wearing apparel under their arms or thrown over their shoulders. The old men tottered along in the rear, giving words of comfort and cheer to the excited and frightened women and little ones. It was a sickening sight to see these helpless and inoffensive people, hurrying away from the dangers of battle in the chilly morning of December, seeking some safe haunts in the backwoods, yet they bore it all without a murmur or complaint." The sufferings undergone by the few inhabitants who remained in Fredericksburg during the Federal shelling of the town were heart-rending. The experience of one,

Mrs. John T. Goolrick, then a child, and her family is so thrilling and so well told by the good lady, who since has been prominent in all Confederate Woman's work in her State, that, with her permission, it is used. An actual participation in great and tragic events must always command respect and attention, being far the most reliable of human testimony.

"During the stormy winter of 1862, my mother, a widow, with three little children, was still in her native place, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Many of the inhabitants had long since left for Richmond and other points farther south, for the town lying just between the hostile armies was the constant scene of raids and skirmishes, and no one knew at what instant everything might be swept away from them. My mother, separated from her relatives by the fortunes of war, decided that it would be best for her to remain where she was and thus probably save the household effects she had gathered around her. The strongest arguments had been used by friends in town and relatives at a distance to induce her to leave for a place of more safety, but so far without avail, and though we were often alarmed by raids into the town, as yet we had sustained no injuries of any description. In the fall the Federal army, under General Burnside, was on the Stafford hills just across the river, and it was constantly rumored that the town would be bombarded; but lulled to an insecure rest by many false alarms, the people had but little faith in these rumors. * * *

At four o'clock on the 11th of December, one of the most cruel and heartless acts of the war was to be perpetrated, the town of Fredericksburg was to be bombarded, with no one in it but a few invalid men with helpless women and children. As quick as thought, we were up and dressed, and my aunt being very rapid in her movements, was the first to reach the cellar. My mother had long since had some chairs and other pieces of furniture placed there in

case of an emergency. I being the first child dressed, ran out into the yard, and as I turned towards the cellar steps I beheld, it seemed to me, the most brilliant light that I had ever seen; as I looked, my aunt reached out her arms and pulled me, quivering with terror, into the cellar. A shell had exploded at the back of the garden, in reality at some distance, but to me it was as if it had been at my very feet. The family soon assembled, including the servants; we had also additions in the way of two gentlemen from Stafford, Mr. B. and Mr. G., who had been detained in town, and a Lieutenant Eustace of Braxton's battery, who was returning from a visit to his home, also a colored family, Uncle Charles and Aunt Judy, with a small boy named Douglas and two or three other children. The couple had been left in charge of their mistress' home (she being out of town), and with no cellar to their house they were fain to come into ours.

And now the work of destruction began, and for long hours the only sound that greeted our ears were the whizzing and moaning of the shells and the crash of falling bricks and timber. My mother and we three children were seated on a low bed with Ca'line, a very small darkey, huddled as close to us children as she could get, trying to keep warm. Mr. B. and Mr. G. occupied positions of honor on each side of the large old-fashioned fire-place, while my aunt was cowering inside, and every time a ball would roll through the hosue or a shell explode she would draw herself up and moan and shiver. Lieutenant Eustace was a great comfort to my mother, and having someone to rely on enabled her to keep her courage up during the terrible ordeal of the cannonading. Although my brother, sister and myself were all frightened, we could not help laughing at the little darkey children who were positively stricken dumb with terror, old Aunt Judy keeping them close to her side and

giving them severe cuffs and bangs if they moved so much as a finger.

My aunt, as well as the rest of us, now began to feel the pangs of hunger, and Aunt B. ordered the cook in the most positive manner to go up to the kitchen and make some coffee, telling her that she knew she was afraid and we would all be satisfied with only a cup of coffee for the present. I believe Aunt Sally would have gone without a word if my mother had told her, but this, from an outsider, she could not bear. (Aunt B. was my uncle's wife and the family servants had seen very little of her.) She, therefore, demurred, and Aunt B. calling her a coward, she arose in a perfect fury, and with insubordination written upon her from her rigid backbone to her flashing eyes, informed Aunt B. "dat she warn no mo' a coward dan de res' of 'em, but she didn't blieve Mars Gin'l Lee hisself cud stan' up making coffee under dat tornady." Just about this time Uncle Charles sprawled himself out upon the floor in ungovernable terror, and called upon the Lord to save him and his family. "Pray for us all, Uncle Charles," screamed my aunt, her voice just heard above the roar of artillery. The cannonading was now something fearful. Our house had been struck twice, and the shrieking balls and bursting bombs were enough to appall the stoutest heart. My aunt being very brave in speech, but in reality very timorous, and Uncle Charles "a bright and shining light" among the colored persuasion, she again requests him to pray. Aunt Judy by this time began to bewail that she had "lef' ole Miss cow in the cowshed," and mistaking the moaning of the shells for the dying groans of the cow she and Douglas lamented it in true darkey fashion. Uncle Charles meanwhile was very willing to pray, but Aunt Judy objected strenuously, saying, "Dis ain't no time to be spendin' in pra'ar, Char's Pryor, wid dem bumb shells flying over you and a fizlin' around you, and ole

Mis cow dyin' right dar in your sight." But when the house was struck for the third time, Aunt B., in despairing accents, begged Uncle Charles to pray, so he fell upon his knees by an old barrel in the middle of the cellar floor, upon which sat a solitary candle, whose flickering light lit up his hushed and solemn countenance, and in tremulous tones with many interjections, offered up a prayer. * * *

"My mother thought of my father's portrait, and afraid of its being injured she determined to get it herself and bring it into the cellar. Without telling anyone of her intention, she left the cellar and went up into the parlor; the portrait was hanging just over a sofa, on which she stood to take it down. She had just reached the door opposite the sofa when a shell came crashing through the wall, demolishing the sofa on which she had so recently stood, as well as many other articles of furniture. She reached the cellar white and trembling, but with the portrait unhurt in her arms.

"At one o'clock the cannonading suddenly ceased and for one hour we were at liberty to go above and see the damage that had been done. My mother's first efforts were directed towards getting a lunch, of which we were all sorely in need. With the aid of one of the frightened servants she succeeded in getting a fire and having some coffee made and with this, together with some cold bread and ham, we had a plentiful repast.

"What a scene met our eyes; our pretty garden was strewn with cannon balls and pieces of broken shells, limbs knocked off the trees and the grape arbor a perfect wreck. The house had been damaged considerably, several large holes torn through it, both in front and back. While we were deploring the damage that had been done, Lieutenant Eustace returned in breathless haste to say that he had just heard an order from General Lee read on Commerce street, saying that the women and children must leave town, as the

enemy were rapidly crossing the river on pontoon bridges. They urged my mother to take her children and fly at once from the town. After resisting until the gentlemen in despair were almost ready to drag her from her dangerous situation, she finally consented to leave. The wildest confusion now reigned, the servants wringing their hands and declaring they could not go without their "chists," which they all managed to get somehow, and put upon their heads, but the gentlemen insisted so that we had only time to save our lives, that they would not ever let my mother go back into the house to get her purse or a single valuable. So we started just as we were; my wrapping, I remember, was an old ironing blanket, with a large hole burnt in the middle. I never did find out whether Aunt B— ever got her clothes on, for she stalked ahead of us, wrapped in a pure white counterpane, a tall, ghostly looking figure, who seemed to glide with incredible rapidity over the frozen ground. * * *

"We plodded along under a heavy cross fire; balls falling right and left of us. We left the town by way of the old "plank road," batteries of Confederates on both sides. The ground was rough and broken up by the tramping of soldiers and the heavy wagons and artillery that had passed over it, so that it was difficult and tiresome to walk, and the sun not quite warm by this time and the snow was melting rapidly, the mud was simply indescribable. * * *

"We had now reached the "Reservoir," a wooden building over "Poplar Spring," and about a mile from town. I had already lost one of my shoes several times, because of having no string in it, and my little brother insisted on giving me one of his, so we sat down by the "Reservoir," feeling very secure, but were terribly alarmed in a few moments by a ball coming through the building and whizzing very close to our ears. No, this would not do, so on we went, footsore and weary; sometimes we would meet a sol-

dier who would carry one of us a short distance. All of our servants, except Ca'line, who was only seven years old, had taken some other direction. When we got about two miles from town we overtook many other refugees; some were camping by the way, and others pressing on, some to country houses which were hospitably thrown open to wanderers from home, and others to "Salem Church," about three miles from Fredericksburg, where there was a large encampment. Our destination was a house not far from "Salem Church," which we now call the "Refuge House." Exhausted we reached the house by twilight, found there some friends who had been there some weeks, and who kindly took us into their room and gave us every attention. And so great was our relief to feel that we had escaped from the horror of that day, that such small matters as having to sleep in the room with a dozen people, having no milk and no coffee, our principal diet consisting of corn bread, bacon and sorghum, seemed only slight troubles."

An incident of a most touching character which occurred during the battle was the contest around the tomb of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington. A hand to hand encounter was desperately contested by some troops from New York and Massachusetts on the Federal side and North Carolinians fighting in defence of their homes and friends. "Sons of the same ancestry, sons of sires who fought with the Father of his country" in the struggle for independence and the establishment of a Confederation of sovereign States, now fighting around the grave of the great first President's mother, for the dissolution of the Union he founded. Thrice were the Confederates driven back, but gallantly returning, finally drove off the Federals.

Capt. D. Augustus Dickert, from whose most valuable "History of Kershaw's Brigade," we have, and now again quote, was in that Brigade, which had a most conspicuous

and important position at this battle, and he knows whereof he speaks. The key to Lee's position was the Stone wall in front of Marye's Hill. Appreciating this the Enemy hurled against it his innumerable hosts, making every human endeavor to capture it. It was defended by three Regiments of Cooke's North Carolina Brigade; the Tenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiments and Cobb's and Philips' Georgia Legions, all of which were of Gen. T. R. R. Cobb's Brigade; the Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth and Fifteenth South Carolina Regiments and the Third South Carolina Battalion, all of Kershaw's Brigade, with a Battery of the Washington Artillery, and Moody's Battery of Alexander's Battalion.

The Third South Carolina Regiment was "ordered to the top of Marye's Hill. Colonel Nance at the head of his Regiment, entered the Telegraph Road and down this the men rushed, followed by the Second Regiment, led by Colonel Kennedy, under one of the heaviest shellings the troops ever experienced. On reaching the ravine at the lower end of the incline, the Third Regiment was turned up a road to the plateau in rear of the Marye Mansion. When the Third Regiment reached the top of the plateau it was in column of fours and Colonel Nance formed line of battle by changing front forward on first company. This pretty piece of tactics was executed while under the galling fire from the artillery and sharpshooters, but was as perfect as on dress parade. We had scarcely gotten in position before Nance, Rutherford and Moffett, the three field officers, had fallen. Colonel Kennedy, with the Second passed over the left of the plateau and down the street on our left and at right angles with our line, being in a position to give a sweeping fire to the flank of the columns of assault against the Stone fence. They were in a sunken road, walled on either side with granite, the earth on the outside being levelled up with the top of the wall." The other Regiments

of Kershaw's Brigade doubled up with Cobbs men behind the Stone wall. "The men in the road, even the wounded, crowded out from the wall by force of numbers, loaded the guns for the more fortunate who had places and in many instances three or four men loaded the guns for one, passing them to those who were firing from the top of the Stone fence. Each seemed to fight on his own responsibility, and with the same determined spirit to hold the wall and the heights above. Each felt as if the safety of th. army depended upon his exertions alone."

The first assault was made by Franklin, which was easily repulsed, then Hancock, then Howard tried in vain, now Sturgis of the Ninth Corps was advancing to the assault. The Confederate situation was extremely critical. The Washington Artillery had exhausted their shot and shell and Cobbs and Kershaw's men behind the stone wall were nearly out of ammunition. Calls for more were made, but could not be responded to. "The hearts of the exhausted men began to fail them—the batteries silent, the infantry short of ammunition, while a long line of blue was making rapid strides towards us in front." A supply of ammunition was, however, sent down the road in time to meet the next attack. "But all hearts were made glad by the sudden rush of Moody's Battery of Alexander's Battalion, coming to the relief of the Washington Artillery. Down the Telegraph Road the battery came, their horses rearing and plunging, drivers burying the points of their spurs deep into the flanks of the foaming steeds; riders in front bending low upon the saddle bows to escape the shells that now filled the air or plowing up the earth beneath the horses' hoofs, the men on the caissons clinging with a death-like grip to retain their seats, the great heavy wheels spinning around like mad and bounding high in the air; while the officers riding at the side of the charging column of Artillerists, shouted at the top of their voices, giving di-

rections to the leaders. Down this open and exposed stretch of road, up over the plateau, then wheel to the right, they made a rush through the gauntlet that separates them from the fort in which stood the Washington Artillery. Over the dead and dying the horses leap and plunge, dragging their cannon and ammunition chests—they enter the fort at a gallop. Swinging into line, their brass pieces are now belching forth grape and canister into the ranks of the advancing columns. All this takes place in less time than it takes to record it. The bold dash and beautiful piece of evolution so excite the admiration of all who witnessed it, that a yell went up that drowns for a time the heavy baying of the Siege guns on Stafford Heights."

"Sturgis had met the fate of those who had assaulted before him. Now Getty and Griffin were making efforts to capture the stone wall. In this last attack was the famous Meaghers Irish Brigade of New York, all Irishmen, but undoubtedly the finest body of troops in the Federal Army. With a firm and elastic step this long, swaying line of Irishmen moved to the assault, with as much indifference apparently to their fate as 'Sheep going to the Shambles.' Not a shot was fired from this advancing line, while the shells from our batteries cut swath after swath through their ranks, only to be closed again as by some mechanical means; colors fall, but rise and float again, men bounding forward and eagerly grasping the fallen staff, indifferent of the fate that awaited them. Officers are in front, with drawn swords flashing in the gleam of the fading sunlight, urging on their men to still greater deeds of prowess and by their individual courage set examples in heroism never before witnessed on this continent. They forge their way forward over the heap of dead and dying that now strew the plain, nearer to the deadly wall than any of the troops before them. It began to look for a moment as if their undaunted courage would succeed, but the courage of the de-

fenders of Marye's Hill seemed to increase in ardour and determination in proportion to that of the Enemy. The smoke and flame of their battle is now less than one hundred paces from the wall, but the odds are against them, and they, too, had to finally yield to the inevitable and leave the field in great disorder."

"From both sides hopes and prayers had gone up that this charge would prove the last attempt to break our lines. But Humphries met the shattered columns with a fresh advance. Those who were marching to enter this maelstrom of carnage were entreated and prayed to by all of those who had just returned from the sickening scene, not to enter the death trap and begged them not to throw away their lives in the vain attempts to accomplish the impossible. But Humphries, urged on by the imperative orders from his Commander-in-chief, soon had his men on the march to the 'bloody wall.' But as the sun dropped behind the hills in our rear, the scene that presented itself was a plain filled with the dead and dying—a living stream of flying fugitives seeking shelter from the storm of shot and shell by plunging over the precipitous banks of the river or along the streets and protecting walls of the city buildings. It has been computed, by returns made since, that in the seven different charges there were engaged at least 25,000 infantry alone, in the assault against the Stone wall, defended by not more than 4,000 men, exclusive of artillery." Of this number the Enemy lost about 8,000. Captain Dickert must have computed only the numbers actually behind the Stone wall and the Second and Third South Carolina Regiments. Maj. Jed Hopkins in the Virginia Volume of the Confederate Military History puts the attacking force at 31,000 and the Confederate force at 7,000—probably including those on the crest of the Hill, in action and in reserve and gives the Federal loss as nearly 9,000.

The battle was not renewed on Dec. 14th and 15th. On

the night of the 15th Burnside withdrew across the river, sending his troops to their camps. The Confederates went into winter quarters on the high ground near Fredericksburg.

During the rest of the winter, when marching, moving and fighting were abandoned, if not forgotten, the soldiers had time to think of other things. Then the unique institution of the Confederate Army came to the front—the negro cook. At the outbreak of the War, almost every mess, those of privates as well as officers, had their negro cook, but when the stringency in food supplies came and every economy in its use became necessary, most of the negro cooks, among the men, were ordered to be sent home. The cook then had to fight as well as cook. The poor Confederacy could only afford rations for one, who must be an effective man. But many remained with their old masters. The soldier was ever ready to share, however pitifully small it might be, his rations with the cook. There was a mutual kindness between them. The cook usually could live on what stuck to the pot, but in those days so scant was the ration that but little "stuck to the pot."

There was as much caste feeling among the negroes, in fact more, than among the soldiers. In times of peace and when at home, the negro based his claim of caste upon the wealth or standing of his master. But in the Army the rank of his master overshadowed the wealth. The servant of a Brigadier felt royal, as compared with that of a Colonel and the servant of a Colonel or even a Major, was far ahead, in superiority and importance, those belonging to the privates or line officers. The negro was naturally a hero worshipper. As great "foragers" as they were, they never ventured far in front while on the advance nor lingered too dangerously in the rear on a retreat. They just hated the Yankee and had a deadly fear of capture. "One day an officer's cook wandered too far away in the wrong

direction and ran up on the Federal pickets. Jack had captured some old cast off clothes, some garden greens and an old dominicker rooster. He was halted, brought in and questioned. The Federals sought to conciliate Jack with honeyed words and great promises. But Jack would have none of it.

"'Well look er here,' said Jack, 'who you people be nohow?'

"'We are Federal soldiers,' answered the picket.

"'Well, well, is you dem?'

"'Dem who?' asked the Federals.

"'Why dem Yankees, ob course—dem dat cotched Mars Clay.'

"The Federals admitted they were Yankees, but that now Jack had no master, that he was free.

"'Is dat so?' Then scratching his head musingly, Jack said at last, 'I don know 'bout dat—what you gwine do wid me, anyhow, what yer want?'

"He was told that he must go as a prisoner to headquarters first and then be dealt with as a contraband of war.

"'Great Gord Almighty! white folks don't talk dat a way.'

"The negro had now become thoroughly frightened and with a sudden impulse, he threw the chicken at the soldier's feet, saying, 'Boss, ders a rooster, but here is me,' and then with the speed of a startled deer he 'hit the wind,' to use a vulgarism of the Army. 'Halt! Halt! bang, whiz came from the sentinel and the whole picket force at Jack's heels. But the faithful negro, for the time excelled himself in running and left the Federals far behind. He came into camp, puffing, snorting and blowing like a porpoise. 'Great Gord Almighty, Maussa, talk about patter roles, dey aint in it. If dis nigger did not run ter night, den dont talk.' Then

Jack recounted his night's experience, much to the amusement of the listening soldiers."

"Another negro cook was a venerable looking old negro, who held the distinguished post of 'exhorter' at home. His sister's 'chile' had filled Uncle Cage's head with thrilling war stories, but he only shook his head and chuckled, 'Dey may kill me, but dey cant scare dis nigger.' One day a shelling took place, one shell bursting near Uncle Cage while he was preparing breakfast. Some began to hunt for the safety of the wagon yard, but Uncle Cage remained at his post. He was just saying, 'Here, yer young niggers aint no account; dey's skeered of dere own shadow,' when boom—boom—a shell exploded right over his head, throwing fragments around. Uncle Cage then made for the rear, calling as he ran, 'Oh! dem cussed Yankees! You want to kill er nudder nigger, dont you?' Seeing the men laughing he yelled back, 'You can laff if you want to, but ole marse aint got no niggers to fling away.'"

An animated religious discussion was heard among the negroes of a General's mess, at the fire in rear of tents of the General and his staff. As each had one or more servants quite a large group took part in the discussion. Uncle Josey, the patriarch of the party was a leader in the church and his opinion on religious and moral subjects carried great weight. Plenty, a negro boy, was interrogating the sage Uncle Josey on certain religious points for his information and improvement. To those having any army experience it will be useless to explain that neither a negro nor a white man could possibly drive a mule team without a voluminous outpouring of "cuss" words and the worse the road the greater number of "cusses." Question after question was put by Plenty and answered satisfactorily by Uncle Josey, until at last Plenty put a poser, "Uncle Josey, you tink a nigger what drive mule can go to heaven?"

During the winter the Enemy made several abortive assaults and threatening movements, whose only result was

the final relief of Burnside and the command of the Federal Army in Virginia being turned over to General Hooker. It was apparent that there were but two moves left open to Hooker for his spring campaign. The first by crossing the upper fords of the Rappahannock; secondly, by sending forces to the South side of the James River and by that route moving "on to Richmond." To guard against the former, lines for fieldworks and rifle pits were laid out covering all approaches by the upper fords, as far as the road leading from United States Ford. From that point, the line broke to the rear, crossing the plank road from Chancellorsville to Spotsylvania Court House. Longstreet was sent with the divisions of his corps, Hood's and Pickett's, with Dearing's and Henry's Artillery battalions to the South side, near Petersburg, leaving the divisions of McLaws and Anderson to build the breastworks on the other line of defence. So Anderson's Division had the diversion and warming up exercise with the spade, building lines of works and rifle pits. It is to be hoped that they were of some use, as the Confederates built hundreds of miles of such and seldom had to fight behind them.

The wound General Anderson received at Sharpsburg had healed in time for him to command his Division in the battle of Fredericksburg and during the long winter of 1862-1863.

CHAPTER XIII.

Chancellorsville Campaign.

In this history of General Anderson's distinguished career, it has been eminently proper to give place to stories of the various units which constituted his command. But mention of other commands or the general movements of the Army have been omitted, unless absolutely necessary to explain and make clear the actions of General Anderson personally, or of his whole command or any of its parts. This scheme will be adhered to generally, but now an exception will be made. It is proposed to state the general movements of the Army, which defeated "Fighting Joe Hooker" at Chancellorsville, because what Anderson and the Brigades of his Division did and accomplished is so closely interwoven with general Army manoeuvres that the two cannot well be separated in the description. What Anderson and his troops actually accomplished in the Chancellorsville campaign contributed so largely to the successful issue of the magnificent strategy of General Lee, that one cannot be told, without telling the other. Fortunately, General Lee's official report is very full and graphic and it will be followed, though necessarily much abbreviated.

Chancellorsville is situated about twenty miles west of Fredericksburg and nearly south of the junction of the Rapidan with the Rappahannock River. After the battle of

Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, the Confederate Army had remained encamped on the South Side of the Rappahannock, until the latter part of April, 1863. The Federal Army occupied the North side of the river opposite the city, extending to the Potomac, across the narrow neck of land between the two rivers. Two Brigades of Anderson's Division, those of Mahone and Posey (formerly Featherstone's), were stationed near United States Mine or Bark's Mill Ford and a third, Wilcox's guarded Bank's Ford. The Cavalry were on both flanks of the Army, up and down the river.

April 14th, the Enemy's movements indicated that the Federal Army was about to resume active operations. April 28th they crossed a considerable force at Fredericksburg. The disposition made of the Confederate Army was the same as for the battle of December. The enemy made no attack, which led to the assumption, verified by subsequent events, that the crossing was a feint and that the real attack would come from some other quarter. This was soon confirmed, when on the next day, April 29th, intelligence was received that the Enemy had crossed the Rappahannock, above its junction with the Rapidan and were moving on roads crossing the latter and converging at Chancellorsville. That night General Anderson was directed to proceed towards Chancellorsville calling in Wright's, Mahone's and Perry's Brigades and cover the roads. Learning that the Enemy had crossed the Rapidan and was approaching in strong force, Anderson withdrew from Chancellorsville on the morning of the 30th April, to near Tabernacle Church, the intersection of the Mine and the Plank roads and began to intrench. Mahone was placed on the old turnpike and Wright and Posey on the plank road.

General Anderson and his three Brigades were in a very critical position, opposing the advance of three corps of Hooker's Army. That Hooker's Army be delayed was es-

sential to give General Lee time to concentrate his Army. General Lee doubtless chose "Fighting Dick" Anderson for this important service because he knew his sterling worth, devotion to duty and great skill. In an address made by Mr. Marion W. Seabrook, at Statesburg, on Memorial Day, 1916, is found the following eloquent words, describing General Anderson's situation, his "bulldog" courage, his grand obedience to orders, and the lessons to be learned therefrom:

"After a reconnaissance, it was discovered that the whole of Hooker's Army was in front of his three slim brigades. He was asked what he was going to do about it. And promptly, the answer came, clear and true, 'Fight, General Lee says so.' What a laconic reply! What sublime resolve couched in five short words! What a key to the character of the man from whose lips they came! To do and die, if necessary, it meant. The odds were not counted. With three Brigades he was to hold back Hooker's entire Army. The light of his character shown in his decision. Without words, without protestations, without a murmur, his resolve was to fight. The immortal words of Tennyson, seem to express the situation exactly when he said:

"Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die;
Noble six hundred."

"This was Richard Heron Anderson. What a help to us in our own difficulties of life it would be, if we would only think of this incident when we are discouraged and feel that we have met the end of the rope. When trials seem to block every move; when adversity seems supreme; when nothing seems left to do but to give up, friends, think of General Anderson at Tabernacle Church, with Hooker's Army overwhelming him; and, with the light of this in-

spiration in your soul, put a new effort into what you are doing; a fresh shoulder to the wheel and *Fight*.

"And when you are rewarded with success, as surely you must be, do not even then forget the character and acts of this great man; be, as he was, modest and unassuming. He shrunk from publicity. To him merit was its own reward."

The Enemy near Fredericksburg having continued inactive, General Lee was confirmed in his judgment that the main attack would be made elsewhere, most probably on the Confederate left and rear. So Lee left Early's Division and Barksdale's Brigade, with part of the reserve Artillery to hold the line in front of Fredericksburg and moved the rest of his Army to meet Hooker's advance, pressing on Anderson. At midnight of April 30th McLaws marched toward Chancellorsville and General Jackson followed at dawn the next morning. Jackson reached Anderson's position at 8 A. M. and immediately began preparations for an advance. At 11 o'clock the troops moved forward upon the plank and old turnpike roads; Anderson, with the brigades of Wright and Posey, leading on the former, McLaws, preceded by Mahone on the latter—Wilcox and Perry of Anderson's Division co-operating with McLaws. Jackson followed Anderson on the plank road. The Enemy was soon encountered on both roads, but our troops pressed steadily on. A strong attack was made on McLaws, which was repulsed, but his Division could not advance. Then Anderson sent Wright's Brigade to his left, turning the Enemy's right, and the whole opposing line retreated rapidly and were vigorously pursued by our troops until they arrived within about one mile of Chancellorsville. Here Hooker's Army had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest, filled with tangled underbrush. They had constructed log breastworks, with trees felled to form an almost impossible abat-

tis. His Artillery swept the few narrow roads by which his position could be approached and it also commanded the woods. The Federal left rested at the Bark's Mill Ford on the Rappahannock, where had been placed a pontoon bridge, and extended westward along the Germanna Ford road more than two miles. It was thought best not to attack that night, but the Confederate line was formed in front of Chancellorsville, at right angles to the plank road. A direct attack in the morning would have been attended with great difficulty and heavy loss, because of the strength of the Federal position and their great superiority in numbers. It was therefore resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank, gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of the flanking movement was entrusted to Stonewall Jackson and his three Divisions. Well did they do the work, but alas, at what sad cost to the Confederacy. Anderson maintained his position, but sent Wilcox's Brigade back to Bank's Ford.

Early on the morning of May 2d, Jackson's Corps commenced to move. During this movement, an attack was made on his train which was following in his rear, which led to a spirited engagement. To assist in the defence of the train, Posey's and Wright's Brigades were sent and the enemy was repulsed. After a long and fatiguing march Jackson reached the old turnpike at 4 P. M., about three miles in rear of Chancellorsville. At 6 P. M. the advance was ordered. The Federals were completely surprised and broke in panic and utter rout. Position after position was carried, guns captured and every effort of the Enemy to rally was in vain. The victorious Confederate advance was only checked, after nightfall, by the abattis in front of the line of works, near the central position at Chancellorsville and by the most unfortunate wounding of the immortal Stonewall Jackson. When Jackson fell General A. P. Hill

was called to the command of his corps but was soon disabled. Then General Stuart was assigned to the command of Jackson's Corps. The Confederates rested that night, as they stood, on the ground captured from the Enemy and made sacred by the precious life blood of the Confederacy's great hero.

At what a price was this victory gained! The loss of "the good and great Jackson!" Any success would have been dear at such a price! "I (Robert E. Lee) know not how to replace him, but God's will be done. I trust He will raise some one in his place!" Col. G. F. R. Henderson ends a eulogy to Jackson thus: "Throughout the whole of his soldier's life, he was never entrusted with any detached mission which he failed to execute with complete success. No general made fewer mistakes. No general so persistently outwitted his opponents. No general better understood the use of the ground or the value of time. No general was more highly endowed with courage, both physical and moral, and none ever secured to a greater degree the trust and affection of his troops. And yet so upright was his life, so profound his faith, so exquisite his tenderness, that Jackson's many victories are almost his least claim to be ranked amongst the world's true heroes."

The only General in the Confederate Army who at all resembled Jackson in the character of his manoeuvres, his peculiar military qualities and the marked success of his enterprises, was Nathan B. Forrest. On a somewhat smaller scale, because he had not the same scope, his operations were equally skillful with those of Jackson. He was a natural born military genius. He had received no previous military training. As West Point graduation was the open sesame to promotion and recognition in the Confederate Army, he was debarred from that preferment, which his actual merit and accomplishments warranted. It was most natural that professional soldiers should have been

deemed most worthy to fill offices of trust and command in the new Army of a new Country. To a very large extent, rank in the old (U. S.) Army, was observed in the Confederate Army. But, alas! our leaders overlooked the fact that there was such a thing as natural military genius and that such was better fitted to direct the Confederate Soldiers, who were not thoroughly disciplined and had not become machines. The Confederate Regiments moved with but very little military form. It was the leadership, the influence, the inspiration of the officers which carried the men forward, to the achievement of such glorious results. This very leadership—"Follow me, boys!" not "Forward, march" —this dash gave both Jackson and Forrest their victories. In one particular Forrest excelled Jackson. Jackson commanded troops already organized and turned over to him. But Forrest created his commands. Three times in his career, he gathered his men—ofttimes from the rear of the Enemy's lines;—he armed and equipped them by capturing the necessary arms, horses and equipment from his foes and by his own personal exertions, organized and fought these superb bodies of dauntless Cavalry. Forrest was to the Cavalry what Jackson was to the Infantry—the ideal leader and unconquerable General.

While Jackson was making his flank movement, Anderson and McLaws were handling their troops so as to make a show of force and a threat of attack, which last was to be increased when Jackson's guns were heard. They were not to make an actual assault unless some unexpectedly favorable opportunity should offer. They did their part so thoroughly, that Hooker dared not withdraw any part of his force to assist his right wing.

Early on the morning of May 3rd General Stuart pressed Jackson's Corps forward, overcoming some pretty tough obstacles, but steadily sweeping everything before him. Anderson, at the same time, pushed gallantly forward, di-

rectly upon Chancellorsville, his right resting on the plank road and his left extending around the Furnace, while McLaws made strong demonstration to the right of the road. Anderson effected a junction with Jackson's Corps and the whole line pressed irresistibly on. The Federals were driven from all their fortified positions and retreated towards the Rappahannock and took up a very strong position. This required so much caution on the part of the Confederates to attack, that it was not deemed wise to attempt an assault near the close of the day. But Lee made his preparations and they were just about completed, when further operations were arrested by intelligence received from Fredericksburg. Early had been attacked and driven from his positions there, after which the Enemy began to advance up the plank road, his progress being most gallantly and efficiently delayed by Wilcox's Brigade of Anderson's Division. One Brigade opposing Sedgwick's whole Corps! Wilcox fell back on the army slowly until he reached Salem Church about five miles west of Fredericksburg. McLaws' Division and Mahone's Brigade of Anderson's Division were sent to reinforce Wilcox and reached him at Salem Church early in the afternoon. A defensive line was formed with the brigades of Kershaw and Wofford on Wilcox's right and those of Semmes and Mahone on his left. Sedgwick had one full Federal Corps and part of another. The Federals advanced in three strong lines, but their assault was met with the utmost firmness. Each of the three lines received a disastrous repulse and the entire mass fled in confusion. They were pursued by Wilcox's and Semmes' Brigades for a mile, until the pursuing Confederates struck the Enemy's reserves in large force. Dark drawing near, Wilcox determined not to attack and returned to his original position. While this was going on, Early had retaken all of his positions around Fredericksburg and moved up to threaten Sedgwick's left. Anderson,

with the rest of his Division, was sent, May 4th, to reinforce the troops at Salem Church which he reached about noon. He was directed to gain the left flank of the Federals and effect junction with Early. At 6 P. M. the attack commenced, Anderson and Early driving Sedgwick's troops rapidly before them, across the plank road, in the direction of the river. Darkness prevented McLaws from perceiving this success and the Enemy began to cross the Rappahannock River near Banks' Ford before he learned it. Kershaw's and Wofford's Brigades advanced, but the retreat of the Federals was so rapid they only followed in pursuit. Wilcox, with two of his Regiments and Kershaw's Brigade proceeded nearly to the river, capturing a number of prisoners. Next morning it was found that General Sedgwick and his force had made their escape, Fredericksburg had been evacuated and Lee's rear was no longer in danger. This relieved McLaws' and Anderson's Divisions, which returned to the Army at Chancellorsville.

At daylight on May 5th, it was discovered that, under the cover of night, Hooker's entire Army had retreated across the Rappahannock, a movement doubtless caused by the failure of Sedgwick's assault on Lee's rear. The hosts of Hooker, who had marched out to overwhelm the Confederate Army of less than half their numbers, by the superb strategy of Lee and the gallantry of his boys in gray, had been entirely defeated and had again failed to reach Richmond. The tired, weary, ragged, footsore Confederates, returned in triumph to their old quarters near Fredericksburg, to enjoy the three R's of Army elementary Arithmetic—rest, repose and (possibly) rations.

The magnificent strategy as well as the tactical skill of Lee in this short campaign has won for him the plaudits of the world. It has placed him in the front rank of the Generals of all ages. It required a high order of military genius to, with but 57,000 men, badly equipped, defeat an

Army of 132,000 men, fully supplied with every needed War munition.

The Confederates had piled up victory on victory; every campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia, save that of Sharpsburg, having terminated with complete success; and now it had capped the climax with this unparalleled achievement. At Chancellorsville should be placed the high water mark of the Confederacy, not at Gettysburg. But, alas! within sixty days the tide had turned. Gettysburg, so far as the battle itself was concerned, was a drawn battle and thereafter, even the victories of the Confederates, were fruitless of results, until at last, wearied and worn out, the glorious Sun of the Army of Northern Virginia set forever at Appomattox.

General Anderson and his Division had a most important part to act in the eight fateful days of the Chancellorsville Campaign. They did their part well. The only Division Commander mentioned by General Lee in his report of the Campaign, was General Anderson. Of him, General Lee said: "Maj. Gen. R. H. Anderson, was also distinguished for the promptness, courage and skill with which he and his Division executed every order." Of the only two Brigadier Generals he mentions, one was General Wilcox of Anderson's Division.

The signal services rendered by General Anderson and his Division were many; but standing out most prominently were:

Their checking Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville, April 30th, which gave General Lee time to concentrate his army to meet the Federal advance. This saved General Lee from disaster and possible defeat.

Their driving the Enemy back to within a mile of Chancellorsville on May 1st—for they led the advance.

General Anderson's sending Wright's Brigade to flank the Enemy and thus make possible his and McLaws' advance.

Their steady holding the front, against overpowering odds, while Jackson was making his flank movement.

Their gallant assault, which drove the Enemy from their fortified positions around Chancellorsville on May 3d.

Their determined and effective support of McLaws' Division at Salem Church, resulting in the complete defeat of Sedgwick and the relief of General Lee from a seriously threatened rear attack, which had it been successful would not only have snatched victory from Lee at Chancellorsville, but perhaps have involved Lee and his Army and perhaps the entire Confederacy, in most serious trouble.

Again General Anderson and his men "had saved the day."

CHAPTER XIV.

Pennsylvania Campaign, Including Battle of Gettysburg.

After the splendid victory at Chancellorsville, Lee's wearied Army had a few weeks' rest, which was as much enjoyed as it had been sorely needed. This gave Lee the opportunity to prepare his troops for the very arduous duties he was soon to call upon them to perform. Such preparation however could only be partially effective, for the small resources of our poor Confederacy had been nearly exhausted and it was impossible to obtain the equipment required by an invading Army. Longstreet and his Corps had rejoined the Army during the month of May. The Army was reorganized into three Corps under Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill. Anderson's Division was placed in A. P. Hill's Corps, with the Divisions of Heth and Pender.

The military positions of the various armies of the Confederacy at this time, were: Lee's Army was facing Hooker on the line of the Rappahannock, Bragg was confronting Rosencrans in Middle Tennessee and Vicksburg was being seriously threatened by Grant. To relieve the pressure upon Bragg and Pemberton, as well as to force back the Federal Army under Hooker, it was decided that Lee should strike the Enemy on his own soil, by invading Pennsylvania. The movement had the official consent of the Confederate Authority at Richmond, but it is very

doubtful if it had its cordial approval, and certainly the Confederate Government failed to make such co-operative movements in Northern Virginia, as Lee desired and requested. If these had been made, different results would most probably have attended the Campaign.

Lee commenced his movement June 3, 1863. A. P. Hill's Corps was left at Fredericksburg to watch the threatening movement which Hooker was making there, which however he abandoned on June 14th, which relieved Hill's Corps, and allowed it to promptly join Lee. Hill's Corps moved down the Valley, crossing the Potomac June 24th, and passed through Hagerstown and Chambersburg to Fayetteville, where it rested until July 1st.

From Chambersburg General Lee issued a General Order to his troops, relating to their conduct in the Enemy's country, which was worthy of his noble, gracious heart. In it he says: "It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies, and offending against Him, to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove vain."

Soon after daylight of July 1st, Anderson's Division was moved to Cashtown, reaching there early in the afternoon and after resting for about an hour, moved on to Gettysburg. Reaching near that point, they were placed in a position in reserve, recently vacated by Pender's Division. On the morning of the 2nd July the Division was moved forward about a mile and a half and placed on Seminary Ridge to the right of Pender and facing Cemetery Hill, the line being nearly parallel with the Emetsburg Road. The order of Brigades from right to left was, Wilcox's, Perry's Wright's, Posey's and Mahone's. Longstreet was formed on their right, his line running at right angles to Ander-

son's, McLaws' Division being on Longstreet's left. Longstreet was ordered to sweep down on the Enemy's left flank and when the advance reached Anderson, his Brigades were individually and successively to join in the attack. All this was carried out as ordered, though the movement was begun rather later in the day than was good for the Confederates. The evidence is clear that General Lee intended this assault to be made early in the day and it was not made until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. General Longstreet in publications emanating from him since the War claims the contrary. The just criticisms of military authorities evidently clouded the memory of the distinguished General. He was at the time of the battle opposed to the movement ordered by General Lee and even went so far as to begin what he thought a better plan, which was only checked by General Lee's explicit orders. He certainly was slow in executing the orders he received. It was attended with momentous import to the Confederate Army. If he had attacked early in the day, as ordered, he would have occupied Little Round Top, without opposition, which was the key to the whole of Meade's position, and he never could have maintained his front on Cemetery Ridge were the Confederates in possession of Little Round Top. Batteries stationed there would have enfiladed the entire Federal line on Cemetery Ridge. Federal General Warren discovered its importance and had troops brought up, possible by Longstreet's delay. So it can be safely said that General Warren saved the day for Meade and General Longstreet lost it for Lee.

General Anderson in his report says: "Never did troops go into action with greater spirit or more determined courage. The ground afforded them but little shelter and for nearly three quarters of a mile, they were compelled to face a storm of shot and shell and bullets, but there was no hesitation nor faltering. They drove the Enemy from his first

line and possessed themselves of the ridge and of much artillery, with which it had been covered, but the situation discovered the Enemy in possession of a second line, with artillery upon both our front and flank. From this position he poured a destructive fire of grape upon our troops. Strong reinforcements pressed upon our right flank, which had become disconnected from McLaws' left and the ridge was untenable. The Brigades were compelled to retire. The Enemy did not follow. In Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's Brigades the loss was very heavy." Wilcox's Brigade in this day's battle lost 577 and Perry's Brigade, which carried in 700 men, lost 455.

The position thus captured by these three Brigades of Anderson's Division, was the same which Pickett's and Pettigrew's two Divisions failed to carry the next day. (See Report of General Wright.) If Anderson's Brigades had been properly supported they would have held a crucial point of Meade's line, after having pierced and broken it and there never would have been a necessity for the galling assault of the third day's battle, the praise of which has rung down the annals of history, as an evidence of the highest heroism of the Confederates. Three Brigades of Anderson's Division had captured a position which two solid Divisions, the next day, failed to reach!

In the next day's battle, the center of Lee's Army was but slightly engaged and Anderson's Division took no very active part. When Pickett's and Pettigrew's Divisions made their famous assault, Anderson was ordered to be ready to render any assistance or to take advantage of any success gained. General Anderson moved forward Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades and was about to move Wright's and Posey's when General Longstreet stopped him as the assault had failed.

The Brigades of Wilcox and Wright were more actively engaged on this day than any others of Anderson's Di-

vision. Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox in his official report thus describes his movements on that day: "I beg to report that early in the morning, before sunrise, the brigade was ordered out to support artillery under command of Colonel Alexander, this artillery being placed along the Emmettsburg turnpike and on ground won from the Enemy the day before. My men had had nothing to eat since the morning of the 2nd. and had confronted and endured the dangers and fatigues of that day. They nevertheless moved to the front to the support of the artillery as ordered. The Brigade was formed in line parallel to the Emmettsburg turnpike and about two hundred yards from it, the artillery being in front and much of it on the road and extending far beyond either flank of the Brigade. My men occupied this position till about 3:20 P. M. Our artillery opened fire upon the Enemy's artillery and upon ground supposed to be occupied by his infantry. This fire was responded to promptly by the Enemy's artillery and continued with the greatest vivacity on either side for about one hour. In no previous battle of the war had we so much artillery engaged, and the Enemy seemed not to be inferior in quantity." Pickett now advances. "The advance had not been made more than 20 or 30 minutes before three staff officers in quick succession (one from the Major General Comdg. Division) gave me orders to advance to the support of Pickett." The brigade, composed of only 1,200 men, advanced, and on reaching the Pike could see nothing of Pickett, but moved on "down the slope until they came near the hill upon which were the Enemy's batteries and entrenchments." No support being received and their flanks being threatened, the brigade fell back.

Gen. A. R. Wright says in his official report: "Late in the afternoon it (his brigade) was moved forward 500 or 600 yards to cover the retreat of Pickett's Division, which had assaulted the Enemy's position at the same point where

my brigade had advanced the day before and had been forced to retire. Soon after I was ordered by General Lee to move my brigade to the right, several hundred yards and form in rear of Wilcox's brigade, to support the latter in case the Enemy should advance upon it and which was now threatened. In this position I remained until after nightfall, when I retired to my original position in line of battle upon the hill."

In closing his report on the Campaign, General Anderson pays this glowing and well deserved tribute to his splendid Division and to their fine conduct while in the Enemy's country: "The conduct of the troops under my command, was in the highest degree praise-worthy and commendable throughout the campaign. Obedient to the orders of the Commanding General, they refrained from taking into their own hands retaliation upon the Enemy for the inhuman wrongs and outrages inflicted upon them, in the wanton destruction of their property and homes. Peaceable inhabitants suffered no molestation. In a land of plenty, they often suffered hunger and want. One-fourth of their number marched ragged and barefooted through towns in which it was well ascertained that the merchants had concealed supplies of clothing. In battle they lacked none of that courage and spirit which has ever distinguished the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, and if complete success did not attend their efforts, their failure cannot be laid upon their shortcomings, but must be recognized and accepted as the will and decree of the Almighty disposer of human affairs."

Anderson's Division gallantly took part in many of the defensive movements covering Lee's retreat into Virginia, arriving July 25th. at Culpepper Court House, where they went into camp. The total loss of the Division in the entire campaign amounted to 2,266 of which 2,115 was lost

in the battle of Gettysburg and nearly all in the heroic fight of July 2nd.

It has been the almost universal result of want of success in military movements to remove the General Commanding and substitute some other. The Federals did that in their Virginia Army, changing, changing, until a man was found who could handle that Army, carry out the wishes of the Government and was willing to do it in the heartless manner, the ruling powers desired. But instances are seldom found where a Commanding General, voluntarily resigned his command, because he thought it to the best interests of the cause he was defending. But no other Army in the history of the world had at its head a Robert E. Lee—one both great and good. After the failure of the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania, General Lee asked President Davis to relieve him from command. He wrote to Mr. Davis, that "The general remedy for want of success in a military Commander, is removal. This is natural and in many instances proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of an officer if he loses the confidence of his troops, disaster must sooner or later ensue." He continued, "I therefore, in all sincerity request your Excellency to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware of my inabilities for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire." Then he refers to his physical weakness from his previous sickness. "Everything, therefore, points to the advantage to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Excellency from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one that could accomplish more than I could perform and all that I have wished. I hope your Excellency

will attribute my request to the true reason—the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause!" President Davis, of course, declined to relieve General Lee, and wrote in reply, partly: "But suppose, my dear friend, that I were to admit, with all their implications, the points which you present, where am I to find that new Commander who is to possess the greater ability which you believe to be required? To ask me to substitute you by some one in my judgment more fit to command, or who would possess more of the confidence of the army or of reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility!"

Longstreet writes General Lee: "Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you."

The Army would have risen in revolt if it had been called upon to give up General Lee.

The battle of Gettysburg has been often rated as the decisive battle of the War. But was it? Let us consider it most carefully. First we must definitely ascertain what constitutes a "decisive battle." Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," quotes the distinguished and authoritative historian, Hallam, as defining a decisive battle "as one of those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in its subsequent scenes." Under this definition let us analyze this battle. It is generally conceded that in a battle the force which remains upon the field, whether its opponents voluntarily withdraw or are driven therefrom, is fairly entitled to the credit of being the winner. As the Confederates, voluntarily, withdrew and the Federal Army remained upon the field. Gettysburg has been generally claimed as a Union victory. But judged by the events on the field only, without considering the Confederate withdrawal, the fight was a drawn battle. The Confederates on the first and

second days, certainly had the best of the Federal forces and on the third day, were not assaulted, but only failed in a partial assault, to break the Enemy's line. At the close of this day each Army occupied the same positions as they had held at the opening of the day and on the fourth day the same positions were maintained, without any attempt by either to assault. When Lee retired on the night of the fourth day, the Enemy did not vigorously pursue, which indicated their crippled condition. Meade knew the military advantage,—yea, necessity—of prompt and active pursuit, so, when he did not press the retiring Confederates, it is fair to assume that his army had been so injured, that it was not in a condition to undertake the active movements necessary. So it is reasonable to say that the battle of Gettysburg, not the Pennsylvania campaign, but that single battle, was a drawn one.

What would have been the results if it had been otherwise? Would the contrary event "have essentially varied the drama of the world in its subsequent scenes? The "contrary event" of a drawn battle would have been the absolute defeat of either Army. If the Union Army had been defeated, it is barely possible that the effect may have been to end the War. But it is infinitely more probable that the invasion of Northern territory would have caused in the North, as it had in the South, for they were the same race of people, such a patriotic enthusiasm as would have brought millions to the defence of their homes. If on the other hand, the Confederate Army had been defeated, it would merely have retired from the Enemy's country, probably in much worse shape than it did and again faced their Enemy on their own soil. So neither "subsequent event" would have made the battle "decisive" under Hallam's definition.

With the utmost deference to the high authority of Hallam, his definition does not properly define a "decisive bat-

tle." It should be defined: "One which absolutely decided the War being waged and practically ended it, as did Waterloo. By this latter definition Gettysburg was less, if possible, of a decisive battle than even by Hallam's—for the War was continued for nearly two years after Gettysburg. The Confederates were not crushed thereby and subsequently defended their country and maintained its cause, by such herculean efforts, as to cost the Federals the loss of more men, than were in Meade's Army at Gettysburg. The battle of Gettysburg was in no sense a decisive battle.

Reviewing the entire history of the War, not a single battle was fought, which was decisive, as to the great issues involved, saving the Campaign which ended at Appomattox. There were many decisive of lesser issues, which as a whole, made up the final success of the Federal Armies. Sharpsburg and Gettysburg decided that the Confederates could not invade the North; the fall of Vicksburg, that the Mississippi River should be open to the Union Navies and the trans-Mississippi States be cut off from the rest of the Confederacy; Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, that the direct march across the Virginia plains was an impracticable one for the Union forces to reach Richmond.

In fact, the War could hardly have been decided by any one battle. The operations covered too vast a field and each Army was too, comparatively, independent of the other. In addition to the great distances there was very little co-operation in action and aims between the different Armies of the Confederacy—as perhaps there should have been. Not thus working together on common general plans, the failure or success of any one Army was of little immediate consequence to the others, certainly if such did not involve its total destruction. So the Government at Washington had but one way to end the War, by superior numbers and resources, to overpower all the Armies and over-

run all parts of the Confederacy, killing its men and destroying its resources. When this was decided on and the means gathered to effect it, the end came. The Confederates, as General Gordon said, had fought to a frazzle.

Erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg, near the point where Pickett's and Pettigrew's Divisions struck the Union lines, is a tablet marking the so-called and improperly called "High Water Mark of the War." This is as great a misnomer as that Gettysburg was a decisive battle. In effectiveness and results, the High Water Mark, as has already been said in a previous chapter, for the Confederates should be at Chancellorsville and for the Union forces at Appomattox. Each reached its greatest strength, morale and achievement at those places. After Chancellorsville the Confederate Sun had crossed the meridian and was gradually setting. Up to Appomattox the Union forces were gathering day by day power and effectiveness. So, as, of course, the High Water Mark will not be removed from Gettysburg, let the South erect its High Water Mark on the field of its greatest skill, bravery and glory, Chancellorsville, and if the other side wishes it, let its high water mark be at Appomattox, where they finally crushed the Supporters of the old federation as it originally was and raised in its place the present centralized Nation.

CHAPTER XV.

Campaign of Manoeuvres in Northern Virginia in 1863.

Meade's advance, in response to importunate orders from Washington, forced Lee from his rest in the Valley, to meet his foe about Culpeper Court House. But here ensued a period of comparative repose, until Lee, October 9, 1863, commenced, what the historian Swinton most aptly denominates the "Campaign of Manoeuvres." Lee, by such strategical movements forced Meade back almost to the defences of Washington, but there he found it impossible to feed his Army and he was forced to return to his former position South of the Rapidan, and went into winter quarters. But Meade just would not remain quiet and let the boys enjoy their well-earned rest and on November 25th. moved on Lee's right. This was, for him unfortunately and from unforseen circumstances, so tardily executed that Lee was enabled to form a strong line of defence along the Mine Run, which Meade found impracticable to assault and withdrew without battle.

During all of these marches and skirmishes General Anderson and his men took their full share of all the dangers, trials, sufferings of the campaign. However they were called upon for nothing but the usual skill and bravery required of soldiers of Lee's Army. They were in a small affair at Bristoe Station, which is described in a

paper of the General's, which has been preserved and is evidently the original draft of his official report, which hereafter follows:

"Headquarters near Rappahannock Sta., Va.,
Oct. 21st, '63.

"At half past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th. Inst., when near Bristow Station, I received orders from the Lt. Gen. Comdg. the Third Corps, to send McIntosh's Battalion of Artillery to the front and to move two Brigades of my Division to the right of the road by which we had been approaching the Station, to intercept a column of the Enemy's troops which was moving along the Rail Road towards the Station. Posey's and Perry's Brigades were immediately put in motion through a piece of woods to execute the order, but before they arrived within striking distance the Enemy moved off at a double quick and disappeared in a piece of pine forest near the Rail Road.

The Brigades continued to advance toward the Rail Road in the direction which had been indicated by Lt. Gen. Hill, until they found the enemy strongly posted behind the Railroad embankments and cuts, with a battery of Artillery so planted as to enfilade the road and sweep the open piece of ground between them and ourselves.

"The column which I had been directed to intercept had got into position along the Rail Road and I halted the troops until I could examine the ground between them and the enemy. Whilst so engaged I met Brig. Gen. Long, who proposed to place some of his Artillery upon a slight eminence which afforded a good position for Artillery. To this I gladly assented as I deemed it necessary to the further advance of the troops of my command.

"At this time I received notice that the troops of the Second Corps were coming up on my right and I was directed to form a line of battle so as to connect my right with

the left of that Corps. The other brigades of my Division were then ordered up and the line was formed as quickly as the nature of the ground would permit. During these movements of my command Heth's Division became hotly engaged and a brigade of his troops near the left of my Division was driven back. The Enemy's Skirmishers advanced through the gap and General Long found it impossible to post his Artillery. Perry's Brigade checked the farther advance of the Enemy and Mahone's was put in motion to regain the ground from which our men had been driven, but before it reached the place it was re-occupied by another Brigade of Heth's Division. Perry's and Posey's Brigades then drove back the Enemy's line of Skirmishers, and General Long's Artillery got into position, but it was now nearly dark and after a few minutes cannonading to which the Enemy replied warmly, the firing was discontinued. The troops of my Division remained in line of battle during the night. In the morning the Enemy were gone. I regret to report that in this affair Capt. Thomas L. Barraud (written very indistinctly and this may not be correct) of the Eleventh Virginia, an excellent officer, was killed and Brig. General Perry and Lieut. Col. Baya, Comdg. the 8th Fla. received severe wounds, the former in the left thigh, and the latter in the right hip, and Capt. A. K. Jones, 12th Miss. was wounded in the right leg. The total casualties were eleven killed and forty-three wounded."

On the night of December 2, 1863, the Enemy retired from Lee's front, and both Armies returned to their cantonments, and quiet reigned during the remainder of the winter. For the Confederates plenty of quiet but very little of comfort. They contended with foes harder to fight than the hosts in blue. "These were want of food and want of clothing, which they met and endured, with heroic fortitude in the log cabins that they constructed from the trees of the surrounding forests and on beds of straw, mainly

without blankets, but fortunately with abundant supplies of fuel near at hand. The rations were reduced to a minimum; a quarter of a pound of pork and a scant portion of meal or flour per day, to a man—and even this was sometimes wanting. Lee not only dwelt among his men, in simple fashion, but fared as they fared, saying, when luxuries were sent him, as they often were, and which he invariably sent to the sick and wounded in hospitals, 'I am content to share the rations of my men.'"

"The lustre of the heroic virtues of the Army of Northern Virginia was brightened and heightened by their sublime faith. A marked spirit of devotion characterized every portion of it. From nearly every tent and cabin could be heard the voice of prayer and the singing of hymns of devotion. Not only Army Chaplains, but the best and ablest of the preachers of the Gospel from all accessible parts of the Confederacy ministered in the rude army churches to the soul hunger of Lee's reverent and most of them God-serving, officers and men."

General Anderson was imbued with a deep and pious devotion, which led him to active participation in these religious services and shared with his men the reverent feelings which prevailed throughout the Camps. Gov. Wm. E. Cameron, who was sleeping in the same room with him at Chancellorsville the night of April 29th., bears testimony to the piety of the Christian Soldier, when he said: "At midnight, General Anderson, after reading a chapter from the big family Bible on a center table in the chamber, turned in and slept until 4 o'clock." This was when General Anderson, with three Brigades was confronting three Army Corps of Hooker's Army and so manoeuvering as to delay their advance until General Lee could concentrate his forces. He was not only so tranquil that he could sleep

the few hours he could spare from his duties, but before closing his eyes, sought his Master's presence and poured out to him his fervent prayers!

"His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angel's wings, thro' ways
Of light to the bright source of all."

CHAPTER XVI.

Campaign From the Rapidan to Petersburg, Including the Battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Second Cold Harbor.

All other commanders of the Union Armies having failed to overcome Lee and his magnificent Army, the Uniited States Government called their greatest and most successful General, Ulysses S. Grant, to undertake the stupendous task. They gave him practically carte blanche, all the men he would need to replace those his heartless tactics destroyed and also all the best munitions and equipment he demanded. The keynote of Grant's previous success had been that he never would strike until amply prepared. His skill would hardly have overmatched Lee's, but the liberal supply of men and means at last overcame the Confederate Army, exhausted as was the country of soldiers, food, clothing and munitions. So, early in May, 1864, having assumed command, Grant opened his "on to Richmond" Campaign. Until Grant settled in front of Petersburg and laid siege to the city, the campaign was one of continuous manoeuvering, and in such movements, there was almost continuous butting of the Federals against the Army of Lee and always with terrible losses to the Federal Army. It cost Grant the loss of sixty-five thousand men to flank and force Lee back to Petersburg.

When the campaign commenced and Lee moved to meet

Grant, "Anderson's Division was left to guard the fords of the Rapidan until the Confederate Cavalry reached Stevensburg, when it moved towards the Wilderness and on the night of May 5th. rested at Verdiersville. Early on the next morning it was ordered up, moving by the Plank Road and reached the vicinity of the battlefield a little after sunrise of May 6th. and halted for about an hour to wait the passage of the rear of Longstreet's Corps, which had filed into the road. "We," (Anderson's Division, this description being a quotation from a private letter of General Anderson, written May 14, 1879), "shortly afterward arrived at the scene of action. My Division was not engaged as a whole body. It had no sooner arrived, than orders were received to send one brigade to reinforce Longstreet on the right of the plank road and another to report to A. P. Hill on the left of the same road and to move up two other brigades in line of battle at a right angle with the road, the right resting on the road, and to attack. Mahone was sent to Longstreet, Wright to Hill, Perrin and Perry moved to attack as directed and Harris was held in reserve. The attacking brigades were soon engaged and gained ground slowly until about midday, when there was a lull for some hours—both parties seeming disposed to be cautious on account of the extent and density of the forest. At three o'clock a strong force was advanced against Perry's brigade, which was driven back some distance, until Harris came up and checked the advance. There was only some skirmishing and desultory firing after this. Night was approaching. Wright's Brigade had returned and was in reserve on the plank road. On the 7th. no movement was made by the Division, up to the time when I was assigned to the command of Longstreet's Corps, a little after midday, if I remember correctly." Mahone's Brigade participated in the movement conducted by Gen. M. L. Smith, around the enemy's left flank, completely turning the same

and thus opened the way for Longstreet's advance on the plank road. While Longstreet was driving the Enemy before him, by a fatal mistake he was wounded and Gen. Micah Jenkins killed, by our own men. The wounding of Lee's chief Lieutenant, stopped the victorious advance of the Confederates, which Longstreet thought—expressed in his book "From Manassas to Appomattox," thirty years afterward!— would have driven Grant across the Rapidan. After the movement had been stopped by General Lee, for the adjustment of his lines, Gen. Richard H. Anderson, then commanding a Division in A. P. Hill's Corps, was sent for by General Lee and placed in command of Longstreet's Corps. This Corps was then composed of the Divisions of Kershaw and Field. In the former was Kershaw's old Brigade and in the latter, Jenkins' Brigade, both of South Carolinians and it must have been a source of intense gratification to the distinguished Corps Commander, a Son of Carolina, to have these two most gallant Brigades of men from his native State, under his command. Placing him in the command of the Corps, was a very high compliment to General Anderson, as the promotion was not because of Seniority but because of his rare skill, he being taken from a Division in the Third Corps to command the First Corps. On June 10th. he was commissioned Lieutenant General.

The intimate story of those splendid brigades of Wilcox, Wright, Posey, Mahone and Perry, which were under the immediate command of General Anderson and associated so intimately with his career as a Division Commander, must be parted with. Under his skillful direction, their gallantry won the fame of Anderson's Division. The reputation of a leader is largely dependent upon the bravery of his followers, yet their valiant conduct would have been of no avail, without the skill of the leader's guiding hand. It was fortunate for General Anderson that his intelligent

direction was carried to successful achievement by the bravest of the brave. Together they weaved the wreath of immortal glory, which forever crowns the leader and his followers. Happy that General Anderson's good fortune was continued by his now having in the Corps to which he was elevated to command, so strong an array of fearless fighters, who could and would ever maintain the title he had won, on the field of battle, "Fighting Dick Anderson."

After the battle of the Wilderness and just before that of Spottsylvania, Kershaw's old Brigade, handsomely supported the Cavalry in an affair on the Brock Road, which retarded Warren's advance and enabled Anderson to reach the Court House before the enemy and entirely disconcerted Grant's plans. The Brigade "supported the cavalry" and that usually meant that when the Infantry came up, the Cavalry retired from the front and allowed them to do the fighting. This is said generally, but it was not so always, and often when it was, it was perfectly correct. On this occasion one of Kershaw's Captains—Capt. D. A. Dickert, tells the story so admirably that it is quoted: "Soon we see an old Virginia gentleman, bareheaded and without shoes, riding in haste towards us. He reports that our Cavalry are holding the enemy back on Brock's Road, but that the Federal infantry are seen forming for the attack and of course our Cavalry cannot stand such a pressure. General Kershaw orders us forward at the double quick. Still we are not there. Then it was that a gallant cavalryman rushes to us and says, 'Run for our rail piles, the Federal infantry will reach them first, if you don't run.' Our men sprang forward as if by magic. We occupied the rail piles in time to see a column, a gallant column, moving towards us, about sixty yards away. Fire, deadening fire, is poured into that column by our men. A gallant Federal officer rides just in rear directing the movement. 'Pick that officer off his horse' is the command given to

two or three of our cool marksmen. He falls. The column staggers and then falls back. Right here let me state a funny occurrence. Sim Price observed an old man, John Duckett, in the excitement, shooting his rifle high over the heads of the Yankees. This was too much for Sim Price and he said, 'Good God, John Duckett, are you shooting at the moon!' Enough of Kershaw's Brigade were not however 'shooting at the moon,' but at the Enemy, so they soon drove off the Enemy and fully "supported the Cavalry."

On May 7th. Grant having had enough of Lee at the Wilderness commenced to move Southwardly, or as General Bratton so aptly styles it, "Slide," General Lee thought to Fredericksburg, but really to Spottsylvania Court House. General Anderson's Corps, at 11 P. M. withdrew from the line of battle and seeking a suitable place to bivouac marched along the new road, which General Lee had so wisely had opened and by daylight of the 8th, rested near Spottsylvania Court House. General Anderson describes this march in a private letter: : "Longstreet was severely wounded about midday on the 7th. and soon afterwards, General Lee placed me in command of his Corps and directed me to retire the troops quietly and as soon after nightfall as practicable, and when I should have reached a suitable place in rear of the line they had been occupying, to let them rest, but forbid fires or any noise that might give intelligence of the withdrawal. I was to move for Spottsylvania by a road which a guide would show me. Upon withdrawing the Corps from its place in line of battle (which I have previously stated was on the right of the plank road), I found the woods, in every direction on fire and burning furiously and there was no suitable place for rest. The road by which I was conducted was narrow and frequently obstructed so that at best the progress of the troops was slow and the guide having informed me that it preserved the same character until near Spottsylvania I de-

cided to continue the march until I should be within easy reach of that place. At a little after daylight, about three miles from the Court House, I found some open fields and halted there to let the troops close up and rest a little. The orders had scarcely been given to this effect, when a courier from Fitzhugh Lee arrived with an urgent call from him to any troops that might be met, to come to his support with all speed, for his cavalry was hard pressed and could not hold the place much longer. Field's Division, which was leading and which by this time was pretty well closed up, resumed the march immediately at double quick. Before the head of his column could reach the Court House, a scout gave me information of the approach of a large body of U. S. Infantry from my left and sending Kershaw's Brigade to the support of Fitz Lee, I turned all the rest of Field's Division off to meet the approach from the left. Kershaw arrived in time to recover the Court House, from which Fitz Lee had been compelled to retire and as fast as the other troops of Longstreet's Corps came up they were pushed rapidly to the support of Field's Division and they maintained their position until Lee arrived with the main body of the Army."

Providence certainly smiled upon General Anderson and his Corps and in fact upon the entire Confederacy, when the burning woods prevented an earlier rest and forced the march to near Spottsylvania Court House. Grant was moving for that place and the proximity of General Anderson, at a critical moment, enabled him to forestall Grant and occupy that strategic position. Anderson's orders were to retire his Corps from the lines at the Wilderness, rest his men and then move on to Spottsylvania, but because of the burning woods he could find no place to rest his men, so continued the march towards Spottsylvania. When near there he received Fitz Lee's call for help and with the instinct of a skillful General, he moved to his support, recap-

tured the town and maintained his hold upon the same, in spite of most determined attacks from the Enemy. This was a terrible disappointment to Grant and as he says in his Memoirs entirely defeated his plans. He had aimed to capture Spottsylvania and thus place his Army between Lee and Richmond. The prompt action of General Anderson defeated this movement, which had it been successful would have been attended with almost fatal consequences to the Army of Northern Virginia and to the Confederacy. Grant could have reached the Capital before its defenders could have interposed to save it from capture.

Again, Anderson's command had saved the Situation!

With reference to this movement, Gen. U. S. Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," Vol. 2, pages 211 and 212, says:

"Our wagon trains had been ordered easterly of the roads the troops were to march upon" (from the Wilderness) "before the movement commenced. Lee interpreted this as a semi-retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Fredericksburg and so informed his government. Accordingly he ordered Longstreet's Corps—now commanded by Anderson—to move in the morning (the 8th.) to Spottsylvania. But the wood being still on fire Anderson could not go into bivouac and marched directly on to his destination that night. By this accident Lee got possession of Spottsylvania. It is impossible to say now what would have been the result if Lee's orders had been obeyed as given, but it is certain that we would have been in Spottsylvania, and between them and his Capital. My belief is that there would have been a race between the two armies "to see which could reach Richmond first, and the Army of the Potomac would have had the shorter line. Thus twice since crossing the Rapidan we came near closing the campaign so far as battles were concerned, from the Rapidan to the James River or Richmond. The first failure was caused by our not following up the success gained over Hill's Corps on the morning of the 6th.

as before described; the second, when fires caused by that battle drove Anderson to make a march during the night of the 7th.-8th. which he was ordered to commence on the morning of the 8th. But accident often decides the fate of battle." If General Anderson had, as Grant says, obeyed Lee's orders as given, he would have put his troops into bivouac when he reached a suitable place and not have been able effectively to respond to the call of Gen. Fitz Lee for aid. But, acting on his own initiative he moved to Spottsylvania which frustrated Grant's movement. It was also due to the foresight of Lee, for he had had the direct road to Spottsylvania only recently located, which made possible the proximity of Anderson's Corps.

When Fields moved forward, Bratton's and Humphrey's brigades formed line to the left of the road and repulsed the Enemy. Wofford's and Bryan's brigades were sent by a detour and finally occupied the town. Ewell's Corps arrived in the afternoon and another attack was handsomely repulsed. During the night, the Confederates threw up rude and irregular defences along the emergency line they had taken, a part being formed after dark. General Lee rode along the line on the morning of the 9th and was favorably impressed. At Ewell's suggestion a somewhat elevated point near the right centre was taken into the lines and this became what was subsequently known as the "Bloody Angle." The general line extended from the Po River on the left, in the arc of a circle, running eastwardly across the Brock Road and the Po-Ny watershed to a branch of the Ny River, with the salient, the bloody angle, near its right center which was in horseshoe form, around the crest of a spur between two small branches of the Ny River. Ewell's Corps, less the men of Early's Division, were disposed within the salient and occupied the centre of the line. Hill's Corps was on the left and Anderson's on the right of Ewell.

Later, Early's Division came up and formed on the extreme right.

As previously stated, this Story is that of General Anderson and most properly of his command. So the general description of the battle is omitted and only that part taken by the units of Anderson's Corps, told.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of May 10th a second massed attack was made on the First Corps, on the line of the Brock Road, which met a bloody repulse. The story of Bratton's Brigade is a fair sample of what happened, generally along the entire line. General Bratton in his Report describes vividly one of the terrific assaults, its gallant repulse and subsequent events thereto: "The morning of the 12th. the Enemy assaulted us heavily, advancing beautifully in two lines of battle. We held our fire until they were within fifty yards of us, when, by a deliberate and well directed volley, a line of their dead was laid down across the front of my brigade, with the exception of one regiment, whose fire was well and deliberately put, but the Artillery opened a little too soon on this part of the line and caused the Enemy to drop behind a crest, just in time to evade the storm of minnie balls. The fusilade continued for some minutes and strewed the field with dead and wounded from their scattered and fleeing hordes. Many of those in the open field fled in comparative safety behind the crest alluded to above (to their right and our left), to the woods and were massed partially in front of my two regiments (First and Fifth) still protected by this crest and the wood, from our infantry fire." (Now comes the amusing part, if any part of a battle can be amusing): "They kept up an active fusilade, indeed a terrific war of musketry—all the while. Our men were quietly awaiting their appearance on the crest. This continued so long (for some hours) that we began to suspect that by some happy mistake they were fighting themselves. It seemed a heavy battle and we had

nothing to do with it. Skirmishers from the First and Fifth Regiments were ordered up to the crest to discover what it meant. They found them lying behind the crest firing at what did not clearly appear, but they, with great gallantry charged them with a yell, and put the whole mass to flight, most precipitate and headlong, capturing some forty prisoners. In their haste and panic a multitude of them ran across a portion of open field and gave our battery and my line of battle on the right a shot at them and that field also was thickly dotted with their dead and wounded."

Referring to the battle, Gen. R. E. Lee advises the Secretary of War, from Spottsylvania C. H., May 10, 1864: "General Grant's Army is entrenched near this place, on both sides of the Brock Road. Frequent skirmishing occurred yesterday and to-day, each Army endeavoring to discover the position of the other. To-day the Enemy shelled our lines and made several assaults with infantry against different points particularly that part of the line held by Gen. R. H. Anderson. The last, which occurred after sunset was the most obstinate, some of the Enemy leaping over the breastworks. They were easily repulsed, except in front of Dole's Brigade, where they drove our men from the position and from a four gun battery there posted. The men were soon rallied and by dark our line was re-established and the battery recovered."

During the night of the 11th, there was an amusing incident in Kershaw's Brigade: "Lest a night attack might be made, one-third of the men were kept in the trenches all of the time, day and night." At night the men would sleep just in rear of the trench. "This night a staff officer stole quietly to where a Colonel and his Adjutant were lying and whispered: 'It is thought that the Enemy have gotten between our outposts and the breastworks and intend to make a night attack. So awaken the men and put every one in the trenches.' The Colonel went to one end of the line and the

Adjutant to the other and soon had our trenches manned. The Colonel was observed full of laughter and when questioned stated that on going to the left wing he came across a soldier, with some small branches kindled into a blaze making himself a cup of coffee. He spoke to him, saying: 'Who is that?' The soldier replied, not recognizing the Colonel's voice: 'Who in the h--l are you?' The Colonel said: 'Don't you know the Yankees are between the pickets and the breastworks and will soon attack our whole line!' He reported the man at these words saying: 'Jesus Christ, Colonel,' rolling over and over as he spoke, and he never stopped rolling until he fell into the pit at the works. Never was a revolution in sentiment and action more quickly wrought than on this occasion with the soldier."

On May 12th. all along the entire line, attack followed charge, only to be repulsed, except at the "Bloody Angle," where after a most heroic defence by the Confederates, it was captured by the Enemy. There was a steady and continuous roar of artillery and small guns from early daylight until late in the afternoon, when night closed upon the scene of strife. Save at the "Bloody Angle," Grant's innumerable hosts were unable to gain any foothold. But that point was not held for long. Gordon heroically pushed forward and drove the Enemy from the eastern face, McGowan's, Posey's, (under command of Col. N. H. Harris) and Ramseur's Brigades rushed forward and from opposite sides of the breastworks a bloody struggle continued all day, with unflinching desperation on either side, fairly filling the trenches and piling their borders on each side with the slain and wounded. Posey's Brigade, of Anderson's Corps, a gallant body of Mississippians was led by Col. N. H. Harris and charged under a most deadly fire up to and occupied the works. A destructive enfilade fire from those Federals who were still in another part of the works, threatened to make their position untenable, but with bulldog

tenacity they held on, until relieved the next afternoon, repulsing repeated and desperate attempts of the Enemy to dislodge them.

After the battle, General Anderson received from General Lee an autograph letter thanking him for the masterly handling of his Corps and commending his men for their gallantry. General Anderson published to his Corps the flattering praise of the Commanding General for their valiant deeds but suppressed the just encomium General Lee had paid to him personally!

Grant's efforts to dislodge Lee in front of Spottsylvania having totally failed, on May 21st. he continued his movement eastwardly until he struck the railroad and then he moved southwardly. Lee met this by taking a strong position south of the North Anna River and near Hanover Junction, which he reached by May 22d. In this position there was heavy cannonading and some active skirmishing, but no serious assault. On May 27th. it was ascertained that the Enemy had left Lee's front and was flanking him on his right. Lee promptly met the movement and on the next day had the First and Second Corps in line of battle between the Totopotomy and Chickahominy. On June 1st. Grant made an attack, driving back Lee's first line, but was checked by the Confederate second line. Grant then moved to Cold Harbor, which was as fatal to the hopes of the Union forces as Manassas, at both of which the Federals were twice disastrously defeated. At Cold Harbor ended the Federal "On to Richmond" by any route North of the James. Grant crossed the James and then commenced the long and memorable siege of Petersburg, the defence of which was practically the closing of the Confederacy's noble struggle for national existence.

June 2nd. Lee's center in the battle of Cold Harbor was held by Anderson with his own Corps and Hoke's Division, which was temporarily attached. The line of battle ran

across the River Road, between New and Old Cold Harbor, facing Eastward and covering one of the highways to Richmond. The Corps of Breckinridge and Hill extended to the right as far as the Chickahominy, while the Second Corps, now under Early, extended the line to the left, covering the road leading from the Northeast and was strengthened on its left by Heth's Division of the Third Corps. In the afternoon Early was directed to assail Grant's right, but found him behind formidable works, but as his offer of open battle was not accepted, he built strong earthworks and spent the night of June 2nd. therein. Lee's veterans had by this time become skillful military engineers and of their own impulse had thrown up lines of defence, abounding in salients whence heavy guns could send forth searching cross-fires at short range, against every position of an attacking enemy. The infantry were well provided with loop holes and crevices between the logs from which to fire, also at short range with deliberate aim. Hunger but made them fiercer combatants and as Grant's great host advanced, it was met all along the line by such a furious fire from artillery and infantry, that no body of soldiers, no matter how brave or determined, could long withstand. Hancock assailed Lee's right with double line of battle followed by supports. His daring men rushed forward, captured one of Lee's salients, which Breckinridge recovered by a prompt fire of artillery, under which 3,000 of Hancock's men fell upon the field. The equally bold assault upon Lee's center and left met with the same fate and within ten minutes the whole front of Grant's line of assault was shattered and his troops in dismay, fled to cover. Grant ordered another attack and his troops refused to move." Describing his share in this bloody repulse, General Anderson says: "Meanwtime the Enemy is heavily massed in front of Kershaw's salient. Generals G. T. Anderson's, Lewis' and Gregg's brigades are there to support Kershaw. Assault after assault is made

and each time repulsed with severe loss to the Enemy. At 8 P. M. fourteen had been made and repulsed. At dark a final and furious assault was made on the right of Hoke, which was gallantly repulsed."

Grant's aggregate loss between the Rapidan and the James, up to June 18th. was nearly 65,000 men, more than the entire strength of Lee's Army. But he received reinforcements of 55,000 men which was a greater number than the whole of the Army of Northern Virginia. Never mind how many of his men Grant butchered, he was supplied with more to fill their places. A man lost to the Confederates could not be replaced. With Grant it was a simple matter of hammering and killing and with the resources he controlled the end was sure and certain. Was this generalship? If Lee could only have maintained his numerical strength, comparatively small though it was, Grant would have met more than his match, as he did at Shiloh with Albert Sidney Johnston. June 5th. Dana states that Grant's Army was composed of 115,000 fighting men. He had the opportunity of knowing that. But his supposition as to Lee's strength was ridiculously erroneous. He must have judged from the effect of Lee's Army and his utter impossibility of realizing that so few men could do so much. Lee at that time in his immediate command had less than 30,000 men, all told!

During this compaign the suffering of the Confederates was terrible. "The intense heat of the June days in lowland Virginia, intensified by the clouds of dust raised by every movement and the want of drinkable water, brought suffering and weariness upon both contending armies. To these were added for Lee's men the pangs of hunger. A credible witness, in the Artillery, states that his command had received but two issues of rations since leaving Hanover junction; one of these was three army crackers and a small slice of pork; two days later, a cracker was issued

to each soldier. This was all that could be done to give physical strength to the grim veterans that stood behind the breastworks they had hurriedly thrown up, to meet Grant's last effort of reaching Richmond from the North side of the James."

In spite of all this, the soldier boys of the Confederacy were bound to have their fun and it was fortunate that they could, as it largely sustained that magnificent morale which made them such immortal heroes. When Anderson crossed the North Anna, he left a part of Kershaw's old Brigade in a tete-de-pont on the North bank, to protect the crossing until all were safely on the South side. It was a rather ticklish position for the detachment and when the time came for retirement, which was accomplished in the face of a heavy force, they made a rapid dash for the river, drawing on them a heavy fire of shot, shell and musketry. "The ascent of the long hill on the South side was made under the heavy fire of the Enemy. When the top was reached, a stuttering soldier proposed to a comrade to lay down and let him get behind him. Of course the proposition was declined without thanks. When we re-formed on the top of the hill, there was quite a number of jokes told. Among others, the one last stated, Tom Paysinger said, 'Nels, if I had been there I would have killed myself laughing! Whereupon the stutterer said, 'T-T-Tom P-P-Paysinger, I saw a heap of men down there but not one of them laughed!' During the battle of Spottsylvania an officer who had escaped being wounded up to that time, was painfully wounded and being carried to the rear on a stretcher. He was heard to exclaim: 'Oh! that I had been a good man! Oh! that I had listened to my mother!' When he returned restored, many a laugh was had at these expressions. But he got even with one of his tormentors who was one of the litter bearers who had carried the officer from the field when wounded. Once while this young man was cleverly imitat-

ing the words and the tone of the wounded man, he was suddenly arrested by these words: 'Yes, I remember when a shell burst pretty close, you forgot me and dropped your end of the litter.' The laugh was turned."

While the Battle of Spottsylvania was in progress, the famous Cavalry leader, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, on May 11th at Yellow Tavern, received a fatal wound and expired the next day. His loss was a most heavy blow to General Lee and to the Cause. It is not well known but is true, that after the death of the dashing Stuart, Gen. Robt. E. Lee offered the command of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. Richard H. Anderson. General Anderson gave the flattering offer grave consideration, but very wisely declined the position, for while his service in the old Army had been exclusively in the Cavalry and therein he had risen to the rank of Captain, yet his character fitted him rather better to command infantry than Cavalry. His career as an infantry leader in the Confederate Army was so distinguished as to show his eminent fitness for such a command, and he wisely decided not to make any change in his line of service. He suggested to Gen. R. E. Lee to appoint Gen. Wade Hampton to the position which had been offered him and the brilliant career of General Hampton justified his recommendation.

CHAPTER XVII.

Campaign after Second Cold Harbor and up to the Valley Campaign of 1864.

General Anderson, after the second battle of Cold Harbor, remained in that vicinity for some little time, resting his men from the severe fatigues they had endured in the campaign from the Rapidan down to the James River. The two battles at Cold Harbor were remarkable in that, in each the relative positions of the contending Armies were exactly reversed from those occupied by each in the other battle. In the second battle the Confederates were in the position occupied by the Federals in the first battle and vice versa. In both engagements the Confederates had been successful, so it could not have been the position which gave any advantage and the victory in each case could only be due to the superior skill and gallantry of the Confederates.

On June 16th General Anderson, with Pickett's and Field's Divisions, was ordered to the South side, crossing the river at Drewry's Bluff, to meet General Grant's "sliding" movement to the South. The next day they occupied the line which had been abandoned by General Beauregard, when he had hastened to Petersburg to resist the Federal attack. On that day, Kershaw's Division joined General Anderson. The very next day, however, June 18th, this splendid Division was rushed to Petersburg, to reinforce the handful of gallant men who had, by the most devoted hero-

ism and daring, succeeded against terrific odds, in holding the city and repulsing every assault of the Enemy. From the "History of Kershaw's Brigade" is extracted the following, showing how Kershaw's old South Carolina Brigade and the other parts of Kershaw's Division and Anderson's Corps acted in this magnificent and successful defence of this most important position. (General Kershaw had been promoted to be Major General and placed in command of the Division previously commanded by General McLaws, about the time General Anderson had been promoted to be Lieut. General and placed in command of Longstreet's Corps): "When we reached Petersburg, about sunrise, we found only Wise's Brigade and several regiments of old men and boys, hastily gotten together to defend their city, until the regulars came up. They had been fighting in the ranks, these graybeards and half-grown boys for three days and to their credit be it said, 'they weathered the storm' like their kinsmen in Wise's Brigade and showed as much courage and endurance as the best Virginians. In the streets were ladies in every walk of life, some waving banners and handkerchiefs, some clapping their hands and giving words of cheer, as the soldiers came by with their swinging step, their clothes looking as if they had just swam the river. Were the ladies refugeeing—getting out of harm's way? Not a bit of it. They looked equally determined and defiant as their brothers and fathers in ranks—each and all seemed to envy the soldier his rifle.' Petersburg fully equalled, if not surpassed, Richmond in the loyalty and devotion of her people, especially that of her glorious women."

Hoke's Division, with Hagood's South Carolina Brigade being a part thereof, had reached Petersburg in advance of Anderson and gave untold help to Beauregard, enabling him to hold the city until Lee's Army came up.

"Kershaw's Brigade relieved Wise's Brigade, who were utterly worn out, taking position on the extreme right, its

right resting on the Jerusalem plank road and extending to the left, over the hills and across open fields. Wise had some hastily constructed works, with rifle pits in front. These had to be relieved under a heavy fire. As the other Brigades of the Division came up, they took position on the left. Before our Division lines were properly adjusted, Warren's whole Corps made a mad rush upon the works, now manned by a thin skirmish line and seemed determined to drive us from our entrenchments by sheer weight of numbers. But Kershaw displayed no inclination to yield. After some hours of stubborn fighting and failing to dislodge us, the Enemy withdrew, to strengthen and straighten their lines and bring them more in harmony with ours. About four o'clock in the afternoon Meade organized a strong column of assault. * * * The Artillery was put in position and a destructive fire was opened upon us by fifty pieces of the best field artillery. The infantry then commenced the storming of our works, but Field's Division had come up and was on the line. General Anderson and his whole Corps were in position to meet this furious onslaught. The battle raged furiously until nightfall, but with no better results to the Enemy than had attended him for the last three days—a total repulse at every point!" "Anderson's Corps, Kershaw's and Field's Divisions of Lee's Army, with ten thousand under General Beauregard, making a total of twenty thousand, successfully combatted Grant's whole Army, estimated by the Federals themselves as being ninety thousand. These are some figures that might well be taken into consideration when deeds of prowess and Southern valor are being summed up." The gallant Captain Dickert we fear errs in speaking of those things he did not know of his own knowledge. The whole of Grant's Army hardly took part in the graphically described attack on Petersburg and the numbers of that Army were even larger than he thinks they were. But most cer-

tainly the attacking force greatly outnumbered the brave men who so nobly defended the lines around Petersburg.

Grant's move on Petersburg was judicious, in fact masterly and but for the character of the instructions he gave General Smith and the co-operating commanders—at least so says the historian Swinton—would have been entirely successful and given such a blow to Lee that he would have been compelled to evacuate Richmond and change the theatre of War to Southwestern Virginia. By the Confederates this was averted—First by the gallant defence of the city by the local forces and Wise's Brigade; second by the opportune arrival of Hoke's Division, and third by Anderson reaching the lines in front of Petersburg in time to defeat the culminating and stupendous efforts of the Federals on the 18th of June. If Anderson had not been there on the 18th of June, Petersburg would surely have been captured by the strong force with which the Enemy attacked, and Grant's program would have been carried out, in spite of the "character of the instructions he gave General Smith and the co-operating commanders." General Anderson thus saved Petersburg, saved Richmond and saved the Confederacy!

When Anderson left Beauregard's old line of works, south of the James, Pickett's Division was extended and covered by a very thin line, the entire front. On the 15th June, General Butler advanced from Bermuda Hundred to attack this line and destroy the Railroad connecting Richmond and Petersburg. But Lee was massing his Army at Petersburg, so a heavy column happened to be passing in rear of these lines just at that time, so it was moved up to the defence of the position and Butler was compelled to withdraw. War seems to be full of accidents—happy in this instance, but sometimes disastrous.

While Grant was pressing his attack on Petersburg, he had men enough to detach Hancock, with a strong force,

north of the James to attempt a straight move, "on to Richmond." He doubtless counted on Lee's having to leave this route scantily protected, to meet his pressure upon the lines at Petersburg. General Anderson was sent to meet and check this movement. He had, under his command, Kershaw's Division of his own Corps, Heth's Division and some other troops and with them crossed the James on July 27th to the North side. General Anderson disposed his forces to meet the Enemy. On 28th July, he took four Brigades of his Corps, Conner's, Lane's, Kershaw's and Wofford's, and attempted to dislodge the Enemy from the Long Bridge Road. Conner's Brigade became engaged, capturing one piece of artillery and taking some prisoners, but failed to gain the road. At nightfall, General Anderson retired this force to the line at Fussell's Mill. Gen. W. H. F. Lee, with his Cavalry joined him that night. On the next day, in the afternoon, Kershaw's and Conner's Brigades were moved down to Darby's and occupied the junction of the Long Bridge and Darbytown roads. Field's Division on the same day joined the Corps from the South side. While there was but little actual fighting, the dispositions made by General Anderson accomplished their objects. On the morning of July 30th it was discovered that Hancock's movement had been abandoned and he had retired to the other side of the river.

It is said, by Federal authorities, that Hancock was withdrawn because Burnside proposed to spring the explosion of the crater, following which he was to make an attack and that he demanded the presence of Hancock to assist him. It is not improbable that Burnside did ask for Hancock's return, but it is hardly conceivable that Grant would have abandoned an important movement to give Burnside a General whom he had confidence in, when he had in his Army many equally capable officers and thousands of men, to have supported Burnside's assault. It is far more likely

that instead of finding slightly manned lines, he found General Anderson with a strong force ready to meet Hancock, and knew that the movement must fail if carried out, and so changed his plans and recalled Hancock. Again the Federal "on to Richmond" had failed and failed because Fighting Dick Anderson stood in the way. Again within a very short time General Anderson had saved Richmond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Valley Campaign. Summer of 1864.

Early in the Summer of 1864, Federal General Hunter, not of savory reputation with the Confederates, had moved up the Valley and through Lexington and was headed for Lynchburg. His conduct in the Valley was exceedingly cruel and he loaded the people with untold miseries. He could compare only with General Sheridan in the cruel burdens inflicted upon the loyal—and all were loyal—Confederates whose happy homes bloomed in this garden spot of Virginia. But in the Federal ranks were many generous noble soldiers, who would not descend to the depths of infamy reached by their leaders. Among such was the noble and gallant Col. J. L. Schoonmaker, now of Pittsburg, Penn. In command of two Regiments of Cavalry he led Hunter's march up the Valley. When he reached Lexington, he entered the buildings of the Virginia Military Institute and found therein simple college equipment, desks, books, unfinished problems on the blackboards. There was nothing warlike or threatening to the safety or interests of the United States so he saw no reason for destroying the buildings. That they had been sanctified by the presence of the immortal "Stonewall" or that the Cadets had gallantly shared the fortunes of the Confederacy, to his liberal mind, was no reason for burning the buildings. Later in the day, he was visited by a deputation of citizens, who stated that

Stonewall Jackson's grave was marked by several Confederate Battle Flags, as usual, but they had not been placed there to give offence to the enemy and they asked permission to remove the flags. Colonel Schoonmaker said, "No," and threw a guard around the Cemetery to prevent any interference. At Retreat in the afternoon, when by Army etiquette all flags are honorably and ceremoniously lowered, the Colonel took the band of one of his Regiments and a company from each, marched up to Stonewall Jackson's grave and with all the honors and formalities of Army ceremonial lowered the flags from the grave. This touching tribute to the beloved Jackson was most highly appreciated by the citizens of the town and won for Colonel Schoonmaker the love and admiration of the people. But the Colonel's magnanimity did not please General Hunter; when he reached Lexington the next day and learned of the incident, he placed the Colonel under arrest for paying this tribute to the Arch Rebel(?) Jackson.

To meet Hunter's movement, General Lee sent the Second Corps, commanded by Gen. Jubal A. Early, to Lynchburg. They met Hunter, attacked him and drove him to the shelter of the mountains of West Virginia. This opened the Valley and by direction of General Lee, Early moved down, crossed the Potomac, and threatened Washington. Reaching the Suburbs of that city, General Early found, much to his disappointment, that heavy reinforcements of Veteran troops from Grant's Army were there to meet him. They largely outnumbered his force. These he could hardly expect to scare, as he might have done the non-belligerent heroes who were saving the nation in the various bureaus of the Capital, so he turned his back on Washington and returned to the Shenandoah Valley, reaching there July 17, 1864. The Enemy of course followed him, but for some time he held his ground in the lower part of the Valley.

If Early had not been delayed by the battle of Monacacy,

he probably would have reached Washington in advance of the two Corps sent via the Potomac from Grant's Army and then, what? There would not have been adequate forces to hold the works around Washington, and those who were there were not hardy veterans, and it is within the scope of possibilities that he would have captured the city. And what then? What would have been the effect on the war? Would it have been favorable to the South or would it have aroused the North to even greater efforts? All this is of course problematic, but it shows, that even with inferior numbers, and deficient equipment and without a Treasury, that the South may have won, by what may be designated an accident. War is full of chances!

The adventurous, bold, dashing campaign of Early's brought General Anderson on the scene. Early in August Lee found it necessary to send him to Culpeper Court House, east of the Blue Ridge, having with him, Kershaw's Division of his own Corps, Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery and two brigides of Cavalry under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. The object of this movement was twofold, to threaten the enemy's flank and rear should he move across the Blue Ridge into the Valley and to retain the Federals about Washington in its position for the protection of that City. The detachment of Early and Anderson, from his main army, reduced as that was and facing far superior numbers, was a bold move on General Lee's part. It certainly showed the great confidence he had in his forces to protect Petersburg and Richmond.

General Lee further advised General Anderson: "Any enterprise that can be undertaken to injure the enemy, distract or separate his forces, embarrass his communications on the Potomac or land, is desirable." The position of Anderson at Culpeper also protected Early's flank and placed near him a force for his assistance if needed, as it subsequently was, and also by threatening Washington did prevent troops

being sent to Grant at Petersburg. Aug. 12th General Anderson was ordered to move to Sperryville, nearer to Early, and instructed "to be governed by circumstances" and "to keep in communication with Early."

The importance of these movements became evident in a very few days, as Early called on Anderson for assistance and on 18th August he reached Early with his entire force and camped near the Opequaw River, entering the Valley by Front Royal. The next day he moved to Winchester.

General Anderson ranked General Early, but when offered the command by General Early, declined to accept, but cordially agreed to co-operate with him. Being a true and broadminded man, he doubtless took this course, as Early had been in charge of the operations in the Valley, which he had conducted with brilliant success and it was hardly just to him to assume command over him, particularly when General Anderson knew he was only with him temporarily and to assist him. It was most highly commendable on the part of General Anderson, clearly demonstrating his unselfishness, his consideration for others and his noble patriotism. As ever, he was ready to do what he conceived to be for the best interest of the Cause, without any thought of his personal glory. General Lee surely knew his character, for he wrote General Early, August 25th: "I am aware that General Anderson is the ranking officer, but I apprehend no difficulty on that score. I first intended him to threaten the Enemy east of the Blue Ridge, so as to retain near Washington a portion of the Enemy's forces. He crossed the mountains at your suggestion and I think properly."

Among General Anderson's papers has been found his copy of a letter to General Lee, describing some of the movements when he first joined Early in the Valley, including the fight at Front Royal. While not descriptive of any more important battle, it shows most clearly the daily events of

an active campaign. Such articles of General Anderson's show that pre-eminent quality of his character, a modest shrinkage from any self-praise or vaunting of his works or accomplished deeds. He tells his story with directness, brevity and in good strong English, without verbal embellishment. All of the General's letters and reports are in strong contrast to many on file, often of inconsequential actors, who state everything they do, and much that they do not do, with all the personality of a big I.

From Gen. R. H. Anderson to Gen. Robt. E. Lee, dated Charlestown, Va., Aug. 23, 1864: "On the 15th Inst., learning that the Enemy was strengthening his Cavalry force at Cedarville and apprehending that he wished to bar the passage of the river at Front Royal, I directed a Brigade of Cavalry, one of Infantry, with a battery of Artillery to cross and take possession of Guard Hill, the high ground this side of the North Branch of the Shenandoah. Wickham's Brigade of Cavalry crossed rapidly and took the Hill. Wofford's Brigade of Infantry, having crossed lower down (at the junction of the rivers) came upon the heights just as re-inforcements of the Enemy were arriving from Cedarville and seeing a fair opportunity to attack, he did so by crossing Crooked Run, about half a mile below the bridge and advancing into the open high ground lying along the East side of that stream. Wickham immediately advanced two regiments of his Cavalry to assist the attack of Wofford, but the enemy's force being much greater than ours and the ground very favorable for cavalry, our troops were repulsed and driven back to Guard Hill, the possession of which we maintained.

"On the following morning the Enemy retired from Early's front and mine in the direction of Winchester burning barns and wheat and hay along his track. We followed immediately and our Cavalry endeavored to overtake the Enemy or press him so closely as to put a stop to the burn-

ing. They were unsuccessful and the Enemy continued his retreat and the destruction of property as far as Berryville. Whilst our Cavalry were pursuing that of the Enemy, Kershaw's Division followed the direct road to Winchester to be in position to reinforce Early if necessary. It was expected that the Enemy would make a stand at Winchester, but his Infantry continued retiring, Early following them as far as Bunker Hill. His Cavalry halted at Berryville, at which place it was joined on the 19th Inst. by Wilson's Division.

"On the 21st, having previously received notice from General Early that he intended to advance, Kershaw's Division and Cutshaw's Artillery were moved towards Charlestown by the road through Summit Point. Fitz Lee's Cavalry was directed against that of the Enemy at Berryville. We encountered their Cavalry pickets soon after crossing the Opequon and continued skirmishing with them and drove them back as far as Summit Point. Fitz Lee found some difficulty in driving them from Berryville, but succeeded in doing so towards evening. Early had advanced from Bunker Hill to the vicinity of Charlestown, skirmishing nearly all the way. The Enemy still refused to fight and his whole force retired to Harper's Ferry. I think he has about 25,000 men, including Wilson's Cavalry. This is the lowest estimate. The citizens all agree that it is much the largest force that has appeared in the Valley. I enclose a memorandum which was taken from a prisoner.

"We lost about 300 (mostly prisoners) in the fight at Front Royal and fifteen or twenty killed and wounded in the skirmishing between Opequon and this place. Information has just been received from General Early that the Enemy's cavalry, including Averill's, are at Shepherdstown and Williamsport. Fitz Lee and Lomax will move in the direction of these places. Consulting solely the best means of success and believing it not to have been your intention

that I should supercede Early, I have not assumed command, but will continue to act in concert with him."

Among General Anderson's Papers, was also found the following letter from General Lee. It shows the cordial and confidential relationship of the Great Lee and one of his chief Lieutenants. It is interesting to note how gently General Lee advises General Anderson as to his movements in general and particularly as to those at Front Royal:

"Hdqrs. Army N. Va.
"29th. Aug., 1864.

"Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson,
Comdg.

General.

"Your letter of the 23d is received, and I am gratified to learn of your operations and their general result.

"I fear that at Front Royal, the Enemy was too strong for the force you sent against him. I think in all cases it is the best to employ all our available force without reference to the weakness of the Enemy. If we have the advantage of numbers, it renders success more certain and the loss less. I hope you will always endeavor to bring your whole force to bear upon the Enemy when practicable, as in that way alone can superiority of numbers be made valuable.

"You are correct in your view of the relation I wished you to bear towards General Early. I only desired you to co-operate with him, not to assume command. I wish you to do so as long as you can be of service. If you cannot accomplish anything where you are and the presence of your command is not necessary in the Valley, you might co-operate more effectually by moving into Loudon or Fauquier and sending a part or the whole of Fitz Lee's Cavalry into Maryland, east of the Blue Ridge. I have written to General Early on this subject and desire you to be governed in your

operations by the situation of affairs and the best interests of the service.

"Should you find that nothing can be accomplished, and your presence be unnecessary for the safety of General Early, you can take your position in Culpepper convenient to the Rail Road, so that you may move readily to this place if necessary.

"I desire you to consult with General Early as to your joint movements and render him all assistance in your power.

Very Respy
Your obt. Servt.

"R. E. LEE."

General Anderson thought best to remain in the Valley and with his command took part in the various manoeuvres in the lower Valley, among them the fight at Berryville, Sept. 3d, when they successfully met and defeated the Enemy. They also participated in the demonstration against Harper's Ferry, supporting General Early's command. Referring to his support and co-operation, General Early said: "General Anderson then consented to take my position in front of Charlestown and amuse the Enemy with Kershaw's Division of Infantry" and two Brigades of Cavalry, while he, Early, made a movement against Shepherdstown, North of Harper's Ferry.

General Lee had been considering the withdrawal of General Anderson from the Valley, as soon as his command could be spared, leaving it optional with Generals Anderson and Early to decide when it could be done. Sept. 14th it was deemed prudent and Anderson moved Kershaw's Division to Culpeper Court House. Sept. 17th General Lee wrote General Anderson: "I have been desirous for some time of recalling you to me, but my unwillingness to diminish the force in the Valley has prevented—I wish you would,

with your staff, return here" (Petersburg) "and take command of the other Division of your Corps and direct Kershaw to report, with his Division to General Early, for the present."

General Anderson had hardly received the above letter when a wire came, dated Sept. 20th, from General Lee: "Remain and report condition of affairs." On the 23d General Lee wired General Anderson: "Early has again met with a reverse, falling back to New Market. Send Kershaw's Division with a Battalion of Artillery through Swift Run Gap to report to him at once. You had best report here in person with your staff according to previous orders." General Anderson sent Kershaw's Division to Early and reported himself, Sept. 27, 1864, to General Lee at Petersburg.

The official records of Early's Lynchburg and Valley campaigns are, most unfortunately, very meagre. There is no report of the latter from General Early and very few from his subordinate commanders, in the War of the Rebellion Records. Fortunately, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of the Engineer Department and a member of General Early's Staff, was methodical and had preserved his Diary, which has been published and from that and other sources General Early, after the War, was enabled to make a most valued sketch of the Campaigns. This was also published in 1866 and styled, most characteristically, "Memoir of the last year of the War for Independence in the Confederate States of America." It is particularly valuable as it gives, what General Early alone could give, the reasons for the various movements. There are no reports however to show how well General Anderson did his part. The failure of the Enemy to make any serious advance east of the Blue Ridge may be fairly attributed to General Anderson's dispositions when at Culpeper Court House. He was ready and did respond promptly to Early's call for help. He was noble in his willingness to co-operate with a junior in rank, when

he could have, with military propriety, superseded him. That Early was successful with all the movements planned and executed while General Anderson was with him, surely warrants the inference that his co-operation was as valued, as it was sincere. Though not taking part in any great battles during the summer of 1864, yet General Anderson's services to his country were consonant with his previous skillful and valorous record.

General Early in his Valley Campaign had a most checkered career. During it all, he showed great bravery and what was more essential in a General, really masterly skill. His initial operations which drove Hunter out of the Valley, after a triumphal march through its entire length, were brilliant and creditable. His sweeping down, crossing the Potomac and marching to within sight of the dome of the Federal Capitol, was gallant and well executed and aided General Lee most essentially. His subsequent manoeuvres in the lower Valley were effective of their objects, well conceived and well executed. But one blot to it all, the disastrous ending of the Battle of Cedar Creek. For this he could not be censured, for all of his movements were skillful and effective and victory rested upon his banners, when a thoroughly unaccountable panic seized his Army and they fled ingloriously, in absolute rout from a battlefield which their intrepid valor had gloriously won. The disaster was caused by the men being demoralized and scattered when plundering the Enemy's camp.

A brave young officer writing of this retreat says with candor and some humor: "The stampede of Early was uncalled for, unnecessary and disgraceful and I willingly assume my share of the blame and shame. My only title to fame rests upon my leading the ———— Regiment in the grandest Stampede of the Southern Army, the greatest since Waterloo, and I hope to be forgiven for saying with pardonable pride that I led them remarkably well to the

rear for a boy of eighteen. A General could not have done better." This from a soldier with a magnificent record for gallantry. His feelings then must have been those of a fellow soldier to whom he refers in another place in his most admirable "History of Kershaw's Brigade:" "The way was full of obstacles and one of the party nearly overcome, sat with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, when a comrade accosted him:

"'Hello John, what is the matter with you?'

"'Oh, I was just thinking,' replied John.

"'Well, what in the world were you thinking so deeply about that you were lost to every environment?'

"'Well, John, to tell you the truth, I was thinking that I wished I was a woman!'

"'Wish you was a woman! Great Scott, John, are you gone crazy? A brave soldier like you wishing to be a woman?'

"'Now, John, I'll tell you the truth; if I were a woman I could just cry as much as I pleased and no one would think that I was a fool.'

"I felt very much like John. I wished I was a woman so that I could cry as much as I pleased."

In the same History, the author, Capt. D. Augustus Dickert, further says most touchingly: "We passed the little towns and villages of the Valley, the ladies coming to their doors and looking on the retreat in silence. Were we ashamed? Don't ask the pointed question, gentle reader, for the soldiers felt as if they could turn and brain every Federal soldier in the Army, with the butt of his rifle. But not a reproach, not a murmur from these self-sacrificing women of the Valley. They were silent but sad. Their sons and husbands had all given themselves to the service of their country, while rapine and the torch had already done its work too thoroughly to fear it now or dread its

consequences. But the presence alone of a foreign foe on their threshhold was the bitterness of gall."

The men of the South ever have been and ever will be, as unanimous in paying tribute to the glorious Southern Womanhood of the War, as they were united and valorous in their defence. What the chivalrous Captain Dickert says of the Women of the Valley, applies equally to all the Women of the Confederacy. Gov. W. A. Cameron, of Virginia, most beautifully paints her heroic devotion and unfailing patriotism thus: "She gave the vital spark to the spirit of endurance. Throughout the years of blood and agony her patriotism burned clear upon the altars of sacrifice. She was an inspiration to the brave, a spur to the laggard, a whip of scorn to the faint-hearted and the unfaithful. She took sorrow to her bosom as a familiar friend, masking the ache within her heart with a smile more pitiful than tears. She endured privation without a murmur and confronted danger without a tremor. She sweetened victory with her smiles and consecrated defeat with her tears. To the sick and stricken she was an angel of mercy and of grace. She was the epitome of all human excellencies—helpmeet, exemplar, inspirer, comforter."

Excuse, dear reader, this divergence to pay a tribute to the great worth of the Women of the Confederacy. General Anderson certainly knew them and his spirit would say that a tribute to these Women could never be inopportune. The fact of the matter is, that if all the Generals, all the Colonels, all the Captains, all the privates, every man of the rank and file of the Confederate Army, were for all time to chant paeans to these immortal Women, they could not sound one-thousandth part of the praise and honor they so richly deserve.

CHAPTER XIX.

Siege of Petersburg.

General Anderson returned from the Valley, Sept. 27, 1864, and on the next day, General Lee directed him to move to the North side of the James River and take command of the troops and of the line of defence about Chapin's Bluff, New Market, etc., and to push forward the construction of the line of works. He was directed to establish headquarters at the most convenient point to the lines and report location thereof to Army Headquarters. Division Commanders were to report to General Anderson as to matters of routine, but being nearer the General Commanding were to report to him on matters appertaining to military operations. This position General Anderson and the First Corps held and successfully carried out the duties entrusted to him and to them.

The latter part of October, General Longstreet returned and resumed command of the Corps, publishing the following order, showing his confidence in General Anderson's management of his Corps, during his necessary absence:

Headquarters 1st Army Corps, A. N. V.
Oct. 19, 1864.

Genl. Orders No. 13.

The undersigned, with deep and grateful emotion resumes command of his Army Corps. Although separated

from it since the first action of the past eventful campaign, the History of your share in that campaign is not unknown to him. He has marked with pride and pleasure the success which has attended your heroic efforts under the accomplished Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson, who has so worthily led you. Soldiers, let us not go backwards! Let 1st Corps always be true to itself! We have in the past a brilliant and unsurpassed record; let our future eclipse it in our eagerness for glory, our love of country, and our determination to beat the Enemy.

(Signed) J. LONGSTREET,
Lt. General.

General Anderson was now assigned to the command of the Corps previously commanded by General Beauregard, composed of Hoke's and B. R. Johnson's Divisions, to which Pickett's Division was afterwards added. Until near the end of the defence of Petersburg, he did not command parts of the lines actively assaulted. He had not command of that part of the lines affected by the explosion at the Crater and the subsequent Federal attack, which proved, for them, so miserable a fiasco; so took no part in that memorable engagement. He was at Culpeper Court House when Grant made his first effort to capture the Weldon Railroad, so was not in that.

After the failure of his positively aggressive movements, Grant "rested his men" by making them use the intrenching tool rather than the bayonet. The siege on both sides progressed slowly, with some few affairs of minor importance, until the Spring of 1865. Grant, however, was steadily circling his lines around Lee's right flank, which stretched out the Confederate lines for forty miles and left Lee with but one railroad for his supplies. On that line he had 54,000 of the grandest fighters the World had ever seen and confronting him was Grant with 107,000 valiant men.

During the winter of 1864-5 the Confederates, badly equipped, wanting the absolute necessaries of life, suffered untold miseries. Dr. H. A. White, in his Life of General Lee, says: "Winter poured down its snows and its sleet upon Lee's shelterless men in the trenches. Some of them burrowed into the earth. Most of them shivered over the feeble fires kept burning along the lines. Scanty and thin were the garments of these heroes. Most of them were clad in mere rags. Gaunt famine oppressed them every hour. With dauntless hearts these gaunt-faced men endured the almost ceaseless fire of Grant's mortar batteries. The frozen fingers of Lee's Army of Sharpshooters clutched the musket barrel with an aim so steady that Grant's men scarcely ever lifted their heads from their bomb proofs."

General Lee's Report to the Secretary of War, Wednesday, February 6, 1865, shows officially the desperate and deplorable condition of the Army:

"All disposable force of the right wing of the Army has been operating against the Enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, Chief Commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see if nothing can be done. If some change is not made and the Commissary department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions are scattered because supplies cannot be transported where their services are required. I had to bring W. H. F. Lee's division forty miles Sunday night to get him in position. Taking these facts in

connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

Feby. 6, 1865, two months before the final collapse of the Confederacy, Gen. Robt. E. Lee was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies of the Confederacy. His high sense of patriotic duty and his devotion to the Cause, alone, induced him to assume this additional load. He met it like the noble man he was. In his first General order, after assuming the command he said, in part: "Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the situation and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the Army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people; confident that their united efforts, under the blessing of Heaven, will secure peace and independence." In his order of Feby. 14th he said of his soldiers, "The choice between War and abject submission is before them. To such a proposal, brave men, with arms in their hands can have but one answer. They cannot barter manhood for peace, nor the right of self-government for life or property. But justice to them requires a sterner admonition to those who have abandoned their comrades in the hour of peril."

The appointment was to General Lee a high and well merited honor. But conferred too late. If it had been given a year, or better still, two years earlier, the results of the struggle may have been altered. But when made, it was an empty honor, because utterly without opportunities. Our cause was really in its death throes. Defeat after defeat had overwhelmed the Confederacy. Lee had been forcd back from Pennsylvania to Richmond; Hood's Army had been practically destroyed at Nashville. Sherman had made his destructive march through Georgia and was about starting on his illuminating raid through the Carolinas. Every port had been closed. The poor depleted Confederacy had nothing—neither sons to defend her nor munitions

to supply nor food to nourish them; save a mere handful of devoted patriots, who in spite of every trial and trouble still upheld her battle flags. Even the great Lee could not possibly have accomplished anything. But the great love of his people for their peerless leader and their knowledge of conditions, saved him from the slightest censure for failure. Placing him at the head of all the Armies was the last forlorn hope of the Government at Richmond, expecting his glorious record in the past to inspire the people. But the Government leaders should have known that our people were so completely exhausted that there was nothing for inspiration to arouse.

This assignment made Lee the Dictator of the Confederacy. But his mental and moral composition had been wrongly estimated. In his noble character there was no material to make a Dictator. Thank God for that! This last, hopeless, expiring effort was of no avail, nor could it possibly have been. Even the great and beloved Robt. E. Lee could not instill life into the wasted corpse of our patriotic hopes.

Among the other expiring efforts of the Coonfederacy to support itself, it was proposed to put the Slaves in the Army, giving them their freedom at the conclusion of the War. On this policy the authorities were moving with great caution fearing to arouse the opposition of the soldiers of the Army. It was very doubtful what the effect would have been on the men in the ranks. They had fought gallantly for high and noble principles and were proud of having done so. To put on an equality with them an inferior race, whom these men had always looked down upon, was a very doubtful expedient. The leading Generals were written to, to learn how the men under them would look upon the plan. General Anderson, under date Feby. 20, 1865, answered: "The troops under my command acquiesce in the proposed measure of enlisting such slaves as

may volunteer to bear arms, in consideration of receiving their freedom at the close of the War. They are prepared for this or any other step which Congress and the President may deem necessary or expedient." They, the fighting boys of a fighting Army, under fighting Dick Anderson and fighting Bob Lee, were so loyal, so trustful, had such unbounded confidence in the ruling powers, that they—to continue their glorious effort for the independence of the Confederacy, by still fighting, were willing to accept, as the best for them and their cause, any measure which the Confederate Government thought best to adopt, to save their cause and win their freedom! These valiant men were the Soldiers of a Republic and they had placed in authority over them the Government at Richmond. Their faith in the wisdom and reliance upon the integrity of the officials of this Government was so great, that without question or hesitation they gladly, patriotically accepted any measure suggested and would attempt any task set them. It was this spirit which made the Confederate Army strong enough to hold at bay for four dismal and dispiriting years, three times their number of brave, determined men, with resources as unlimited as their valor was glorious, and with the sympathy of the World. Where, in the history of the World, can its parallel be found?

This grave situation was not without some humorous episodes. Two of General Anderson's Couriers, his first cousin, W. W. Anderson, and his friend, John Burgess, conceived the plan of raising a company of negroes, from the plantations of their people around Statesburg, S. C. The measure had not been actually decided on by the Government, but these two young men thought it wise to take time by the forelock. So they prepared a formal petition to be allowed to raise the Company. To do this they would have to return home and how much the desire for a furlough stimulated their patriotic wish to serve their country, is not

shown by any available records. One might risk an opinion. The petition had to be forwarded through General Anderson, so with a most commendable consideration for the General's convenience, having access to his tent, they placed it on top of the pile of papers awaiting the General's attention. The petition named W. W. Anderson as Captain and John Burgess as First Lieutenant. Quietly waiting a few days and hearing nothing from the petition, one of them slipped into the General's tent to investigate, and alas! found the petition at the bottom of the pile of papers. To further kindly assist the General's memory and perhaps to advance their own interests, it was placed again on top. Day after day this ruse was kept up without a word from the General, either of approval or disapproval. He did finally forward it and it came back approved. But the General, when he forwarded the paper approved, recommended John Burgess for Captain and his first cousin, W. W. Anderson, for First Lieutenant—thus reversing the order of the petition, because he did not wish to appear even to be guilty of nepotism. But as the policy of enlisting the negroes was never adopted, the gallant and patriotic young soldiers lost their chances of raising the company.

When Petersburg was first assailed by the Federal forces, General Anderson and his Corps had rushed to its rescue, in support of the handful of troops with which General Beauregard was holding the city and by such timely arrival, backed by the devotion and bravery of his men, really saved the city. So all through the defence, after his return from helping Early in the Valley, he was constantly and successfully holding his part of the lines. There were, however, no serious engagements in which his Corps, as a unit, acted. He contributed his full share to the prolonged and wonderful defence of that historic city, made by the Army of Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER XX.

Last Days of Lee's Army.

Among the Army papers of General Anderson, which have been preserved, there was found, being in his own handwriting, the following unofficial Report. It was prepared in response to the following request from Gen. Robt. E. Lee, dated March 24, 1866: "I hope you will be able to send me a report of the subsequent operations of the troops you commanded from November, 1864, to April, 1865, and from that period to the Surrender of the Army. If you can give me a correct statement of the number of your effectives or indeed of the effectives of any Corps, in any battles; or in the absence of that, your estimate, to the best of your knowledge, it will be a great help to me."

This request makes it clear that General Lee was gathering data for *history*, and that at one time he had intended to write a history of the Army he so gloriously commanded. What a loss to true history that his intention was never consumated. From his knowledge, fairness and great personal honesty it would have been as near the truth as it is possible for man to write.

"Account of Operations of Lieutenant General R. H. Anderson and his Command, From October 19, 1864 to April 8, 1865.

"Upon General Longstreet resuming the command of his Corps, I was assigned to the command of a corps composed

of B. R. Johnson's and Hoke's Divisions. Hoke's Division was detached in North Carolina and never joined me. Johnson's Division and a small body of reserves under Colonel

Archer constituted my command during the winter of 1864 and 1865. Johnson's Division numbered about five thousand and Archer's battalion about two hundred and fifty effective men when I took command of them. These troops were posted in the trenches around Petersburg from Lieutenants Run to the Appomattox.

"In the early part of the winter efforts were made to strengthen the fortifications and construct good bomb proof shelters for the troops all along the line, but the scarcity of timber, the broken down condition of the teams and overtasked capacity of the Railroad all conspired to interpose such insuperable difficulties that this design was greatly modified and finally altogether abandoned, our means of transportation barely sufficing, after cold weather set in, to keep up a scant supply of fuel and forage. The troops suffered greatly throughout the unusually severe and protracted winter from want of fuel, clothing, and provisions, and were subjected to an incessant fire from the enemy. The daily casualties were seldom less than five and frequently amounted to ten or fifteen. Under all the harassing circumstances the troops generally preserved a spirit of great fortitude and cheerfulness, but there were many who yielded to the inducements to desert, which were frequently and temptingly disseminated amongst them by the enemy. And thus with the daily casualties and desertions my command never increased much beyond its strength when I first joined it.

By the return of the extra duty men and the arrival of some conscripts the Division at one time approximated six thousand men, but did not long retain that strength, whilst Archer's battalion gradually dwindled away to a mere squad.

"There were but few incidents worthy of note during the winter. Toward the end of October a body of the enemy, taking advantage of a dark rainy night and replying to our sentinels that they were relieved pickets returning, got into a part of the works, but were driven out as soon as their real character was discovered. The two lines of works were very near at the point at which they entered (a few hundred yards to the left of the 'Crater'), and after this occurrence it was attempted at night to drive the enemy out of his rifle pits and possess ourselves of them. Our troops got possession of the pits and held them until daylight, but were then forced to relinquish them and retire to their own works. Deficiency of intrenching tools was the cause of their being compelled to give up the pits.

"A few days after this occurrence the Division and the whole country sustained a heavy loss in the death of Brig. Gen'l. Gracie. This most indefatigable and brave officer, whilst superintending some work on his line, incautiously exposed himself and was killed. Several others who composed a group around him were killed or wounded by the same shell.

"Johnson's Division went into the trenches on the 15th of June, 1864, and had been subjected to all the annoying and depressing circumstances of close siege for nearly nine consecutive months when the Commanding General deemed it expedient to relieve them for the purposes of instruction, exercise and the re-establishment of their health and strength. Accordingly in the early part of March the Division was withdrawn from the trenches and posted on the extreme right of the lines near Burgess's Mill. The command of all that portion of the lines being at the same time conferred upon myself. The strength of the Division was at this time, if my memory serves me correctly, six thousand effective men. Diligent use was made of the short

space of time intervening between the transfer of the troops and the commencement of active operations to prepare them for the campaign. It had been hoped and expected that the change would have had some effect in reducing desertion, but it had not. Desertion was not checked and this caused a daily drain from our strength.

"The depressed and destitute condition of the soldiers' families was one of the prime causes of desertion, but the chief and prevailing cause was a conviction amongst them that our cause was hopeless and that further sacrifices were useless.

"It was within the capabilities of the meanest soldier and most unreflecting to calculate the chances of a further prosecution of the war and to perceive how immensely the odds were against us. Our army (from what causes it is useless to inquire), had received no accession of strength and was in all points weaker than when it had marched the year before to the battle of the Wilderness. That of the enemy was much more powerful than it had been and his number, his equipage, his transportation and his munitions were ostensibly exhibited to our half starved, poorly equipped and depleted ranks, and disheartened and discouraged, they entered upon the campaign of 1865 with but little of the spirit of former days.

"On the 25th of March two brigades of Johnson's Division (Ransom's and Wallace's), under command of General Ransom, were detached to form a part of the force with which it was designed to make an attack upon Hare's Hill. They participated in the attack and were at first successful, but were finally driven back with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. I think the loss was above twelve hundred in the two brigades."

At a conference between President Davis and General Lee, early in March, 1865, it was decided that General Lee should march his army to Danville and there uniting with

General Johnston's Army, give battle in North Carolina to Sherman, before Grant could reach him, and then turn on Grant. This meant a retirement from Petersburg. General Lee intended to move by the Cox Road, which however ran so near the Federal left as to have probably defeated the movement. To force the Enemy to withdraw from this threatening position, General Lee determined on an attack on Grant's center. Fort Steadman, on Hare's Hill, was selected as the point of attack, and Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, then commanding the Second Corps, was entrusted with the execution of the assault. Ransom's and Wallace's Brigades of Anderson's Corps were sent to assist and took a gallant part in the actual assault. Fort Steadman was surprised and captured, together with Batteries Nine Run and Eleven on its flanks. The supporting columns, however, did not support, so Gordon's men, who had made the captures, found themselves not only subject to a terrible Artillery fire, but an infantry attack from the Ninth Federal Corps. This forced the Confederates back with heavy loss. Ransom's and Wallace's Brigades, lost, as said by General Anderson, about 1,200 men, probably one-half of the number they carried into the battle.

The failure of this assault required some adjustment of the lines and changes of position of the Divisions and Corps. General Anderson's Corps was sent to the right of the line, and he placed in command of that part of the line. Hoke's Division being on detached service in North Carolina, it left only Gen. B. R. Johnston's Division as the infantry of his command. "Immediately after, the enemy felt our entire line by a strong line of skirmishes and got possession for a while of a part of the line occupied by Moody's (formerly Gracie's) Brigade. The line was soon recovered, but not without considerable loss.

"Several days passed in this way—the enemy frequently

feeling our lines, evidently under the impression that we were about to retire from them.

"On the 29th of March the enemy moved a strong force across Hatcher's Run and drove in our pickets, possessing himself of the Quaker Road and Plank Road. I attacked him at once with Wise's and Wallace's Brigades, but could not drive him back, and recalled the troops to the trenches.

"On the 30th General Pickett joined me with his Division, but a few hours afterwards he was detached with three of the brigades of his Division and two of Johnson's Division (Ransom's and Wallace's), to unite with and support Fitz Lee's Cavalry at Five Forks.

"On the 31st another attempt was made to force the enemy back—but failed to accomplish the aim."

General Anderson thus very briefly states, what was a very brilliant affair, reflecting the greater credit upon the Confederate forces, under General Anderson, engaged and also upon that part of the Fifth (Warren's) Federal Corps, commanded by Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, whose splendid work, ultimately saved the day for the Federals. Wise's, Gracie's and Hunton's Brigades and McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, were ordered to move out of their entrenchments, get across the flank of Warren's Corps, and as General Chamberlain graphically expresses it, "smash it in." These four Brigades were thrown against an entire Federal Army Corps and succeeded in driving two Divisions thereof from the field in utter rout and were only checked by the determined bravery of the remaining parts of the Corps, under General Chamberlain. Not over 4,000 Confederates, routing two Divisions of about 9,000 men and part of the remaining Division of 6,500 men! The Confederates found Warren's Corps preparing for an attack on them. The average Confederate General and Private was very much like Judge John C. West, of Texas, who, in 1863, traveled thousands of miles, from

Texas to Virginia, to join the Fourth Texas Regiment in Virginia—"A Texan in search of a fight." So these gallant officers and men of Anderson's were like that Texan, "In search of a fight," and without awaiting the Enemy's attack, they charged the Yanks. Four small Brigades, pitching into a whole Federal Army Corps!

From General Chamberlain's book, "The Passing of the Armies," we extract the facts but condense the language: Ayres' Federal Division was advancing, without skirmishers, but in a wedge-like formation, guarding both flanks. The Confederate assault was sudden and utterly unexpected and the blow fell without warning. McGowan's gallant South Carolinians struck the Enemy square on their left flank. General Hunton, whose Brigade was part of the Confederate assaulting force, says: "That they were not expecting to strike the Enemy so soon and that the attack was not made by the usual order, but that on discovering the Enemy so close, a gallant Lieutenant of his Brigade sprang in front of the line, waving his sword and shouting: 'Follow me boys,' whereupon his and all the men of the three brigades on his right dashed forward to the charge, overwhelming the Enemy and routing them in panic." The routed Federals rushed through their second line, Crawford's Division, carrying the men in like panic, pressing them until they reached their lines on the Boydtown Road, where they were reformed behind that part of the Third line, Griffin's Division, under General Chamberlain, when the whole Corps was rallied and the Confederate pursuit checked. History shows—of course it was not known then—that Generals Warren and Griffin called upon Gen. J. L. Chamberlain to save the honor of the Fifth Corps. Adding to his Brigade, such troops as he could gather, General Chamberlain advanced to the attack and with masterly skill and the greatest gallantry, drove the Confederates back to their entrenchments, following them, occupied the White

Oak Road, to the West of the general Confederate line.

A most interesting anecdote relating to General Anderson, at the time of the White Oak Road Battle, referred to above, shows one of the many noble qualities which ever animated him, has been kindly contributed by Maj. J. F. J. Caldwell, of Newberry, S. C. It is so well told that it is given verbatim:

"It is somewhat embarrassing to me to write of the incident which I am about to relate, because I am aware that I make myself liable to the charge of vaingloriousness by those who do not know me; but I think it my duty to incur that imputation rather than fail to testify to the magnanimity and kindness of a great soldier and excellent man.

"It occurred in the afternoon of the thirty-first day of March, 1865, when, after several hours of vigorous battle, General McGowan, on whose staff I served, sent me to General Anderson. Our right flank was hard pressed, and threatened with envelopment, by Warren's third division, sent in to engage our two brigades which had routed his other two divisions. General Lee had sent Hunton's and Wise's brigades to our assistance; but they took positions between us and the breastworks, and General McGowan's Brigade was 'out in the air.' General McGowan requested me to request General Anderson to send a battery of artillery to protect our exposed flank and help us in resisting the attack in our front. I rode by the shortest route—through open ground—and of course was exposed to the fire of the enemy along the line of fight. I found General Anderson on horseback, in front of the works, and attended by some of his staff. When I reached them I requested Captain (or Major) Langdon C. Haskell, of that staff, to introduce me to the General. My recollection is, that General Anderson did not wait for the completion of even that very brief ceremony, but interrupted it, exclaim-

ing, 'I did not think that you could come through that fire alive. I said to Haskell, "That man will certainly be killed." '

"I presented General McGowan's request. He responded that it would have been well to have a battery at the point indicated, but added, that it would be useless to attempt now to put one into action there; and he went on to say: 'Stay here with me. Your brigade will be back here in a few minutes; and then you can join them.' 'But,' said I, 'I must go back, and report to General McGowan.' He rejoined: 'I will not consent to your exposure to that fire again.' 'But,' I protested, 'my duty is all the same. And the fire is not so very hot after all.' (And I still think that the danger was not so great as it appeared to him.) He repeated: 'Stay here with me.' But quickly perceiving my worry, he said: 'Well, I will let you go, if you promise me that you will not ride over the open ground, but will take the somewhat longer route through the woods.' I promised to do as he wished, and rode back to my post. But, as I picked my way through the woods, I thought more of the recent occurrence than of the battle to which I was returning, thinking: 'Here is a second Sir Philip Sidney—a valiant warrior, a fierce fighter, an officer of next to the highest rank in our army, who, in the midst of battle and amid all the cares and responsibilities of his high office, is of so kind and tender a heart, that he is seriously concerned for the safety of an officer of low rank, who, until now, was utterly unknown to him, and had not the least claim to his consideration.' Richard Heron Anderson was the very 'Flower of Chivalry'; and he fully exemplified the often quoted sentiment of Bayard Taylor:

> " 'The bravest are the tenderest,—
> 'The loving are the daring.' "

"Here is a second Sir Philip Sidney." So Major Caldwell characterizes Gen. R. H. Anderson. The very same words used describing an equally tender and humane ancestor of the General's, his grandfather, Col. Richard Anderson, of the Maryland Line of Revolutionary days, who was wounded at the Battle of Green Swamp (generally known as the Battle of Camden, S. C.), and within twenty-five miles of "Hill Crest," which afterwards became the home of his descendants. It is told by Miss Emily Emerson Lentz as follows: "A story which rivals in beauty of Christian feeling, the act of the dying Sir Philip Sidney, who relinquished a cup of water to the parched lips of a wounded soldier, is told of Captain Anderson on this occasion. The two officers in their endeavors to resuscitate the apparently dying Captain Anderson, solicited a draught of water from a Tory sympathizer residing at a farm not far from the field of battle. The water was refused by the Tory and one of the indignant officers was in the act of putting him to death, when Captain Anderson raised his feeble voice and declared that he could not allow vengeance to be slaked in the blood of his fellow countryman except on the field of battle."

Genl. Richard H. Anderson had inherited the virtues as well as the name of his noble ancestor. In the two great Wars which have swept over our country, that of the Revolution and that of the Confederacy, there was in each a Richard Anderson of the same family, and each won laurels and fame for chivalric, daring, gallant service.

After the disastrous defeat of Pickett at Five Forks, Anderson gathered what scattered fragments of the command possible and with the Brigades he had brought up, formed the remnants of his once splendid Corps. (Hoke had been detached for service around Wilmington.) He was cut off from Petersburg and knew of the evacuation of the City, and was ordered to retreat Westwardly. He was

subsequently joined, near Amelia Court House, by General Ewell, who had left Richmond with Kershaw's and G. W. C. Lee's Divisions. April 5th General Lee sent him directions how to move. April 6th the Enemy cut into the line of march and the battle was fought at Sailor's Creek.

In the line of march Pickett's Division, leading Anderson's Corps, was ordered to follow close on Mahone's Division, the rear of Longstreet. But the road being obstructed with the straggling wagon train, Pickett lost the connection with Mahone. Anderson was followed by Ewell, while Gordon was bringing up the rear. General Lee's report says: "About midday, immediately after crossing a little stream, within about two miles of Sailor's Creek, the enemy's cavalry made an attack upon a portion of General Anderson's column, at the point where the wagon train turned off to the right, causing some delay and confusion in the train. The Cavalry was soon driven off and G. W. C. Lee's Division, followed by General Kershaw's, closed upon Anderson." The trains were turned into a road to the right and nearer to the river and when Gordon came up he followed them and thus escaped the subsequent disaster at Sailor's Creek. This left Ewell as the rear guard and Anderson checked by a strong force on his front, which had occupied the gap between Pickett and Mahone. On consultation between Anderson and Ewell, it was arranged that Ewell should protect the rear, while Anderson assaulted the forces in front and endeavored to cut his way through. While meeting with some partial success at first, the overwhelming numbers of the Enemy repulsed Anderson, pressed heavily upon Ewell, overpowering both and capturing or dispersing both Corps. Among the captured were General Ewell and all of his Division and Brigade Commanders and his entire Corps.

Longstreet says, referring to Anderson and Ewell in this battle: "There was yet a way of escape from the closing

clutches of the Enemy, by filing to their right and marching to the rear of the Command at Rice's Station; but they were true soldiers and decided to fight, even to sacrifice their Commands if necessary, to break or delay the pursuit until the trains and rear guard could find safety beyond the High Bridge." In this battle he says: "The Confederate rear" (Ewell and Anderson) "was crushed to fragments."

So Anderson's last battle, three days before the final surrender of Lee's glorious Army, was a noble and heroic sacrifice to save the Army. "Fighting" Dick Anderson, true to his soubriquet to the last, went down in an ineffable blaze of refulgent glory, radiating from high duty well done.

The affair at Sailor's Creek on April 6th was speedily followed on the 9th by the surrender of Lee's glorious legions, to the superior numbers of General Grant. Numbers enabled him to strike the wounded Eagle, in front and in rear, on the right flank and on the left flank. With broken wings the bird of freedom bowed its head to receive the shackles of its conqueror.

General Anderson recounts these events in his own language in his paper from which we have quoted, and in closing said:

"On the afternoon of the 1st of April I received orders to move with all my remaining force to Church Crossing near Ford's Depot and give assistance to our Cavalry who were hard pressed by the enemy—General Pickett having met with a reverse at Five Forks.

"I arrived with the troops at General Fitz Lee's Headquarters near Church Crossing at a little before daylight but could learn nothing of General Pickett's command. The enemy had only a strong force of Cavalry in our front, but ours were in no condition to attack him until men and horses had some rest, and whilst waiting for them to recruit a little, information was brought that the enemy had carried our lines at Petersburg and at the same time I re-

ceived orders to retire behind the Appomattox, crossing at Bevil's Bridge.

"On the 3rd of April skirmished all day with the enemy and arrived in the vicinity of Bevil's Bridge when General Pickett and the remnant of his command (only a few hundred men), rejoined me. Brig. Generals Ranson and Wallace of Johnson's Division lost their entire Brigades at Five Forks. I received orders to move towards Amelia Court House keeping the south side of the Appomattox and protecting the wagon trains.

"On the 4th, marched for Amelia Court House, skirmished all day, and encamped within four miles of it. Continued the march on the 5th to and beyond Amelia Court House, in the direction of Jetersville. The trains were put upon another road, but had not gone ten miles from the Court House before they were captured and the Reserve ordnance and Medical wagons all destroyed. Marched all night and halted a little before daybreak about seven miles from Farmville.

"On the 6th continued the march to Farmville, skirmishing continually and greatly impeded by wagon trains which still blocked up the road. The detention produced by these causes opened a wide distance between Mahone's Division of Longstreet's Corps, which I was following, and the leading troops of my command and the enemy soon interposed a strong force between me and Longstreet's Corps. At the same time I received notice from General Gordon that he was heavily pressed and urging the necessity of pushing on.

General Ewell, coming up with his reserves, we united our forces and attempted to drive the enemy off the road, but the troops seemed to be wholly broken down and disheartened. After a feeble effort to advance they gave way in confusion and with the exception of one hundred and fifty or two hundred men the whole of General Ewell's and

my command were captured. This occurred about five miles from Farmville (Sailor's Creek). The 7th and 8th were occupied by myself and such other officers as escaped in endeavoring to get together the fragments of the command, but the number above mentioned comprised the whole that could be found. On the afternoon of the 8th when near Appomattox Court House I was relieved from duty and directed to repair to my home or any other place that I might select and report thence to the Secretary of War.

"Part of these orders Providence has permitted me to execute and part has been suspended indefinitely."

The quiet manner in which General Anderson thus refers to his relief from command shows that he was satisfied with the necessity therefor and fully acquiesced in its propriety.

On April 8, 1865, General Lee had only about 8,000 men in ranks, though the formal surrender showed 28,356 men paroled, the difference being ineffectives and stragglers. Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's Corps (the latter commanded by Gen. Jno. B. Gordon), had nearly all of these men who were in ranks. After Sailor's Creek, Anderson gathered about 200 of his men and Ewell's, whose Corps had been captured. There was no Corps left for General Anderson and so his distinguished services were really unnecessary to the skeleton of Lee's Army and it was proper that he should have been relieved. It was a kindness to him, as it allowed him to escape the surrender and would have saved his valuable services to the Confederacy if the end had not come so soon.

Immediately on being relieved, General Anderson started to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, to offer his assistance to him. But in evading the toils of the Enemy, who had then almost completely surrounded General Lee, he had to pursue a very devious course of travel, and before he reached General Johnston, the surrender of his

Army had taken place. Then he resumed his journey to his home, relieved of the multitude of cares and responsibilities which had hung heavily on him for four long years, all of which he had met as a man, a soldier, a hero, with the nobility of a pure heart, a firm hand and unstained name.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vindication of Gfnfral Anderson From the Insinuations of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, as to the Battle of Five Forks.

The publicity attending the attempts of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, made in his Report of April 22, 1865 (of date after he ceased to be a Confederate Officer), and in his evidence at the Warren trial (sixteen years after the War), to implicate and cast the blame of the Confederate failure at Five Forks, on General Anderson, demands consideration and requires a defence.

That General Anderson had nothing whatsoever to do with this Battle is most clearly shown by the fact that in his report to General Lee, already given, he makes no reference to the Battle of Five Forks, and only refers to his command being ordered, *after it was over,* to Church Crossing, near Ford Depot, which was to protect the remnants of Pickett's and Fitzhugh Lee's commands which had escaped capture in that disastrous affair. It is, therefore, sure that he had no part therein, or any instructions which would have connected him with the battle.

After a splendid career, rising grade by grade, every promotion won by distinguished skill, he reached next to the highest rank in the Confederate Army. He had been loaded with well-merited honors, several times thanked by General Lee for his services to Lee's Army, enabling it to

win victory and characterized all through for his aggressive fighting qualities and his unflinching devotion to duty. But, when the sun of the Confederacy had set forever, General Anderson's conduct, as to one of the last battles of the Army, Five Forks, was reflected on—and alas! by a comrade who knew him so well. Yes, one who fought in many a campaign with and under him, has the enviable distinction of being the only man in the Army of Northern Virginia who ever said an unkind word of or made an accusation, unjust as it was, against General Anderson. That comrade, Maj. Genl. Fitzhugh Lee, in a paper which has, how it is not known, found its way into the Official Records of the War, attempts insidiously to throw the blame of his own and Pickett's failure at the battle of Five Forks, on General Anderson. The "paper" we call it, he calls it a "Report," was dated ten days after the surrender of the Army, of which he was an officer, at which date the Army of Northern Virginia had closed its brilliant career. This utterly robs it of its official character, but as it contains invidious and injurious reflections on General Anderson, it must be noticed, and the character and deeds of General Anderson proved not open to a breath of censure, which can easily be done. This is noticed and answered with the deepest regret for many reasons, among which is the fact that the accusing party is dead and cannot answer. However, while Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was alive, one of the leading figures in that battle exposed Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and exonerated General Anderson, to which Gen. Fitzhugh Lee made no reply, so he would hardly care now, were he alive, to make reply. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" (of the dead let nothing be said but what is favorable), and only the vindication of another and greater dead hero requires that "De mortuis nil nisi verum" (of the dead let nothing be said but what is true). Moreover in relating history, the actors should be treated impersonally, and without restric-

tion from those finer feelings which govern men in their social relations.

Gen. Fitz Lee, in that paper, without so stating in a straightforward manly manner, by the adroit use of language, clearly endeavors to create the following impressions: First, That it was General Anderson's duty to have supported Pickett and Fitz Lee at Five Forks, if such support had been necessary; second, that he did not move to give such support until too late; third, that when he did move he came by a circuituous route, and fourth, that if he had advanced in time, and by the direct route he would have struck the rear of the attacking Federal forces and possibly have changed the result of the battle.

The parts of this paper, which give evidence of Gen. Fitz Lee desiring to create this impression are as follows:

"Report of Major General Fitzhugh Lee, Commanding Cavalry Corps.

"Richmond, April 22nd, 1865.

"General Robert E. Lee:

"General, I comply with pleasure with the desire expressed by you to have a report of the last operations of the Cavalry of your Army and have the honor to submit the following:

* * * "Everything continued quiet until about 3 P. M. when a report reached me of a large body of infantry marching around and menacing our left flank. * * *

"The disastrous halt was made at Five Forks upon the day of our retrograde movement from Dinwiddie Court House, on account of the importance of the location as a point of observation to watch and develop movements then evidently in contemplation for an attack on our left flank or upon our line of railroad communication, the importance of preserving which intact, could not be overestimated.

* * * I remained in position on Hatcher's Run, near Five Forks, during the night and was joined by the Cavalry, which was driven back the previous afternoon and by Lieut. Gen. Anderson with Wise's and Gracie's Brigades, who, leaving the position at Burgess' Mill, *had marched by a circuitous route to our relief. Had he advanced up the direct road it would have brought him on the flank and rear of the infantry forming the enemy's right, which attacked our left at Five Forks, and probably changed the result of the unequal contact.* Whilst Anderson was marching, the Fifth Corps was marching back, and was enabled to participate in the attack upon our lines the next day whilst the services of the three infantry Brigades which *General Anderson reinforced us, by too late for use* and the five with Pickett by their absence, increased the disparity between the contending forces upon the next day for the possession of the lines circumvallating Petersburg." * * *

(The General is rather off in his deductions, for the Fifth Corps, Warren's, is not recorded as taking part in the assaults on Petersburg on April 2nd, and so the absence of the eight Brigades referred to, did not alter results.)

Fighting Dick Anderson, charged with not wanting to fight and with neglect of duty! A most cursory review of his character and of his entire military career would prove the utter falseness of such charges, even without going into any details regarding the battle of Five Forks! General Anderson doubtless had faults—no man is without them—not excepting the great Apostle Paul—but he was a devotee to duty, to duty at all hazards, to duty, if life itself was the penalty.

Five Forks was a strategic position covering the approaches from the enemy's left to the South Side Railroad, the only remaining line by which Lee could receive supplies to support his Army in Petersburg. The enemy had grad-

ually worked round on Lee's right flank, until they were ready to strike and close this last open line for supplies. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee recognized its importance as shown in his above cited Report and yet left his command, going two or three miles to the rear, to enjoy the Rosser Shad Bake. Grant sent Sheridan's and Warren's Corps, under command of General Sheridan, to accomplish this work. Lee dispatched as large a force as his reduced numbers would allow, Pickett with the Brigades of Stuart, Corse, and Terry of his Division and those of Ransom and Wallace of B. R. Johnson's Division, together with all the Cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee. General Fitzhugh, in his paper, generally describes the battle.

Fortunate was it for Gen. Fitz Lee that he had a report from one of his Division Commanders in that battle or he could not have described it. The sad truth of the matter was that neither he nor Pickett were with their commands when the battle took place. Pickett and Lee had placed their troops in a good defensive position at Five Forks, and then they went two or three miles to the rear to enjoy a "Shad Bake" which General Rosser had prepared, the shad having been caught by him in the Nottaway River. The luscious shad and its comcomitants, were so very tempting that the Generals heeded not the reports of Staff Officers and Couriers sent by General Munford, urging Gen. Fitz Lee's presence with his command, nor did it influence General Pickett, who was by the same messengers informed, first, that his troops were seriously threatened, and afterwards that they were being attacked. Neither left that lunch until too late! It may be very doubtful if the presence of these General Officers with their commands, would have changed the results, but their duty was the same. Pickett only started to go to his command after the Federal Troops, turning his left, had reached a position between the line and the place of the "Shad Bake." Fitz Lee never crossed

Hatcher's Run to join his Cavalry, and only met the remnants thereof when they were driven from the field of battle to him. (See his Report.)

The following description, based upon information given Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee after the surrender, fairly narrates the general story of the battle of Five Forks:

"Everything continued quiet until about 3 P. M. when reports reached me of a large body of infantry marching around and menacing our left flank. I ordered Munford to go in person, ascertain the exact conditions of affairs, hold his command (he commanded Fitzhugh Lee's Division of Cavalry), in readiness and if necessary, order it up at once. (By General Munford's testimony and that of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, given at the Warren trial, this took place about 1 o'clock, as Gen. Fitz Lee was riding off to the "Shad Bake.") He soon sent for it, and it reached its position just in time to receive the attack. A Division of two small brigades of cavalry was not able to withstand the attack of a Federal Corps of Infantry and that force soon crushed in Pickett's left flank, swept it away, and before Rosser could cross Hatcher's Run the position at the forks was seized and held and an advance towards the railroad made. It (the advance towards the railroad), was repulsed by Rosser. Pickett was driven rapidly toward the prolongation of the right of his line of battle by the combined attacks of this infantry Corps and Sheridan's Cavalry, making a total of over twenty-five thousand (25,000) men to which he was opposed with seven thousand (7,000) confederates of all arms. Our forces were driven back some miles, the retreat degenerating into a rout, being followed up principally by the Cavalry, whilst the infantry corps held the position our troops were first driven from, threatening an advance upon the railroad and paralyzing the force of reserve cavalry by necessitating its be-

ing stationary in an interposing position to check or retard such an advance."

While all this was happening at Five Forks where was General Anderson? Just where his duty called him, and where General R. E. Lee posted him. He, with the remainder of B. R. Johnson's Division, was at Burgess' Mill, about four miles east of Five Forks, the extreme right of the Confederate's line around Petersburg. Gen. R. E. Lee was extremely anxious about his right, so he placed in charge thereof, one of his most reliable, devoted and skillful officers, Lt. Gen. R. H. Anderson. Such was the situation at Five Forks and with General Anderson, four miles distant, at Burgess' Mill.

The general situation being thus presented, one can more clearly understand the argument refuting the unworthy imputation of Gen. Fitz Lee as to General Anderson.

1st. He endeavors to create the impression that it was General Anderson's duty to have supported Pickett and Fitz Lee at Five Forks if such support had been necessary.

In General Anderson's paper hereinbefore inserted, giving account of his service during the final months of the War, General Anderson not only says not one word of his having any orders to support Pickett and Lee, but he does not mention the battle. As the paper is a record of his services and he makes no mention of Five Forks (until it is over and he sent to aid the troops defeated thereat), it is evident that he never conceived that he had anything to do with that battle. No record of any orders directing him to give such support can be found in the War of the Rebellion Records, nor is any known to have appeared in any publication whatsoever, save Fitz Lee's insinuations. As he had not received any such orders no blame can be attached to him for not obeying any such hypothetical orders.

But it might be said that being in charge of the right of the lines of defence, that it was his duty to aid any forces

in trouble in the vicinity of the right. It is very doubtful if such would have been his duty, because he could hardly be justified in withdrawing troops from a part of the line which had been desperately attacked the day before and still was in danger of a renewed attack, to voluntarily, on his own judgment and at his own risks, move to assist in a battle four miles distant. If, however, he should have done so, he could not properly act until notified of the necessity for his support. Gen. Fitz Lee commanded all the Cavalry of the Army. He was then operating to the right of Lee's Army. They, the Cavalry, were the eyes and ears of that Army. Their duty was to have advised General Anderson if his assistance was required. That Gen. Fitzhugh Lee did not notify General Anderson is evident, primarily and conclusively from General Anderson's paper; and then because Gen. Fitz Lee does not even claim to have sent to General Anderson asking his support, and could not have sent any such message, as his time and thoughts were fully engrossed in that Rosser "Shad Bake." Further, his opinion (proved sadly erroneous by subsequent developments) of the reported Federal movements against his command at Five Forks, was as he said that they were not serious enough to cause him to forsake the Shad Bake to discharge his duty. So, if he did not feel called upon to do that, he could hardly have considered that a necessity had arisen which required the co-operation of General Anderson. Fitzhigh Lee's not leaving the Shad Bake shows that he did not think that there was any necessity for help, and if he did feel that help was required, he certainly did not give General Anderson notice. Or—we hesitate, in fact we decline to characterize Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's action—if he thought he needed Anderson's support and yet would not abandon the Shad Bake and join his own men, who were gallantly and desperately battling with a superior force of the enemy.

Then General Anderson, when he did move, after the defeat of Pickett and Lee at Five Forks, did so under orders received about 5:45 P. M., to *Church Crossing,* and *not* to Five Forks. Consider this carefully. He was ordered to go to Church Crossing. His troops moved at 6:30 P. M. Gen. B. R. Johnson in his report says: "At 4 P. M. heavy firing was heard in the vicinity of Five Forks. At 5:45 I received orders from Lt. Gen. Anderson to move with Wise's and Moody's and Hunton's Brigades to Church Crossing, on the South Side Railroad, and at 6:30 P. M. was in motion. At 2 A. M. on the 2nd April we arrived at the Crossing." Anderson, as ordered, moved to Church Crossing, not to Five Forks. The only movement he was ordered to make was *not* one to support the battle at Five Forks.

There was but one man in the Army who had authority to order General Anderson, the Commander in Chief, General Lee. The hour at which the order was received from him, being after the defeat at Five Forks, and he being directed to march to Church Crossing, clearly shows that his movement was to protect the routed troops driven from Five Forks, and not to support them at Five Forks, where they were attacked.

It is not impossible that either General Pickett or Fitzhugh Lee, or perhaps both, had been directed by Gen. R. E. Lee to call on General Anderson, if his co-operation was needed. If so, their absence from their commands and presence at the Rosser Shad Bake, prevented their knowing of their personal knowledge, of the necessity of such support, or of the importance of their calling for the same. That they did not heed the warnings sent by General Munford, shows that they did not appreciate the danger or the necessity for General Anderson's support, and hence could not have sent to General Anderson asking therefor.

So there cannot attach one iota of blame to General An-

derson for his not moving to Five Forks to support the troops there.

2nd. Fitz Lee charges that General Anderson did not move to give such support until too late.

General Anderson could not move, giving up the defence of that part of the lines around Petersburg to the command of which he had been assigned, until, either urgently called for and even then he would have had to assume the responsibility—or until ordered. He was never called, and when he was ordered it was after the Confederates had been routed at Five Forks, and even then not to give them support on the battlefield, but to go to the Church Crossing, in which direction they were supposed to have been driven. He had no call of duty or orders to go to Five Forks and never even moved towards that point. He could not have been "too late" to aid at Five Forks, when never ordered to go there, nor attempted to do so.

3rd. He charges that when General Anderson did move, he came by a circuituous route. If he had been ordered or had moved to support Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee, at Five Forks, he certainly took a circuituous route to reach that point. But he was ordered to Church Crossing, on the South Side Railroad, and did move straight to that point, where he found Gen. Fitzhugh Lee when he arrived before daylight the next morning. Doubtless Fitz Lee was mighty glad to see him that morning. So the "circuituous route" is a myth.

4th. He says that if Anderson had advanced in time, and by the direct route he would have struck the rear of the Federal forces and possibly changed the results of the battle.

It has been shown that Anderson had no orders nor calls of any kind to make such movement. But if he had been inspired by some good spirit to have made the move and at the exactly right time, what would have been the result? If General Anderson, with three small brigades, prob-

ably not over three thousand men, had so attacked, Sheridan could easily have spared a strong enough force from his 27,000 men, who were engaged with only 7,000 Confederates, to have easily repulsed an attack made even by the skiliful and valorous "Fighting Dick Anderson."

At the trial of Gen. G. K. Warren, General Sheridan testified that if the force of Anderson had been thrown against him, that Pickett would probably have taken him to Libby Prison with four thousand of his men, instead of his capturing numbers of Pickett's. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee makes a similar statement when he said: "Had he (Anderson) advanced up the direct road it would have brought him on the flank and rear of the infantry forming the enemy's right, which attacked our left at Five Forks, and probably changed the result of the unequal contest." The remarkable concurrence of the testimony of Federal General Sheridan and Confederate Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, sixteen years after the occurrence of the event, can only be accounted for by their having had a full and free conference regarding the battle, before Sheridan gave his testimony. Evidently Fitzhugh Lee had impressed General Sheridan by the version of the Confederate movements on that occasion, which he wished to perpetuate, and for which it is not unlikely that his paper of April 23d was prepared. General Sheridan, unless deceived as to the strength of General Anderson's command, should have known that he could easily have spared the troops to repulse such supposititous attack from General Anderson. Sheridan, unfortunately and unjustly had very little confidence in General Warren, commanding the Federal Infantry, serving with him. This may have led him, however, to believe that a feeble attack on the rear of Warren's Corps would have demoralized it to such an extent as to prevent 27,000 men from defeating 7,000. But it is more probable that he was influenced by Gen. Fitz Lee's account. Fitz Lee, it is sad to relate, did know that if any

order was given by Gen. R. E. Lee, through him, to be transmuted to General Anderson to support the troops at Five Forks, that it was never delivered. He also is presumed to have known that Anderson could not have moved by the "direct road," the White Oak Road, because about 1 o'clock it was occupied by McKenzie's Division of Federal Cavalry, and soon after, about 4 o'clock by Warren's Corps. Neither of whom Anderson would have been likely to be able to defeat. As before shown, Fitzhugh Lee knew nothing, from his own experience, of the battle, being engaged in the enjoyment of the luscious "Shad Bake." He was guarding his throat from the feathery shad bones, and not guarding the great Lee against the disaster which the failure at Five Forks brought upon the Army of Northern Virginia.

The problematically hopeful movement of General Anderson, which he was never directed or called upon to make, only existed in the brain of the distinguished Cavalry Leader.

Thus we have clearly shown that General Anderson was wrongly blamed by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; that he had nothing to do with Five Forks, his assistance was never asked, nor did his duty require it. General Anderson, when the battle of Five Forks was being waged, four miles distant, was at his assigned post of duty, doing his full duty, and doing it well and properly.

Evidence as to Generals Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee's Absence From Their Commands at the Battle of Five Forks and Attendance at General Rosser's Shad Bake.

The following evidence shows:

That Generals Pickett and Fitz Lee, having placed their commands in a strong position, left their troops, between 12 and 1 o'clock April 1, 1865.

That they crossed Hatcher's Run and went to Gen. T. L.

Rosser's Headquarters, some two or three miles in rear of the line of battle.

That they went there, on invitation of General Rosser, to partake of a Shad Bake.

That they, while there, were advised of the advance and actual formation for attack of the enemy and did not then rejoin their commands.

That after Pickett's troops had been defeated, about 5 o'clock at the earliest, he rejoined what was left if his Division, with much personal gallantry, exhibited in doing so, and then was driven from the field with them. That Fitzhugh Lee never crossed Hatcher's Run to join his Cavalry, but that parts of his force were driven back to him.

That at least four hours was given by General Pickett and Fitz Lee to the enjoyment of this Shad Bake, when the fate of General Lee's Army rested upon the troops under their command and direction.

From General Munford's unpublished Sketch of the Battle of Five Forks:

"Very near 1 o'clock, while we were eating dinner, a courier came with information to me of the stir on our left with General Robert's pickets. Feeling the importance of the information, I at once rode to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's headquarters. I found him mounted and on the point of leaving. I handed him the duplicate sent me by the Adjutant of the Eighth Cavalry. He read it and said, 'Munford, I wish you would go on in person and see what this means, and if necessary, order up your division.' I started in a few minutes, taking with me Capt. Harry Lee, and several couriers, and as I was going to the front" (South or East) "Gen. Fitz Lee and Gen. Pickett passed going North towards the crossing of Hatcher's Run. * * * I found that Roberts had been pushed from the White Oak Road and that it was held by McKenzie's Federal Cavalry, east of us. Within the next few minutes I discovered the Fifth (Fed-

eral) Corps forming. I instantly dispatched to General Fitz Lee and to General Pickett, giving them this information, and ordered my division to move to that point as quickly as they could come through the woods over a very narrow road. I sent Capt. Henry Lee, of my staff, a brother of Gen. Fitz Lee, to bring up my men and to tell Gen. Pickett and Gen. Fitz Lee what he personally had seen. He rode the whole of the line of battle hoping to meet Gen. Pickett—not being able to find General Pickett, he notified his staff officers. Meanwhile I dispatched several other couriers, repeating this information and urging General Pickett and General Fitzhugh Lee to come in person to the front, but unfortunately the two Generals had gone to Rosser's headquarters, two miles off. I will introduce, at the proper time two letters from General Rosser, one published by him in the Philadelphia Weekly Times, and the other written to an officer of the Federal Army in good standing, which explains the cause and the effect of the absence of these officers from their commands:" * * *

"When I arrived at the Ford Road, having surmounted the obstacles mentioned, and being still vigorously pressed by Crawford, I met Gen. Geo. E. Pickett coming from the wagon train. It was not far from Hatcher's Run. He galloped up to me, and looking at the Federals asked, 'What troops are those?' adding the very next moment, 'Do hold them back till I pass to go to Five Forks.'" Which General Munford did. "Meantime General Pickett having thrown himself forward upon his horse and leaning to the right side, ran the gauntlet, under a hot fire for several hundred yards, and dashed towards his broken lines. I did not look at my watch but the attack was begun after 4 o'clock, and we had been fighting and skirmishing over a rough country for full two miles by actual measurement. The long shadows were very perceptible as the sun was not far above the tops of the trees."

From the testimony in the trial of Gen. G. K. Warren, of the Federal Army, sixteen years after the War, the following testimony is taken:

Published records of said trial are in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee: I personally remained in front from nine until twelve o'clock. Everything being quiet I left the line and rode down the road to the crossing of Hatcher's Run to see General Pickett. I found him on the other side of Hatcher's Run. He had ridden back to give some directions about wagons (see Rosser letter). After talking with him a little while I passed on still further down the road, North, toward the Church road where our wagons were, to see General Rosser in reference to ammunition and rations for his command.

Question: Were you still North of Hatcher's Run when you first heard firing? Answer: I was with General Rosser north of Hatcher's Run, and I think that is one of the incidents of the contest so far as I was personally concerned, for as soon as I got information of the attack on the left" (he must have referred to the attack which crushed Pickett's left and not the preliminary advance, as he was advised of hours before by General Munford), "I immediately mounted my horse and before I could get to where the road crosses Hatcher's Run to go to Dinwiddie Court House, from my position North of it, I found that the road was in possession of the enemy's infantry. I saw the infantry myself. I rode up and was shot at. I rode back and moved General Rosser's command up and attempted to force the division across and was repulsed." Question: Was that the spot where General Pickett crossed at that joint just before? Answer: As I came galloping up the road, I saw him crossing—I saw him throw himself down on his horse. I heard the firing and knew that he was being shot at. Question: He was lying down on his horse so as to protect

himself from the fire? Answer: Yes. Question: Can you fix the time when the Federal infantry got possession of the Ford on that day? Answer: I can only fix it in this way: My report, written three weeks afterwards, stated that the main attack began at 3 o'clock. I understood that there was an hour and a half or two hours fighting on our left before the road was reached. That would make it about half past four or five."

Gen. Fitz Lee was then asked to state the hour the attack began at Five Forks. His reply was: "I will answer that question by simply stating it will be recollected that the hour 3 P. M. was stated in my official report that I made to Gen. Robert E. Lee three weeks after the occurrence. I believe that was the particular hour from my conversation with those officers of my command who were upon the left. Question: From reports made to you by your subordinate Commanders? Answer: Yes. General Munford, whom you examined will probably be able to give you a more accurate answer than I can as to that."

He was not on the battlefield and personally knew nothing except what he learned from others!

Extracts from Letters of Gen. T. L. Rosser

From his letter published in the Philadelphia Weekly Times, April 5, 1895:

"I found Pickett at Five Forks and as the country was too heavily wooded for the operations of Cavalry, I asked permission to move back about a mile to his rear, on the other side of Hatcher's Run and remove saddles and feed. I had brought some excellent fresh shad from the Nottoway River with me, and I invited General Pickett to go back and lunch with me—he promised to be with me in an hour. He and Fitz Lee came back to me. While we were at lunch, Couriers came back from officers in command of the pickets on the White Oak Road and other parallel roads,

reporting the advance of the enemy. Some time was spent over the lunch, during which no firing was heard." (They were three miles from where the fight began.) "And we concluded that the enemy was not in much of a hurry to find us at Five Forks. A courier sent to the Five Forks from us, was fired at over the creek and came galloping back—reporting the enemy were in the road in front of us and in rear of our position at Five Forks. General Pickett made an effort to join his command. He came riding back in a great hurry and called for the Dinwiddie Troops as guide and rode off with them, but I think his troops were routed before he reached them. The battle of Five Forks was of short duration, but quite used up that portion of the Army engaged. It seems to have been a surprise to General Pickett. One would have supposed that he would have been on the alert in the presence of the enemy he had been so recently fighting."

Extract from his letter to Capt. A. S. Peckham, Washington, D. C.:

"The day I spent on the Nottaway River I caught quite a lot of very fine shad by dragging a borrowed seine, and having them along with me in my ambulance, I invited Fitz Lee and Pickett back to a Shad Bake. While we were enjoying a most delightful meal the pickets reported the advance of the enemy on all the roads I was picketing. These reports were made to Pickett and to Lee, and as the position at Five Forks was considered well chosen and strong, but little attention was given to the enemy's advance. * * * Fitz Lee remained with me, about Sunset Pickett returned and asked for the entire Dinwiddie Troop and again left me, and I saw nothing more of him."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Confederacy's Chances of Success.

The question may now be asked: "If the Southern Confederacy ever had a reasonable chance of success!" It is due to the patriots of the Confederacy to say, that the noble and natural feelings which impelled them to resistance to coercion, their scorn at the mere thought of yielding themselves to the oppression of an enemy, their devoted determination to defend their rights, banished from their minds even the consideration of the material chances of success. They were sure they were right and that they were justified by the laws of God and of man, so they never halted to weigh the hazard. So firmly were they convinced of the justice and rightfulness of their cause, that they believed that their antagonists must acknowledge it. State Sovereignty and the consequent absolute right of Secession, was so fixed in the belief of the people of the South, that they could not conceive that it would be doubted by any, particularly by those States which in the past had several times threatened a like course for themselves. Many thought that "Secession was a peaceable remedy," which would be readily acknowledged by all the States which remained in the Union. An honorable statesman and leader, voicing this sentiment, said: "that he would drink all the blood which would be spilled." How little these knew of the purposes and objects of the Radical Party, which had placed

Abraham Lincoln at the head of the Federal Government! When the war ensued, the Confederates were still hopeful and confident; they felt that Right must prevail. They had yet to learn the sad lesson, that "Providence was on the side of strong Battalions."

They had, however, a few chances of success:

First, if the Union Rout at Bull Run, had been followed by a prompt advance on Washington, the Confederacy might have succeeded. At that time the war sentiment of the North had not been crystalized, the Confederacy had many sympathizers among its people, there were many avowedly opposed to coercion, and many who conceded the legality of secession. An invasion and the capture of the Capital would probably have caused a cessation of the war. Whether or not such movement was practicable need not be considered. But it is highly probable that if the Confederate Army in Virginia had been commanded by the aggressive, fighting Robert E. Lee, rather than the more cautious Joseph E. Johnson and Beauregard, that it would have been attempted.

Second, there would have been a reasonable prospect of success, if the Confederates had been able to continue a little longer, the succession of glorious victories they had achieved up to Chancellorsville. Such would have had so depressing an effect on the Northern people as to have broken their confidence in their leaders and demoralized their finances.

Third, there would have been another reasonable prospect of success if Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson had not been mortally wounded at Shiloh? If he had lived, that battle would most surely have culminated in a decisive Confederate victory and thus have totally eclipsed Gen. U. S. Grant. Then he never would have been entrusted with the command of the Federal Army in Virginia. He was the only general who handled the Union Army in Virginia so as to overcome the veterans of Lee's Army. He saved the Union.

Fourth, there was always a slim chance of success, mingled, to be sure, with a fond hope, that the Southern Confederacy would have been recognized by Great Britain and France. With their moral backing and commercial assistance, even without military help, the Southern Confederacy would have succeeded in establishing its independence. Napoleon was favorable, but Great Britain withheld her approval. It does seem strange that Great Britain so decided. She had everything to gain and little to lose. She could have by such alliance have won the South's cotton, and a large market for her manufactures. Her interest certainly seemed to point to the immense advantage she would have gained by her recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Why was it not given? Because of the prejudices and passions of many of her people against slavery. That part of her people who would have gained the greatest benefit was opposed by this misleading sentiment. The South's friends were the Tory Party, and its enemies the Liberal Party, which embraced the manufacturing and commercial classes, who would have been directly benefited. When the Tory Party, of which Disraeli was the leader, was in power in 1863, Great Britain was on the point of recognizing the Confederacy, when some local political measure was yielded by the Liberals and the vote failed in Parliament. The compromise was made, while the voting on the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy was actually going on, and Disraeli could only defeat it by personally leaving the House, carrying with him such Tory members as had not voted. So narrow were the chances of recognition by Great Britain!

Fifth, there would have been a greater chance of success if the Southern people had realized that Secession involved a War of coercion and that it was not to be a peaceable separation. Then they could have prepared in advance for the struggle.

Sixth, there never would have been a War if the serfdom of the African Negroes had been called by any other name than "Slavery."

This designation was absolutely loathed by all free men, and brought on the country which supported it, the hatred and abhorrence of the enlightened world. The humane and christianized status of the negro in the South was not thoroughly known, so it was assumed that the race was burdened with all the wrongs and cruelties attached to known slavery. As has been shown, the passions aroused by some of the people of the United States from their utter ignorance of true conditions, made impossible any peaceful settlement of political differences between the sections and thus brought on the war. This ill-fated epithet also antagonized the more enlightened nations of the world against the Southern Confederacy.

But all this is mere speculation. Momentous events, changing the destiny of our country have happened, never mind what were the "ifs". The South by some unforseen and accidental chance may have succeeded. Its people believed they had a right to success and for it struggled most nobly.

But alas! the chances were slight with the tremendous preponderance of numbers and facilities against it, backed by the sympathy and aid of the world. It did not! But might does not make right. The decision of the sword proved, not that the South was wrong or that its principles were erroneous, but that the stronger power materially crushed the weaker. It proved, not that its principles were false, but that the Southern Confederacy had not the strength to defend them.

"Might! sing your triumphant songs!
Each song but sounds a shame.
Go down the world in loud-voiced throngs
To win from the future, fame.

"Our ballads, born of tears,
Will track you on your way,
And win the hearts of the future years
For the men who wore the gray.
"All lost; but by the graves
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test.

"The world shall yet decide
In truth's clear, far-off light
That the soldiers who wore the gray and died
With Lee, were in the right."

—"Father Ryan."

CHAPTER XXIII.

General Anderson's Commands.

Regiments and Battalions of Infantry which served under the command of General Richard H. Anderson during the War, at different times and places:

Alabama: Regiments—4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 41st, 43rd, 44th, 47th, 48th, 59th, 60th	15
Battalion—23rd	1
Arkansas: Regiment—3rd	1
Florida: Regiments—1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th	4
Georgia: Regiments—2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 28th, 48th, 50th 51st, 53rd, 59th, 64th, Cobb's Legion, Philip's Legion	28
Battalions—2nd, 10th	2
Louisiana: Regiment—1st	1
Mississippi: Regiments—7th, 8th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 48th	10
North Carolina: Regiments—8th, 17th, 24th, 25th, 31st, 35th, 36th, 40th, 42nd, 49th, 50th, 51st, 56th, 61st, 66th	15
South Carolina: Regiments—1st (Regulars) 1st, (Gregg's) 1st (Hagood's), 2nd, 2nd (Rifles) 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 27th, Palmetto Sharpshooters, Orr's Rifles, Holcombe Legion	27
Battalions—3rd, 4th, 7th	3
Texas: Regiments—1st, 4th, 5th	3
Virginia: Regiments—1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 32nd, 34th, 38th, 41st, 46th, 53rd, 56th, 57th, 59th, 61st	29
Total	139
133 Regiments—say averaging 1,000 men	133,000 soldiers
6 Battalions—say averaging 500 men	3,000 soldiers
	136,000 soldiers

Or about one-eighth of the entire Confederate Army.

Besides these, various Batteries of Artillery and Regiments of Cavalry were under his command.

CHAPTER XXIV.

His Career After the War.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, was soon followed by that of Johnston's Army in North Caroline and of all the other forces of the Confederacy. The great War was over! Not, alas! as we of the South hoped and strove for, but with the utter crushing of our bright dream of Constitutional liberty, with the devastation of our homes, with the destruction of the wealth gathered in years of prosperity, and more than all, in the holocast of the best blood of the South. Thank God, however, without the manhood of the Survivors being conquered. The Confederates had fought a good fight; they had nothing to be ashamed of; they had everything to be proud of. They had proved their true worth. Their heads were bowed with grief, not shame, and on their brows rested immortal crowns of true glory. It is not for what one fights that counts, but *how* he fights. The Confederate Soldier returned to his ruined home, feeling that he had far exceeded his duty and had won a title for gallantry and patriotic devotion, unsurpassed in the history of the ages.

A just tribute was paid to the Confederate Armies by Brevet Brig. Gen. Charles A. Whittier, of the U. S. Volunteers, in a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. This remarkable, fair and generous

eulogy was from one of those who fought against the Confederates, and was made relating to the Army of Northern Virginia. He says: "It was composed of the best men of the South." To this exception is respectfully taken, because he could not have known that the Army of Northern Virginia did not embrace all "the best men," grand as they were. The various Armies were mainly formed from the States contiguous to the respective fields of operation. The men of Lee's Army were principally drawn from Virginia, North and South Carolina, while those of the Army of Tennessee were largely and as to the first named State exclusively, drawn from Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. The soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi were from the States west of the great River. "The best men" were in all the Armies.

"The Army of Northern Virginia will deservedly rank as the best Army which has existed on this continent; suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile; without doubt it was composed of the best men of the South, rushing to what they considered the defence of their country against a bitter invader; and they took the places assigned them, officer or private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field and its patritism was of an easier kind, there was no rallying cry which drove all the best—the rich and the educated—to join the fighting Armies. All avocations here" (in the North) "went on without interruption; the law, the clergy, educational institutions, merchants and traders, suffered nothing from a dimunition of their working forces; we had loyal leagues, excellent sanitary and Christian Commissions, great 'War' Governors (Andrew Curtin and Morton), and secretaries, organizers of victory; we had a people full of loyalty and devotion to

the cause and of hatred for the neighbor who differed as to the way in which the war should be conducted, never realizing that the way was by going or sending their best and brightest. As a matter of comparison, we have lately read that from William and Mary College, Virginia, thirty-two out of thirty-five professors and instructors abandoned the college work and joined the Army in the field. Harvard College sent one Professor from its large corps of Professors and Instructors.

"We thought our own Massachusetts a pattern of loyalty and patriotism during the War. Read the record of the Massachusett's Volunteers, as published by the State, the bounties paid (thirteen million dollars by the State and more millions by the cities and towns—a worthless expenditure—to give Massachusetts a nominal credit, but of no service in sending good fighting men to the front); the deserters; the hosts of men who never joined their regiments, and there is so much to be ashamed of! An effort to fill the required quota without reference to the good service to be rendered! The enlisting Officers at one time put out their Posters with something like this: 'Enlist in the heavy Artillery Regiments. No marching, no fighting, comfortable quarters, etc.!'" (General Whittier then furnishes a list of Massachusetts Artillery and Infantry Regiments containing 20,957 men, of whom only 95 were killed in battle.) "This does not indicate brilliant or useful service; and yet the material was probably better than that of any regiments of the State. The same class of men in the South were in the thickest of the fight and their intelligence and patriotism did a great work. And what a power these twenty thousand men I have mentioned would have been, with a little discipline and skill, added to the Army of the Potomac—an Army Corps of twenty thousand men from Massachusetts alone! If it was so with us, it is reasonable to suppose that other Northern States pursued the same selfish policy."

The close of the great struggle found all the industries of the South ruined, property wasted or destroyed, chaos reigning. But the indomnitable spirits of the people had not been subdued, in fact, they seemed strengthened by the fiery furnace of trouble, so the men, nobly helped and grandly inspired by the women, put their hands to the ploughshare and at once commenced the herculean task of rebuilding their shattered fortunes. Social conditions were so upset that it was hard for many, particularly those of the Professional classes to secure work in their accustomed spheres. In no class did this direful situation press more heavily or more disastrously than upon Officers of the old Army, who having resigned therefrom, joined the Confederate Army. This bore more particularly hard upon the older Officers. There was no field in which to exercise the training of their lives. As a rule, the Army Officers, like any other special worker, was disqualified for any other avocation.

General Anderson, at the close of the war, was in his forty-fifth year and had served the United States as a cadet and as an Officer in its Army for twenty-three years. His Profession was that of a soldier, and in such profession he had won the most distinguished honors. He had passed the active years of his manhood and turned on the downward slope of life. His profession and largely his inherited property, from the results of the war, had been lost. He, the breadwinner of his family, was in a ruined land, his profession closed to him and without any other industrial training. Certainly the future was dark, dreary, hopeless. He returned to his ancestral home, Hill Crest, and essayed to plant a nearby plantation. To make a success of planting, one should have a thorough knowledge of all its details. General Anderson's previous career had not given him the requisite agricultural training. Success for him could only have been a miracle. As the days of miracles had past, the good General had to abandon his planting op-

erations. No Insurance Company, seeking notoriety, offered him a Presidency, so he went to Charleston to seek employment. Employment was hard to obtain, but his necessities demanded it. So he, the trusted friend of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the leader of thousands, a man who had given his life for his State and her people, of the brightest intellect, had to take work as a day laborer in the yards of the South Carolina Railroad! Just as soon as the President of the road, Mr. W. J. Magrath, heard of it, he took the General into his office and gave him more congenial employment. Here "his unassuming deportment in attendance on callers, deceived many who were unaware of the distinguished presence in which they stood—before the Hero of an hundred battles—though his frankness, as he described how his friend had kindly taken him in hand, bespoke the true gentleman, which could not be disguised under the circumstances and reverses of his checkered career. His manner, while in the connection referred to, resembled the softness associated with Christian attributes, rather than the martial air of one who had gazed on the red lightning of so many battlefields, with unflinching eyes. He was, par excellence, the spirit of true chivalry, manifest in self immolation and the dedication of all his energies to the cause with which his name will be hereafter linked in the annals of the Southern Confederacy. He was of that small number who look to no man for praise as a sustaining motive to the discharge of duty; the quintessence of conscientiousness, he was unobstrusive even to the prejudice of a true and impartial record of the part he bore in times wherein he bore so conspicuous a part."

A thoroughly characteristic incident, showing General Anderson's kindliness and consideration for others, is told by Dr. T. Grange Simons. Dr. Simons was a gallant soldier of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Hagood's Brigade, and served during the latter part of the war in Anderson's

Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. In 1870, there was a Railroad Excursion to Cincinnati, which carried a number of influential citizens from Charleston. On arriving at Cincinnati, the hotel occupied by the excursionists was very much crowded, so that the General, the Venerable Mr. James G. Holmes, Dr. Simons, and Mr. Jas. G. Holmes, Jr., had to occupy the same room. "When they were dressing in the morning after their arrival, Mr. Holmes took out of his travelling bag a shoe brush to clean his shoes. Immediately recognizing how difficult it would be for the old gentleman to do this, General Anderson, with a surprised, yet most earnest tone and manner, exclaimed: 'Oh! Mr. Holmes, allow me to polish your shoes,' and urged him to consent. Mr. Holmes with equal politeness and firmness declined." Dr. Simons says "that the incident impressed me and I have referred to it, whenever General Anderson was recalled to my mind. As General Lee's trusted friend and Division" (and Corps) "Commander, they resembled each other in manner and gentleness. With dignity and sweet simplicity they were beyond compare."

While in Charleston, the Confederate Survivors honored themselves by electing him the President of their Association, which office he filled until his removal to Camden. It was through the efforts of that Association, that a Monument was erected over his grave in St. Helena Churchyard, Beaufort. He was also a beloved member of the Cincinnati, by descent from his distinguished grandfather, Col. Richard Anderson, of the Revolutionary Maryland Line, and whose distinguished career we referred to our first chapter.

During his sojourn in Charleston, General Anderson had the sad misfortune to lose his devoted wife. She passed away August 11th, 1872. During the happy days of peace, during the horrid nightmare of War, during the terrible years of troubles innumerable which followed, she had shared with him all his hopes, his pleasures, his cares. Her

loss was a heart-rending blow to him, which he bore, as he did every trial and vicissitude of life, with Christian fortitude.

His strict attention to his even humble duties in the Office of the President of the Railroad, won him promotion and he was given the responsible position of Agent of the Railroad at Camden. The faithlessness and dishonesty of a trusted employee, involved him and he had to bear the responsibility and thus lost this employment.

Dec. 24, 1874, General Anderson married Miss Martha Mellette, who survived him and cared for him lovingly in his later years.

The only recognition the State of South Carolina ever made of his distinguished service to and sacrifices for her, was now given him in his appointment to the position of Phosphate Inspector, with his office at Beaufort. There he gained that which came to him wherever he was placed, the love, respect and admiration of the entire community. All admired the quiet dignity with which he bore the misfortunes resting upon his latter years.

General Anderson had only occupied this position and been in Beaufort a very few months, when on June 25, 1879, the reaper, Death, claimed him as its victim. The day had been intensely hot. On his way home from his office, he stopped, as he often did, at the office of the Beaufort Crescent. He had a package of lemons and told Editor S. H. Rodgers, that he proposed making an iced lemonade, to keep him cool. In the course of an hour or so, the news reached the office, that General Anderson had suddenly died from an attack of apoplexy. His many friends and admirers quickly gathered at his home, doing all they possibly could and made all the arrangements for his burial, saving his afflicted wife from all trouble and care. Mr. S. H. Rodgers, who was greatly attached to the General, spent the night as one of the watchers over all human that was

left of the distinguished Warrior. He was buried the next day.

In his death General Anderson had his heart's wish fulfilled. It was sudden, and he did not wish a lingering illness because of the trouble it would give others. His friend, Mr. Benj. F. Cuttino, once attended Church with General Anderson, and he noted that when the litany was read and the imploration reached "from battle and murder and from sudden death" that the General failed to make the pleading, "Good Lord, deliver us." He asked why this was and the General answered, "that he could not make that prayer for when the time came for him to go, he did not wish to be taken by any lingering illness, thereby giving trouble and anxiety to others!

Telegraphic advice from Beaufort to the News and Courier contains the following graphic and touching account of the burial of General Anderson:

"As the last rays of the setting sun glisters on the waters of the boy and gilded the tree tops, the body of Fighting Dick Anderson, was laid in its last resting place in the Cemetery of St. Helena Church, Beaufort.

"During his short stay in this place, General Anderson had won the good will and esteem of all the people of the seacoast, to many of whom he was a comparative stranger, and although his death was sudden, almost the entire population of the city turned out to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory.

"The funeral services took place this (June 27th), afternoon at 6 o'clock. A half hour previous to that time the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, Capt. H. M. Stuart, commanding, marched up to the residence of the deceased. The company turned out about forty, rank and file, and paraded in full uniform as infantry, leaving two detachments at the

Armory in charge of the battery to fire the salute in honor of the dead hero.

"The body was borne from the house to the hearse by the following pallbearers: Col. Wm. Elliott, Judge J. H. Hudson, Col. Paul Hamilton, Col. F. Gantt, Messrs. John G. Barnwell, Carlos Tracy, R. B. Fuller, James W. Moore and W. J. Verdier. The funeral cortege was formed in the following order: First, Drum Corps; second, Beaufort Artillery; third, hearse; fourth, pallbearers; fifth, citizens in carriages or on foot. Marching to the sound of muffled drums, the cortege reached the Church, where the Artillery opened ranks and presented arms, the pallbearers carrying in the casket and depositing it in front of the chancel.

The Church was filled by the ladies of Beaufort. After the Casket had been deposited in front of the chancel, the Artillery marched into the middle aisle, faced inwards, rested arms, and stood thus through the services. After the services in the Church had been concluded, the remains were borne to the Cemetery adjoining the Church, beside the last resting place of John Barnwell, better known in the early history of South Carolina as 'Tuscarora' John for his Indian fighting. As the coffin was lowered into the grave a salute of thirteen guns was fired from the Arsenal and the bells of the church were tolled.

In the funeral cortege Dr. R. R. Sams, the color bearer of the Beaufort Artillery carried the sword presented to General Anderson by the State of South Carolina for his services in the Mexican War.

"It is a noteworthy coincidence that General Anderson was buried on the eve of Carolina Day, and it is a significant fact that a large number of the Carolina soldiery, who paid the last tribute of respect to his memory, were Northern citizens who had settled in the State since the close of the war."

The Rev. Dr. John Kershaw, who was at that time Rector

of St. Helena Church, said the funeral services over the noble dead. Dr. Kershaw was near General Anderson in his last battle of the war, Sailor's Creek, where he had last gallantly met his earthly foes and now had the sad privilege of praying to an Almighty Father to give grace to Fighting Dick Anderson, who had fought his last fight, surrendering to the universal conqueror, death, entered into his eternal rest to receive the reward of an unblemished life.

The press of the Country teemed with eulogies of the great hero, who having survived the dangers of a hundred battle fields, was called from the paths of peace to his eternal reward. From these only a few extracts can be made, and these are selected from the newspapers of localities where he had resided, and who the better knew his great worth and could speak the words of truth from sympathetic and appreciative hearts.

From an editorial in the Charleston, S. C., News and Courier, the following has been selected:

"The day before the surrender, General Anderson's command having been reduced to less than 500 muskets, he was relieved from duty with the Army of Northern Virginia by General Lee, in order that he might be free to make his way to Johnston's Army, and give that distinguished officer the benefit of his eminent ability as a soldier. Before he could reach General Johnston, having to make a long detour, the capitulation of Johnston's Army had taken place, and General Anderson went sadly to his old home near Statesburg, in this State. How shall we speak of General Anderson as a soldier? His valiant deeds speak for him. At the Battle of Williamsburg he commanded Longstreet's Division, his brother, who was his Aide de Camp, being

killed at his side. In the battles around Richmond he won new fame, making the last and successful charge at Gaines' Mill and winning his promotion to the rank of Major General. At Sharpsburg he was wounded in the thigh, but remained in command of his Division, until he fell fainting from his horse. At Chancellorsville, with a line of battle no stronger than a picket line, he held the Confederate center, while Jackson executed his famous flank movement. The men of Anderson's Division were ten paces or more apart. Only the thick woods concealing their weakness, deterred the enemy from making a crushing attack. General Lee sent him thrice the order to press the enemy, being unaware of his critical condition. At last, he rode in person to the spot where General Anderson was. Two attacks had been repelled; and a third was about to be made. Jackson's guns opened at the critical moment and created a diversion. Seeing for himself the position of affairs, General Lee, usually so reserved and self-contained, clasped General Anderson by the hand and said, "My noble old soldier, I thank you from the bottom of my heart." After the march through the burning woods to Spottsylvania, and his successful repulse of the enemy, General Lee wrote him and his command a warm letter of thanks. So much of it as related to himself he suppressed. The rest he published to the Corps. Three times he was personally thanked by letter by General Lee and to few of even those nearest to him was it known that such letters were written? Brave as a Paladin of old; gentle and modest as a woman! At Cold Harbor, General Lee sent to ask him how he was getting on. The answer was, "Give my compliments to General Lee and tell him I have just repulsed the Enemy's Thirteenth charge." To the latest hour of the Army of Northern Virginia he was in the thick of the contest. What shows the character of the man better than his terse advice to a superior Officer, who saw the enemy closing

in upon them with overwhelming forces, an army against two Divisions—"Fight, to be sure." Worthy Commander was he of Anderson's Division, which never turned its back upon the enemy, save at Gettysburg, and there the men, disregarding the order to retire, were almost dragged to the rear. "Fighting Dick Anderson" equal to any emergency; ready in every place, fit for every responsi bility; doing loyal service wherever he was placed; free from resentment when slighted, as President Davis chose to slight him and giving to those whom he should have commanded, cheerful aid and readiest obedience! South Carolina had cause to be proud of him, to love him and honor him. Yet was he almost a stranger amongst his own people! * * *

It is too late to speak of what might have been and should have been. There will be profound regret now that more was not done by the State, for one to whom so heavy a debt was due. For few positions in civil life was he qualified. But he was well read and possessed of large information. It was not in him to take part in a scramble for preferment and they who pushed themselves to the front left no room for General Anderson, the ranking Officer in the Confederate service from South Carolina.

It is past—the sweet loving spirit is at rest. Carolina's noble soldier sleeps in the bosom of the Mother he loved so devotedly. Those who knew him as he was, and who live after him, have in his life a model of Christian forbearance and humility and knightly courtesy and truth! So tender and so true! God bless the memory of 'Fighting Dick' Anderson."

The Camden Journal, S. C., July 3, 1879: After reviewing most touchingly and sympathetically his splendid career through a long and eventful life, says:

"Today this great man is no more. He sleeps his last long sleep. He has traveled that road from whence no traveler returns. But in the walks of life, while here with us, he has left his footprints, and indeed are they worthy of emulation and pattern. Quiet and unassuming, he meekly bore the honors of which a hero might well be proud. The plaudits of the public he did not seek, save by his stern and inflexible love of duty. The glittering tinsel of the political field had no charms for him, and the ever changing tide of popular favor never drew him into its muddy and fickle channel. The peaceful, the quiet, the certain path of the Christian was his whole delight, and that seemed to govern and control him. From a high and exalted eminence he accepted an obscure competency without a murmur or reproach, weaving around him, in those quiet duties, the love and esteem of all good men, with meshes stronger than steel. Truly, in the language of our esteemed contemporary, the News and Courier, he was "'Brave as a Paladin of old, gentle and modest as a woman.' To the people of Camden he was particularly dear." For years he was amongst us, with us. In our dark days he shared our troubles, in our joys, he rejoiced with us. But a few months ago he left us. He left no enemy behind him, but all were his friends. His memory revives a tender chord of love in each and every heart, and his death is felt by no limit of youth or age. Gone forever; Noble Son! True always to his Mother's call, in peace or war, storm or calm. * * * Peace to his ashes. May the turf rest gently upon his soldierly, manly grave. May the dews of Heaven fall lightly, and as the waves of the great ocean mournfully come and go nearer and nearer to his last resting place, may God keep his spirit, and may a grateful people never forget him."

Rev. Frederick Jones, for many years Pastor of the Beau-

fort Baptist Church, writing to the Baptist Courier, says of the late General R. H. Anderson: "But enough has been said as to his valor and achievements, in the Secular Press; and our only purpose is to refer to some religious traits—which were no less evident than his martial qualifications—and of far more value to succeeding generations. He was, beyond doubt a sincere and humble Christian. We gather this from numerous and searching conversations we had with him on the subject, and were not a little surprised at his clear delineation of a practical and progressive Christian life. In the home of God, his bearing was always of the most reverential and solemn character, a close listener, he never failed to get something on which he could feast and profitably consider during the ensuing week, while it never could be said that he hid his light under a bushel. I believe it was a great pleasure to him to bear public testimony to the value of religion and while his native modesty shrank from that prominence which an official character would have given him in the Church, he was ever ready to call Jesus Christ his Master. But we may also say that religion was an ever increasing joy to him, and especially so as he felt himself growing old and nearing the confines of the eternal world. But the most remarkable of all, was the manner in which God saw fit to remove him from the world. In a conversation at the table of his boarding house (where he was ever more like an honored member of the family than a boarder), he said in allusion to death: "I thank God that I can express my readiness to depart, whenever God, in His providence, may send for me; but if I could have my way, I should like to go "quick as a lightning flash." I do not wish to cause the trouble, which would inevitably attend a long sickness.' And God seemed to have exactly met the wish he expressed, for upon the return of his devoted wife to the room which she had left for a moment to get him a newspaper, she found him gone to the 'better land.' In

a moment he had been released from 'the tabernacle of clay' apparently without the slightest trouble and just as the setting Sun was passing beneath the horizon. Martial fame is not insignificant, nor is personal popularity to be undervalued; but there are traits and facts which will live and expand, when every material shall have crumbled into dust."

(General Anderson was an Episcopalian and for many years was a Vestryman in the Church of the Holy Cross, Statesburg, S. C.)

After the news of the passing away of General Anderson reached Statesburg, his old home, his lifelong neighbors assembled, July 3, 1879, at the Church of the Holy Cross, just across the road from Hill Crest, the General's old home. It was presided over by Dr. M. Reynolds, who on taking the chair said:

"My acquaintance with our friend, the late General R. H. Anderson, dates back nearly forty years ago, from the time he completed his Military studies at West Point. His friends, around his old home here, had not many opportunities of seeing much of him until after the close of his active Military career—this embraces the Mexican War—long and arduous services on the Frontier subsequently—and then our great War.

"It is well known to all of us and to the country at large how ably, meritously and heroically he discharged his duties and bore himself on every theater of action to which he was assigned in that stupendous struggle; those duties were executed, so faithfully and so well, as to connect his name for all time with the history of his country, and so as to make that name a household word in the homes of South Carolina. But I will not bear upon that brilliant career, it is stamped and engraved imperishably upon the

minds and hearts of his Countrymen, and high upon that role, which depicts and illustrates the records of some, whose fame will not be allowed to perish, no name will stand out in more luminous relief than that of General R. H. Anderson.

"I saw much of him after the War, and it was during these years that my estimate of him, in his matured manhood, was formed. My relations with him and his family in the discharge of my professional duties, afforded me many opportunities, which otherwise might not have existed, of making up my opinion of his character and life under those surroundings which are always most favorable for arriving at a just estimate of men. Upon this phase of his private life, it is needless to dwell. All who knew him intimately, esteemed and loved him. One feature among his many excellent traits and virtues always impressed me forcibly, which was that pleasing blending and commingling, in his mental constitution of benevolence, tenderness, almost approaching that of woman, with the greatest firmness, intrepidity, and courage reaching the highest order of valor.

"I conceive that there was no man connected with the eventful times through which he passed, who deserved more of his State that General Anderson. How those services and the sacrifices he made in relinquishing his position in the Federal Army and a future which held out such material advantages and brilliant prospects, has been requited, it is bootless to dwell upon now. Few, perhaps can fully estimate the hard effort it cost him to sever himself from old Army friends and associates and shatter that esprit-de-corps, which binds such together.

"He returned to his native State with a record unsurpassed—and asked for nothing—absolutely nothing! Nor was he willing that his intimate friends should present a claim in his behalf. He sought seclusion and the society of a few companions, and like his illustrous contemporary

General Lee, who esteemed and loved him, withdrew as much as possible from the common gaze of men. This course was the result of his modest, retiring, unselfish nature and a part of his intellectual and moral constitution.

"In the nature of our deceased friend existed nothing having affinity with self assertion. I have never known a man *more entirely devoid* of the element of selfishness—nothing small or contracted touched the head or heart of General Anderson. So much have I been constrained to say on this sad occasion, and I wish to place this tribute, all feeble, imperfect and inadequate as it is, upon his new-made grave."

The following Preamble and Resolutions submitted by Col. S. Sumter were then unanimously, and with deep feeling, adopted:

"In view of the sad intelligence which has reached his old home of the sudden and unlooked for death of the late General R. H. Anderson, we, his early friends, acquaintances and neighbors, have assembled here today, amid the scenes of his birthplace and in view of the residence in which he first saw the light and where his early days were passed, to take cognizance of the mournful event and to pass some tribute of respect to his memory.

"Be it therefore resolved: First, That in the death of General R. H. Anderson we have been bereft as a community, of a valued friend, who formerly went in and out amongst us; the State deprived of one of its most estimable, valued and patriotic citizens; and the Church, of which he was a member, of one, who frequently held the positions of vestryman and delegate to her annual conventions.

"Second, That we shall always throughout the coming future, retain a lively recollection of his many virtues and distinguished worth; of his warm, affectionate and genial disposition; of that renown which his military qualifications

secured; of the many excellencies of his private life, and of the extent of his elevated patriotism.

"Third, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved and afflicted family under this heavy and sudden dispensation of Divine Providence, and that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded by the Chairman to the widow and family of the deceased.

"Fourth, That in further tribute to the memory of General R. H. Anderson the above Preamble of Resolutions be published in the News and Courier and our own County Journals."

On Memorial Day, May, 1916, Mr. Marion W. Seabrook was the orator at the celebration at the old Church of the Holy Cross, at Statesburg, within view of Hill Crest, General Anderson's birthplace and home. He selected General Anderson's life and services as his theme, and among the many touching, true and deserved tributes which he paid to the departed hero summed up all in these concise words:

"I assert that Richard Heron Anderson possessed all the qualities of the great; the intellect and action of a genius; the heart of a child in its tenderness; the valor of a hero in his bravery, and the gentleness of a woman in his demeanor. These qualities combined with his excessive modesty made him truly great; and, of all his characteristics, the greatest was, *he had learned to obey*. His example was an inspiration, his life a beacon light and his love of duty a sermon."

CHAPTER XXV.

Monument at Beaufort, S. C.

Some years after his death, a chaste but simple, a proper tribute to the inherent qualities of the man, monument was erected over General Anderson's grave at Beaufort. Capt. B. S. Sams, commanding the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, formerly Stuart's famous Confederate Battery, most kindly furnishes an account of the incipiency and early efforts to mark the resting place of General Anderson: "His grave remained unmarked until 1887—then wishing to remedy the apparent neglect and also being desirous of identifying the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, then under my command, with anything that might be done in the way of a suitable tribute to General Anderson's civil and military worth, I sought an interview with Capt. F. W. Dawson" (' most gallant Confederate Veteran'), "Editor of the Charleston News and Courier, and requested of him his assistance and co-operation in the above. He met me very cordially, and expressed much interest in my suggestions, and on the following day he wrote a strong editorial in his paper, in behalf of our efforts. Captain Dawson also placed me in personal touch with Col. Zimmerman Davis, Maj. E. N. Thurston and Gen. T. A. Huguenin. From these gentlemen we received valuable assistance, resulting, as I have stated, in placing over General Anderson's grave in 1891, a substantial and handsome granite sarcopagus, with a durable iron

enclosure. On the North face of the tomb the inscription reads: 'Lieut. General Richard Heron Anderson, Confederate States Army.' On the South face: 'Born Oct. 7th, 1821 —died June 26th, 1879.' The tomb and enclosure is now (1917) in perfect state of preservation.

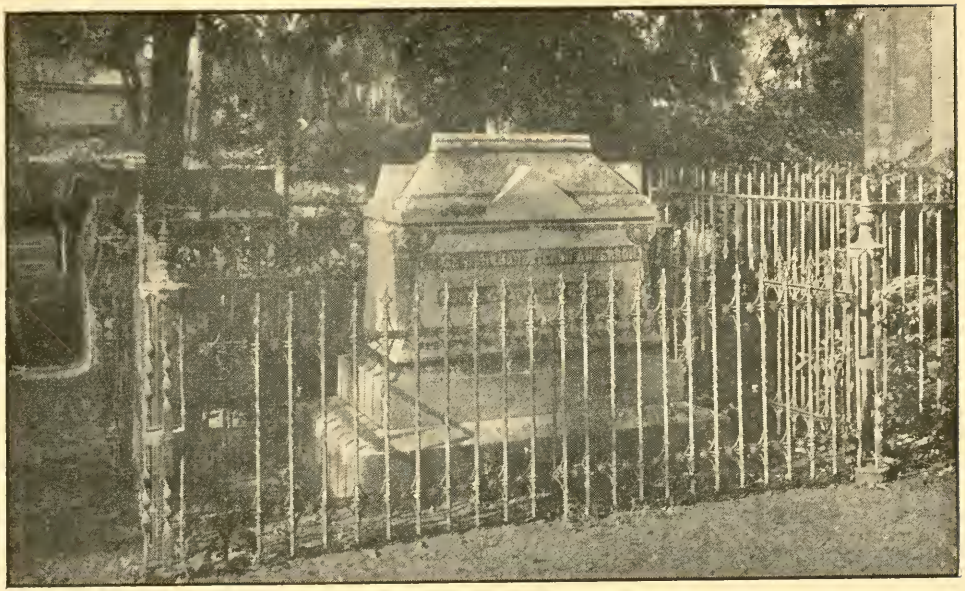
The iron enclosure was the gift of Capt. Neils Christensen, a resident of Beaufort, who had been a Union soldier and had fought against General Anderson's troops at Gettysburg. The gift was prompted by a generous heart to honor the gallant and great. The troops of 'Fighting Dick' were much admired by the Union troops with which Capt. Christensen served, for their splendid fighting qualities. The gift was a very handsome act on the part of Capt. Christensen and particularly as it was bestowed when the war bitterness between the sections was still strong. It required a broad-minded man to have done it then, and a liberal man to have done it at any time.

The Veterans to whom Captain Dawson had referred Captain Sams subsequently presented the matter to the Survivors Association of Charleston District, of which General Anderson had been President, while living in Charleston, which body took action in November, 1889, and early in 1890 the Association issued the following appeal for the requisite funds to erect the monument:

"In Memoriam.
Lieut. Gen. Richard H. Anderson.

"At a meeting of the Survivors Association of Charleston District, held in November last, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Chair in response to the suggestion of Captain Sams of the Beaufort Artillery, which committee shall take such steps as shall seem expedient, to raise funds for the erection of a



Tomb of Gen. Richard H. Anderson, in St. Helena Church Yard, Beaufort, S. C.

suitable monument to the memory of Lieut. Gen. Richard H. Anderson, of South Carolina, and that this committee shall invite the co-operation of the several Associations of Survivors, and of individuals, in this State and in the other States.

Under this resolution the following committee was appointed: Gen. B. H. Rutledge, chairman; Col. R. M. Sims, Major E. N. Thurston, Capt. E. R. White, Capt. F. W. Dawson.

General Anderson was buried at Beaufort, South Carolina, where he died, and his grave is marked by a plain head-board. There is no other visible memorial of him who rendered such heroic service to his State and the Southern Confederacy, and who deservedly held an exalted position in the regard and confidence of the troops he commanded, and of his illustrious commander, Gen. R. E. Lee.

General Anderson first commanded a brigade of South Carolinians. In his division in the Army of Northern Virginia, were troops from Georgia, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi and Alabama. At different times he commanded troops from every Southern State. Everywhere, and on all occasions he proved the fitness of the name by which he was best known, that of "Fighting Dick Anderson".

"The committee feel that it will be unnecessary, and perhaps unbecoming, to enlarge upon the reasons why the last resting place of General Anderson should be marked by a monumental shaft, which, in its strength and simplicity, shall fitly symbolize the character of the dead soldier, and, at the same time, shall bear witness to the loving remembrance of his comrades in arms. It is proper to say, however, that there is no desire to incur any considerable expense, or go beyond the bounds of what is proper as a mark of the affection of his comrades and of his own undisputed worth.

"It is desirable that the monument shall be erected with-

out delay, and it is urged, therefore, that subscriptions to the monument fund be forwarded at once to Capt. F. W. Dawson, treasurer, Charleston, S. C. It is proposed to close the list at the end of April next.

"Newspapers which approve of the object for which the committee was appointed are requested to give to this circular such publicity as they deem appropriate.

"R. M. Sims,
E. R. White,
E. N. Thurston,
F. W. Dawson,
B. H. Rutledge, *Chairman.*"

Having been a member of the "Cincinnati" of Charleston that Society contributed their share most generously to this fund. The required amount having been contributed, the monument was erected and it was unveiled Oct. 7, 1891. Eleven years after the interment of the dead soldier, who so peacefully rests from life's fitful fever in beautiful St. Helena Church Yard, was this tribute paid to his memory. The exercises commenced at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and in spite of the unpropitious weather, a great crowd was present. A prayer was first delivered by the Rev. E. T. Walker, which was followed by Dr. H. M. Stuart, War Captain of Stuart's Battery, in the following brief but most heartfelt words: "For the second time we meet at this sacred spot. Here eleven years ago, with the sound of the minute gun, and the tolling bell, we laid the war worn soldier down to take his long rest under the shadow of this old Church. Today we have gathered here a second time, that with an enduring stone memorial, with garlands and wreaths, we may pay a loving tribute to his memory, and hand down to future generations the name of a pure Christion, a true gentleman and a brave soldier—General Richard H. Anderson. The idea of this monument was first sug-

gested by Capt. R. S. Sams. He was ably seconded by the late Editor Dawson, General Huguenin and others, and soon we shall see unveiled before us the result of this sentiment of love and reverence for him, who was admiringly called by his men "Fighting Dick". When the order came "furl that banner" I think how that brave spirit broke, when like a true soldier he heard and obeyed. Have we not heard of his brave struggle with adversity, and do we not remember the dignified submission with which he lived out the last year of his noble life among us in old Beaufort, until that day when we met here full of the sacred memory of the past and love for the dead.

"Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

We have not only met to unveil this monument erected to the memory of General Anderson, but that the honor of guarding the sacred spot may be formally placed in the keeping of the Company who had also the honor of bearing him to rest in this spot. We have been fortunate in having sent to us who raised this monument, one who shared with General Anderson in the perils of that Lost Cause, one whose name is well-known throughout our State, one who shared with Rhett, Elliott and Mitchell in their glorious defence of Sumter—Who so fit to?

The monument at this moment was unveiled by Misses Lelia G. Sams and Lena P. Hay. Gen. T. A. Huguenin then delivered the following address:

"After an absence of thirty years I come to you charged with an important and very honorable duty. I come to you, Citizens of Beaufort, and more especially the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, to place in your hands for safe-keeping and tender care, this monument, erected to the memory of one of South Carolinia's most patriotic sons—devoted to her in prosperity and adversity, whose long life

was a 'long sacrifice to duty' and who, time and time again, risked that life for her and her cause. It mattered not whether it was in the rugged approaches to the City of Mexico, or the wild Western plains against a barbarous enemy, or battling among the fair fields and flowing streams of Virginia, his course was the same—where duty called he was found—where life was in jeopardy, his was at stake. In success, as in defeat, his heart never swerved; his purpose single and true, his object his country's welfare. To such a man, my friends, we are assembled here today, the Seventieth Anniversary of his birth, to do honor; to erect in this enduring granite, a monument that will hand down to generations yet unborn, the name and fame of General Richard Heron Anderson.

"I do not come here altogether of my own accord. I come also as a representative of the Survivors Association of Charleston, to deliver this monument to you, because in your midst his sacred and honored dust reposes, and because the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery was the first to inaugurate the movement which has culminated in this manifestation of the love and respect of South Carolina for her gallant son. At the same time it gives me great satisfaction to say that the consummation of this work is due to the efforts of that gallant command, the Fourth Brigade of Charleston, who, duly appreciating his services and desirous of honoring his memory, lent its aid to secure this lasting memento to the senior officer furnished by South Carolina to the Confederate cause.

"I will not attempt to give to you a resumé of his life or services. To do this accurately would be impossible, for with a modesty which was almost morbid, he strove 'to hide his light under a bushel,' and the facts are not attainable. Simplicity and modesty were so entwined with his courage and patriotism to make his life and public services unknown to all but eye witnesses of the actual events.

"It is related of him that after the battle of Chancellorsville and after he had been personally thanked by General Lee on the field and had received a letter from General Lee, commending him personally, as well as his Division, for their gallant conduct, he published only so much of the letter as related to the troops, and omitted entirely that part that referred to his own valuable services; so it is that the record is wanting in the data which would place him in the eyes of his countrymen at large in that high position in which he was held by those who had the opportunity to know him personally and at the same time who had the ability to judge him correctly. His nearest relatives and friends heard nothing of his deeds from him. To give an example of his reticence and modesty it is related by one near and dear to him that on a certain occasion after the War, an officer, who had served on his Staff, complained to General Anderson that a certain officer, high in command in Virginia, had withheld much of the honorable credit which was due to himself, and that it needed but a few words from him, given for publication, to correct these errors. General Anderson, with a degree of gravity which was almost stern replied, "It will ill become me to join in the general scramble for honor and notoriety; it fully suffices me to know that in every battle in which I was engaged I did my duty as a soldier, and that I enjoyed the confidence of the men I commanded." And so it is, he did his duty faithfully; he asked no reward but the satisfaction of conscience; he fought not for praise, but in obedience to his Country's call. His private life was as pure as his public services were distinguished. The State of South Carolina in her day of power and prosperity honored him by presenting him with a valuable sword on his return from Mexico. I sincerely trust that the day will come when the State will erect a Temple of Fame at Columbia, in which

no prouder name will be inscribed than that of Richard Heron Anderson.

"The modest gentleman, the unassuming warrior sleeps his last sleep in the bosom of his native State he loved and served so well. Now we can say:

> "You rest in the land of the cypress and pine,
> Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;
> Where the moss drops low from the green oak tree,
> Oh! that sun bright land is the land for thee."

Capt. Thomas Talberd, Commanding Officer of the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, and for that Company, gracefully and most earnestly accepted the trust.

The crowning tribute to the great departed was thus paid. *Requiescat in pace.* Like the everlasting granite of his sarcopagus, may his fame ever live, cherished in the hearts of the people he so faithfully served and whose liberties he so valiantly defended. Too much cannot be done by South Sarolina to repay the tremendous debt she owes a son, whose sword was wielded to defend her homes, whose skill directed momentous events and whose gallantry was ever an inspiration to his compatriots to deeds of heroic valor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

General Anderson's Character.

The story of General Anderson's eventful life has been told. It is the story of a noble man, possessed of all the attributes which constitute true greatness. One utterly without that self-assertion, which alas! seems so necessary to win recognition and gain the plaudits of mankind. Its valued lessons will be lost and its impress fail, unless the tale be concluded by showing, in the strongest light, those qualities which made him so grand a man. All that was mortal of him has been reverently placed beneath the sod. But the fame of his glorious deeds still lives. Its influence for good and as a high example, will be lost to mankind, were it allowed to rest with his body in the dust of his mother, South Carolina. That fame it is our precious duty to preserve, those noble qualities which made him the beloved man, the pious Christian, the gallant soldier, the skillful General. If his good deeds die with him he has lived in vain. Let us, therefore, see that his splendid life shall be ever a beacon to illumine the pathway of untold generations, that they might live in the light of his sterling manhood and emulate his many virtues.

The most conspicuous quality in the character of General Anderson was a gentle modesty, a quiet retirement, utter absence of self-assumption or glorification. So, his aim in

life was always to do—to achieve, not to win praise from his deeds.

Once General Longstreet asked him if he could capture a certain important and ably defended position. General Anderson did not say, "*I* can do it," but with true modesty answered, "that if any troops could, the men of my Brigade can." So, leading them, his Brigade did capture it. When, after the War he was occupying an humble position in the Office of the President of the South Carolina Railroad, everyone who came in, was struck by the extreme modesty and gentle courtesy with which he, the great General, welcomed all visitors, high or low, rich or poor.

For worldly success he was too retiring. He never did the least to fix attention on himself or on his magnificent achievements. All his army papers bear witness to this characteristic. When sent by General Lee to assist General Early in his Valley Campaign of 1864, though ranking General Early and entitled thereby to the supreme command, he never claimed it, in fact, declined it, but most cordially and efficiently rendered General Early all the counsel he could give or the aid his brave men could put forth. (It may be recalled that so long as he was with General Early, success crowned General Early's every movement.) Many, many other instances could be cited to show this innate modesty. All who knew him bear witness to it and to his retiring disposition (except in the face of the enemy), and as to its being a most prominent characteristic. But it was blended with the utmost determination. It was the polish on the surface of the granite firmness of a determined character.

He was ever grateful for any favors extended to him, and always spoke with the deepest feeling of those who helped him in the struggles of his latter years. He was as truly unselfish as he was absolutely devoid of any other narrowness. He was broad, nothing small or illiberal ever

touched his heart. That he was affectionate, the letter to his father, writing of his brother's sad death at the Battle of Williamsburg, most strikingly testifies. None but a man with a loving heart could pen such words.

He loved his country and was anxious to serve her in trouble in the hour of danger and in her days of prosperity. When the fall of the Confederacy ruined his people and deprived him of his profession and his support, the Khedive of Egypt offered him rank, emolument and honor in his Army, but General Anderson declined, saying to a friend concerning the same, that he thought best to stick to South Carolina for she was not yet out of her troubles.

He was generous—that true generosity which shows itself in consideration of others. What more noble or more considerate, can be found than his careful anxiety for the safety of a stranger, the brave Capt. J. F. J. Caldwell, when he exposed himself, to carry a message from General McGowan to General Anderson at the battle of March 31, 1865? His broad, noble, Christian generosity was shown by his never bearing malice to those who had slighted or injured him. His heart was too large to hold petty feelings of unkindness to others.

He was chivalric, in that highest type of chivalry—self-immolation—and in his bearing, without a murmur, the troubles which so heavily rested upon him, when, having sacrificed a lifelong profession, in his duty to South Carolina, was brought almost to starvation thereby. He was, however hard fortune bore upon him, always the courteous knight. "Brave as a Paladin of old, gentle and modest as a woman." Richard H. Anderson, the man, was by inheritance, by culture, by self-control and education, by his nature and by his accomplishments the highest type of the old-time Southern Gentleman; a type of man created by the old-time civilization of the South, and which has passed away with the conditions which created it.

He was not only chivalrous, generous, considerate, but by the manner he bore his many trials, higher and nobler—Christ-like. He was a Christian, as surely as he was a gentleman. He was ever deeply pious and took an active interest in his Church and in all that made Christianity practical in a man's life. Only his intimates and friends knew the man and the Christian in Richard H. Anderson. The world knew him as the Soldier and the General.

As a Soldier he was conspicuous for his bravery—not impetuously, but steadfastly gallant. This was oft displayed during his service in the Mexican War, and during all the years when he was active on the frontier; and during his entire career in the Confederate Army. His gallantry was pre-eminent, and without it, he never could have reached the distinction he attained.

Reared at West Point, under the splendid discipline of the Country's superb Military College, two of its lessons were deeply impressed upon Cadet Anderson and were carried with him all through his life: Duty, as General Lee expresses it, "the noblest word in the English language," and obedience—Duty and obedience. All through his career General Anderson was noted for his faithfulness to duty. He was ever ready for duty, and everything else was pushed aside if it conflicted with his duty. Never did he vary from this, and having this high principal deeply embedded in his heart, no single instance in his entire career can be cited when the siren call of pleasure or profit or indolence or fear, ever swerved him from the path of duty. Embraced in duty is obedience. He was ever ready to obey, without question, any order from those in authority over him. When before the Battle of Chancellorsville, he, with his Division, was sent to check and hold back the overwhelming forces of General Hooker, as he lay, the lion in the path, he was asked what he proposed to do. His answer, brief and laconic, was: "Fight! General Lee says so"—

"Fight" never mind the odds against him. "Fight," however outnumbered he may have been—but "Fight," not because it was prudent, but "Fight"—because "General Lee says so." When, later on, in the great battle which followed, he held a long line with a scant line of skirmishers, which the enemy could easily have run over, he deemed that it was not his place to question, not his part to call for reinforcements, but to stand against the enemy—because General Lee ordered him to do so. After he had held his ground for long hours, and just as the guns of Stonewall Jackson opened in the enemy's rear, General Lee, usually reserved and self-composed, rode up, and clasping him by the hand said: "My noble old soldier! I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

He was cool in the face of every danger, and heroic when it came. He was not a fiery, impetuous fighter, but struck hard, and being cool and clear headed, knew where to strike so as to attain the very best results. Seldom his blows were fruitless.

But he shone must illustrously as a leader of men—as a General. As such he was eminently skillful and absolutely safe. Twice by his generalship he saved the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia, the operations of General Lee and the life of the Confederacy, once by his own initiative and without directions from higher authority. At Spottsylvania, after a long, fatiguing, dreary night's march, he learned of the enemy's approach in heavy force, when General Lee did not apprehend it to be there, he moved up his Corps promptly, and as General Grant says in his "Memoirs", totally defeated his movement. Lee and Grant had been fighting in the Wilderness. Grant made a flank march to strike Lee's rear at Spottsylvania Court House. Had Grant been successful he would have been between Lee and Richmond and nearer the Capital, which he could have captured before Lee could have interposed his army for its

protection. So General Anderson's masterly skill saved Lee's army from overwhelming disaster and Richmond from capture. General Anderson rose, grade by grade, not because of any political or friendly partiality, but from his skill, joined, as it was, to his other sterling qualities. The skillful handling of the troops of his own and other Brigades under his command, at the Battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines, won him promotion to be a Major General, and his subsequent career pointed him out as the most fitting general officer in the Army, to replace Longstreet, when that distinguished leader fell wounded in the Wilderness, and won him his commission as Lieutenant General.

General Anderson was never spectacular, but was always a determined fighter—both determined and a fighter. His soubriquet of "Fighting Dick" was won by this characteristic, and he was always true to the reputation as such, which he won at Seven Pines. At the Second Battle of Cold Harbor General Lee sent to ask him how he was getting on. General Anderson's reply was: "Give my compliments to General Lee and tell him I have just repulsed the enemy's thirteenth charge"—what determination! To stand thirteen charges and wait quietly for the next! General Anderson certainly had the same bull dog courage which characterized Gen. Robt. E. Lee, and both were alike in their gentleness. In some respects General Anderson greatly resembled General Lee. Both were fighters, both were determined fighters, both were quiet and retiring in their manners, neither sought the applause of the world, and both were actuated by one ambition, the highest and noblest, to serve the Southern Confederacy with the utmost faithfulness, and serve it to the bitter end.

Thus we see General Anderson, a man unselfish, gentle, modest; a Christian, pure, earnest, devout; a soldier of undaunted courage; a general, prudent, bold, skillful, suc-

cessful. Such was "Fighting Dick Anderson," the ranking officer in that glorious band of heroes which South Carolina furnished to defend the Southern Confederacy and to maintain her rights—and worthy to rank above them all. He was South Carolina's Confederate beacon light, who shone by his own brilliancy, and not a steeple illumined only by the praise of mankind. He stands forever, not by what is told of him, not what he told himself, but simply and grandly by what he nobly achieved—and did it so, as to deserve that true fame, which Carolinians should ever be zealous and proud to award to one of the greatest Sons the State ever produced.